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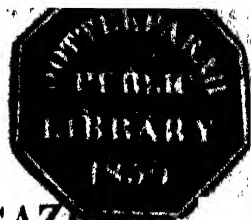
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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HIGH CIVILIZATION.

WHAT is meant by high civilization?—is a question very often asked, and the definition branches out into so many answers, good, bad, and indifferent, but nevertheless sufficiently contradictory, that the philosopher is nearly as wise as he was before he was entangled in the attempted development. But let me not be misunderstood. High civilization, properly so called, is that state in which a great (perhaps the greatest) share of happiness can be attained by mortals. To this imagined, it is to be hoped rather than imaginary, perfectibility, we are on our passage; and all that adds to satisfaction or pleasure, mental or bodily, is an approach to high civilization. This general definition will, however, assist but in a very slight degree to clear our heads upon the subject, or to afford us any comprehensive understanding of the state of progression in which we shall find we now are, and in which it may safely be anticipated we shall find also not a few anomalies. Let us, then, examine some of the particulars which stand out prominently to observation.

It is one of the most obvious accidents of our postulate, that high civilization, requiring also industrious cultivation and access to considerable accumulations of knowledge, we are led further and further at every step in the movement from the primitive state of the mind, and what is called nature. Such is the inevitable condition of the progress of society. The whole train of circumstances, from the wilderness to the populous and polished metropolis, exemplifies the fact individually and collectively.

The first attribute of man has been acknowledged to be Religion. The religion of nature is the love and fear of some overshadowing power. It is an instinct. Its universality is the pledge of its truth. The belief of a God—that is, of a creative and governing power, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord—seems to have been impressed on the heart of man at every stage, and in every part of the world (except in the Pelew Islands), so far as we are acquainted with its histories. The difficulty, with respect to religious truth is then to decide, what is high civilization? Was it Paganism?—Polytheism, with its gorgeous ceremonies—all, in short, we now call its solemn superstitions? Was it Christianity in its pristine form of poverty and humiliation, or in its middle and magnificent reign of papistical power and splendour?—or does it now radiate upon us through the infinitely diversified circle of opinions of our own time? Does it abide with the Brahmins of Hindostan, the Bonzes of China, or the Mollahs of Mahommed? Has our progress towards high civilization fixed the sentiments of mankind at large, in this, the most momentous particular of human existence? Alas!—No.

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The world—the whole world is still *in transitu*. The evidence of one or more nations is still opposed to the testimony of all the rest, take which we will for our guide. High civilization in religion has not yet been attained, or even approached, for high civilization would seem to be truth—to be one universal and settled faith.

Nor is it the least difficult or most intelligible part of the controversy, to conjecture why an omnipotent and omniscient being should have elected to promulgate the doctrines which are to regulate the probationary conduct of mankind here—

“But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,”—

so as to affect his eternal, everlasting happiness or misery, in so disputable a form that no two quarters of the globe (scarcely, indeed, any two men) can agree upon the precise meaning of the words of Faith. The truth of all others the most momentously important, has needed the aid of learning and research the most profound—of the continued discussions of hundreds of ministers educated expressly to this end—to settle its meanings; and, after all, the world is more disagreed than ever. This is either an effect of the doctrine, or of the instrument which is to interpret that doctrine. What advances, we repeat, has high civilization made towards a settlement? In the theory, none. None, at least, which are visible or practicable; and yet the belief in an hereafter, the assurance of a future state, and the conviction of reward and punishment, are intuitively linked with our very being. How else can the universality of such a faith, from the very beginning of our records, be accounted for?

“It must be so—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?”

But high civilization has taught the greater portion of mankind, that opinions are no longer to be propagated by violence, or enforced by the sword. That great step has been almost, if not entirely, overpassed.

The object of the next importance is Morality; for by morals is the happiness of this world and the next to be compassed. Morals, if not the tree, are the fruits. What are the effects of high civilization upon the code of ethics? Let us see! May we take Europe—civilized Europe?—May we take France and England to have arrived the nearest of nations at high civilization? Their attainments in wealth, literature, science, and the arts, should seem to declare them to have reached that lofty pre-eminence. Very well. Let us consider the first and strongest of human allurements and ties—the union of the sexes. Christianity, which the law of both countries declares to be the law of salvation, denounces alike both polygamy and prostitution. Now, it is the office of high civilization to show us the truth—the possible, practical truth; and that truth being shown, should persuade—potentially persuade—adherence to its maxims. It matters not whether the law is not fitted to the agent, or the agent to the law: there is little wisdom in any conditions which imply so entire a variance between the one and the other, that the practice totally contradicts the theory. Such a result assorting neither with the majesty of divine, nor the subtlety of human contrivance. We shall not follow out this subject into all its details, but we may exhibit a sufficiently powerful view by putting together two or three statistical facts, and calculations founded upon them.

In 1830, the proportion of illegitimate to the average number of children born in wedlock, was, in France, as one to thirteen; in England and Wales, as one to nineteen; putting the two together, as one to sixteen.

The population of London and Westminster, was, in 1831, 2,084,520. The females exceed the males by about one-sixth, therefore the female population may be taken to be 1,390,000. One-half of this number must be excluded from our computation, as not having reached the age of sixteen, or as being beyond that period of life when women are the subjects of personal passion. This, then, reduces the number liable to the accidents of marriage, celibacy, and seduction, to 695,000. The proportion of families to population is as one to five. If, in addition to this fact, we take three families out of five to consist of a man and his wife, the proportion of married females will be 240,000, which, deducted from the 695,000, leave 455,000 unmarried.

When Colquhoun published his treatise on the police of the metropolis, he estimated the "common" women at 50,000. The population, at that time, amounted to about one-half its present total. But even from these relative numbers, we arrive at the terrible conclusion, that, setting aside private intrigue, every fifth woman is amongst the fallen. What the proportion would be, were private intrigues included, I fairly declare I dare not compute. When, however, the single, simple fact is considered, that the illegitimate births are, to the legitimate as one to nineteen—that the children born of one woman in wedlock* so greatly exceed, in the average, the numbers born of one out of wedlock, the calculation is still more startling.

If we turn our attention to France, the relative facts are infinitely more appalling. For these we refer the curious reader to the tables from official returns of crime, contained in Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer's "France." It is sufficient for our general argument—the effects of our degree of high civilization upon morals—to state, that France is more vicious, in these respects, than England.

Touching crime in general, the proportion of offenders is, in England, 1 in 619,—that is, of offenders committed to a prison. It is impossible to compute the offences not brought under the cognizance of the law; but an experience of fifty years would lead me to believe, that to multiply the latter by three, would be a low estimate. Taking, then, the solid ground of statistical facts, we might well ask—"What has high civilization, with all the aids of Christian Knowledge, Bible, Tract, Homily, Temperance, and Prison Discipline Societies, done for morals?" The hells, the race-course, the fights, the stews, the theatres, saloons, the gin-palaces, the coffee-shops, the flash and beer-houses, afford the answer; for these are the growth of high civilization.

But if we have neither a fixed practical code of religion nor of morals, if the Protestant dispute tenets with the Catholic, and if, from Zeno and Epicurus down to Hobbes, if from Hobbes down to Brown, through all the nice and intricate distinctions taken by Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Bossuet, Fenelon, Leibnitz, Mallebranche, Edwards, Buffier, Butler, Hutcheson, Berkely, Hume, Smith, Price, Hartley, Tucker, Paley, Bentham, Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Brougham,

* Malthus computes four births and a little more to every marriage.

to omit the later German philosophers, the motive to moral action is not yet settled, we have still a code of honour which is often assumed to be superior both to the doctrines of religious, and the dogmas of ethical philosophers. It becomes, then, necessary to inquire—in what does this code of honour consist? “What is honour?” asks Falstaff; and he settles it to be slaughter in the field, and the heir, “He who died on Wednesday.” But we have to deal with civil conclusions; nor shall we confine honour precisely to the terms of the duello, but consider its bearings upon life, from the honour of the court and the nobles of the land down to the “honour amongst thieves.” The first test of honour, it seems, is truth;—honour suffers not the imputation of falsehood;—indeed, it permits no stigma in words;—life is to be immediately perilled to wipe away any, the slightest, insinuation. In Parliament, in the military service, in private society, the same rule obtains; nor is any reference made to the actual substantial justice of the charge.* A want of courage is immediately attributed to him who undergoes an imputation; and he who would avoid the slaughter of his friend, or his own murder or mutilation, on religious, moral, or any just scruples, becomes, in the language of honour, “a scoundrel and a coward.”

Nor do such casualties depend upon the mere accidents of life. A man of a certain condition must train himself to the pistol, as formerly it was the practice to dedicate a large portion of time to swordsmanship. And what is the frequent consequence? Let us have recourse to the illustration of a couple of anecdotes. Two celebrated shots (Lord C—— and Captain B——) had a dispute over their wine. A challenge followed, and they met. The cause of disagreement was disgracefully frivolous, but high words had passed. On the ground, it was proposed to arbitrate. “No, no,” said my Lord, whose honour was punctilious, “it will not do for you and me to compromise; we must have no child’s play: our skill is too well known.” They took their stand, fired, and one fell dead; the other, if my memory serves me, died soon after he reached home.

Colonel M—— and Captain M—— met in their ride. The dog of one set upon the dog of the other. The masters wrangled; a challenge followed, and they met in less than two hours. One was killed, and the other lamed for life. Such is honour. Yet, perhaps, in all essentials, three out of the four lived in the most profligate contempt of the morality of religion and of law,—one, indeed, lived in open adultery with another man’s wife at the very time.

Parliamentary honour is even more nice in its distinctions. A charges B with the most villanous actions in his capacity of a minister of state; A declares that B’s measures are profligate jobs—unconstitutional, revolutionary, selfish in the highest degree, meant only to secure the retention of place, power, and emolument, regardless alike of the honour of the crown and the welfare of the people. Tories are the most unprincipled of men—Whigs are no better—Radicals and O’Connellites worst

* A Graduate of Cambridge gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematical tutor of his college, the late Mr. V——, heard of the dispute, and sent for the youth, who told him he must fight. “Why?” said the mathematician. “He gave me the lie.” “Very well, let him prove it: if he proves it, you did lie, and if he does not prove it, he lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him prove it.”—Q. E. D.

of all. Peers, Right Honourables, and Honourable Members, bear all this reviling with a patience truly Christian. High civilization has taught them that temper is the first of requisites in a gentleman—that he is to betray no sign of anger—no coarseness. In this respect, he emulates the philosophy of the Stoic. He simply inquires whether all or any of this imputed rascality is personal to himself—to him or to the minister. The adversary assures him nothing is further from his thoughts than to be personal; the minister is a villain of the deepest dye, but the honour of the man is unimpeached. No explanation can be more satisfactory to the honour of the Honourable Gentleman. Can anything be more *civilized*?

General society has also its distinctions. No man has been more *successful* than Colonel ———; by which is meant that the Colonel has seduced more females, and violated the honour (in the tenderest point) of more families, than any other “man about town.” Of course he is avoided, at least by the virtuous portion of the world? By no means. No man finds such universal admission—such general court and attention. “My wife,” said Lord ———, soon after his marriage, “cannot be a leader of fashion.” “For heaven’s sake, why not, my Lord? She has virtue, beauty, rank, fortune, and establishment.” “You hit upon the very reason at first: she is virtuous. The lead in fashion is bestowed by the praises of certain fashionable men. To obtain these praises, they must be earned. The givers must be admitted to familiarity, which, if it stop short of destruction, which it rarely does, must carry with it the reputation of vice. God forbid my wife should be brought to this!—therefore she must be content to be classed with the humdrums.” Such is high civilization! The same noble (he deserved the cognomen) ceased to invite a certain baronet to his house. The baronet mentioned the fact to a common friend, and attributed his exclusion to some raillery of his own. It was repeated to Lord ———. “Sir ——— is mistaken,” said his Lordship. “Tell him, from me, that I have dropped his acquaintance because I will not have my females polluted by the presence and conversation of one so notoriously profligate.” Was this high civilization? Had the message been delivered, the profligate would have challenged the noble, and probably have shot him; for so says the laws of honour.

Another of its lessons. Marriage in all ranks, but in high life especially, is come to be considered an affair of *convenience*—a word for which our language has no equivalent, but since it reaches us with high civilization, we cannot refuse to adopt it. It signifies much more than mere convenience; it conveys that much more important condition of all contracts—*assentation*. I shall take the more overt exposition. High civilization has reared for us the King’s Theatre. The noblest and richest select their *cheres amies* from the stage; the less noble and rich from the boxes and pit. There the females of high caste sit and witness (they sometimes overhear) the conversations held by their husbands, sons, relations, and acquaintances, with fair ones who vie with themselves in all but character. With what absolute feelings they view this alienation, or this *liaison*, or this diversion, it is difficult to determine, because high civilization makes no demonstrations. It is, however, attended with one sure result. It renders female delicacy callous to such enormities, and it almost enters as a matter inevitable into the

contemplation of matrimony that men will do these things, and that sensible women are not to consider them worth a sigh. Thus are the affections—putting all religious and moral considerations out of the question—thus are the affections silenced and deadened. But were it not so, what would become of high civilization? Tom Shuffleton is nearer the truth than one dares to assert, when he says, “If a man is going to be married we don’t ask to whom, but to how much?”

Upon the same principle proceeds that admirable contrivance for the luxury of the individual, the substitution of cosmopolitan, for all the other and closer ties which once kept society together, yclept the “club-houses.” *At home*, moderate means can procure to one little of luxury. At a club-house, the junction of moderate means can procure to many the enjoyments of a palace. “The clubs,” said a Countess, who had several daughters, pure in heart, beautiful in person, cultivated in mind, and polished in manner, “the clubs are the bane of society; not a ball is now attended except by boys from sixteen to twenty: at the clubs they learn every sort of sensual indulgence and selfish enjoyment; the men are ruined for husbands and their home.” We see what is lost through all the grades of society by this abandonment of ties and duties. The whole is cast loose, and life becomes, not a *sauve qui peut* scramble, but an organized system of self-consulting excess. Yet this is high civilization.

The facility of rapid communication and locomotion is one, and not the least, of the works of high civilization. I do not mean to question its benefits, but I am now looking at the reverse of the medal;—we shall come to these by and by. And thus I must be permitted to inquire what are the consequences upon society at large. The first and most obvious is the concentration of the rural gentry in the metropolis, the prodigious enlargement of their circle of acquaintance, the inordinate stimulus of the perpetual pleasures and the perpetual change of society, which have wrought so total, and as some would esteem it so fatal, an alteration in their thoughts, feelings, habits, and manners. If we accept the maxim that there is no duty in life but to obtain the utmost possible variety of high gratifications, then is a life of constant excitement and renewed sensuality, the *summum bonum*. To such a state does the concentration in London lead*.

The visiting-books of persons of fortune, extending from the highest

* We may derive some instruction from the view foreigners take of our habits. In that most amusing book, Chateaubriand’s “Sketches of English Literature,” and which, in spite of the brief and rapid way in which they are given, contains remarks the most profound, we find the following passage:—“The gentlemen farmers had not yet sold their patrimony, to take up their residence in London; they still formed, in the House of Commons, that independent fraction which, transferring its support from the Opposition to the Ministerial side, upheld the ideas of order and propriety. They hunted the fox and shot pheasants in autumn; ate fat goose at Michaelmas; greeted the sirloin with shouts of ‘Roast beef for ever!’ complained of the present, extolled the past; cursed Pitt and the war, which doubled the price of Port wine; and went to bed drunk, to begin the same life again on the following day. They felt quite sure that the glory of Great Britain could not perish, so long as ‘God save the King’ was sung, the rotten boroughs maintained, the game-laws enforced, and hares and partridges could be sold by stealth at market, by the names of lions and ostriches.”

To this portraiture we may reply, “On a changé tout cela.” High prices and high civilization have converted the “gentlemen farmers” into “men about town.”

to the lowest of those of or above a certain income, contain a list of from 100 to perhaps 1000 names. I think I remember it was stated in some published transactions relative to a fête given at the Argyle-rooms, that Lady Jersey's contained from 1000 to 2000. We will take 500, then, as a moderate average. These people are all to be called upon, received, visited. The average stay of country families does not exceed three months. The working hours of the day and night of people of condition are about fifteen, of which three are employed in dressing; so that about twelve remain for the ordinary affairs of the day. About 1000 hours, then, are to be divided in business, refection, diversion, reception, and visiting. It is obvious that all these must be performed with the velocity of lightning, and consequently with a transient effect. They do indeed dazzle, strike, and wither. The affections cannot grow. To rush from house to house—to fly from appointment to appointment—from the ride to the dinner—from the dinner to the rout—from the rout to the ball—from the opera to the concert,—constitutes the hurry of life *. Is it wonderful that the young are fatigued, their spirits dissipated, their health wasted?—is it wonderful that when the first energies are exhausted, and the ruin of the constitution thus early begun, they should fly to wine, juleps, opium, and liqueurs?—is it wonderful that under such perpetual forcing, under such high pressure working, action should supersede reflection? The change of day into night is no less an agent of the ruin of the constitution, the faculties, and the fortune. Why is it, I inquired, that the spring and summer are chosen for the London season?—why do gentlemen leave their places when the country is in all its beauty? The answer was thus given:—A single circumstance alone would preclude our being in town in the winter; we should be ruined in horse-flesh: the way in which our carriages stand about, and are employed during the whole night, would kill our cattle by thousands—neither they nor we could stand it †.

But, it is said, every one has a choice of his modes of life, and especially those who are independent. This is a gross mistake: they have less choice than the lower ranks. Place and estimation—for these are nothing beyond the circle in which the individual moves—place and estimation demand, insist, enforce upon them a routine. They must obey the laws of their caste, and these laws compel certain trainings which carry but in too many instances the ruin of health, of fortune, and of peace.

What has facility of communication to do with all this?—Everything. Let us go back no further than the progress of the family of the Wrong-heads to town, in the comedy of "The Provoked Husband"—the coach and six, the children, the servants, the provisions, in short, the whole

* The eldest son of a not very rich baron, not very long ago, when about to be married, speaking of the necessity of retrenching his personal expenses, which matrimony would bring upon him, was questioned as to the means. "O," said he, "I can save a good deal in many ways; for instance, in gloves." "Gloves!" "Aye, gloves: I cannot now get on without five pairs a-day." "Five pairs a-day!—how can you possibly require any such quantity?" "Why, thus: I walk out, and my gloves are dirty; I ride out, and my gloves are ruined; I go out to dinner, and I must have a fresh pair; and at balls I cannot do with less than two pairs. The demonstration was accepted, and it demonstrates at the same time one trait in the high civilization of the "life in London" of this caste.

† This accounts for the prevalence of the custom of jobbing horses, as it is called.

waggon-train of accompaniments to the caravan. Look at the tedium of the many moving accidents, and the many accidents of moving! Mark the difference now. "How long does it take you, my Lord, to go to town?" asked a gentleman of a nobleman, whose two houses were 134 miles exactly asunder. "Why, I am very punctual," said his Lordship; "I write the day before to every post-house to have the horses harnessed, and on the road at a certain hour; I leave this place at six in the morning; I am never (barring accidents) five minutes over or under my time at any one stage, and I arrive within ten minutes at six in the evening at — Place." What a difference between the ponderous and slow movements of Sir Francis, and the eagle velocity of my Lord! Nor is swift travelling the privilege of the privileged orders alone; a man may traverse the kingdom from east to west—from the mouth of the Yare to the mouth of the Severn—in twenty-four hours, by public conveyances, for about fifty shillings; or pass from Berwick to Plymouth in something more than thirty-six.

Another of the consequences is, the increased power of visiting among the gentry, to say nothing of the ease of gratifying the mind and the senses by travel generally. What then?—Home is no longer the haven and harbour of happiness. Connexion demands and opportunity favours roaming. The natural ties are broken, duties are evaded, and a restless desire of change and high excitement comes over all. There can be little cohesion where there is such slight contact. Expenses, too, are thus indefinitely multiplied. The force of example is exaggerated to its utmost strength. The most opulent establishment becomes the object of imitation, for the model is always that which is esteemed the greatest. It creeps into everything. "I really regret that I cannot keep up the acquaintance of Sir — —," said a squire of the second order; "I invited him to a battue the other day to dine and stay the night, and his train consisted of eleven servants, nine horses, and three carriages, to say nothing of dogs—I really can't stand it." It needs scarcely be added that all the poor squire's pheasants and hares were slaughtered in this one exhibition of grandeur, and the rest of his friends and himself reduced to almost blank days for the remainder of the season.

Nor is this incitement to the small to vie with the great so easily avoided as it may seem. The host feels that he cannot expect the guest, unless he can receive him with nearly the same state and the same comforts—"in the same style" is the word—he enjoys at home. This equalizes the modes of life, and the man of moderate fortune must live alone or be put to painful shifts, if not ruined. The actual result may, however, be best gathered from the many deserted country-seats, and the numberless families residing abroad. *Why* do they reside abroad? Because they can hide themselves in a foreign country from the multiplied claims of home, and enjoy more luxury, more excess, more licentiousness, at a less cost both of money, pride, and feeling.

And what is the effect of our present approach to high civilization upon the intellect of these orders? We must begin with their education, which is commonly that of a public school, whence some of them return with a competent quantity of Latin and Greek, but few with any love of literature; their moral feelings not corrupted, but destroyed. They have lived from the time they first joined the first class in a constant

atmosphere of sporting slang and boyish obscenity, and from fourteen to seventeen in the actual perpetration of vice in its grossest forms. The apology for this system of education is, that he who is to contend amongst men, must contend amongst boys; and fagging is defended upon the precise ground, ~~that were it not for the subservience, thrashings, and submission they are thus brought under,~~ there would be no setting bounds to the grown-up insolence of the children of nobility and wealth, accustomed, by these accidents, as they become, to the servility and deference of all around them, from their very birth. The qualities thus infused are mingled with the lore of the groom and the gamekeeper, together with no slight infusion of the learning of the cook and the butler, displayed on the table and in the cellar.

The Scripture declares it to be as impossible for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. It is almost as impossible for a youth to escape the snares laid for him by "high civilization." Take a day in a great house in the country—I have passed hundreds such. Breakfast at ten—long and luxurious; tea, coffee, liqueurs, ham, tongue, fowls, game, perigord pie. The party assembles for the sport of the day, which lasts till evening—then comes dressing for dinner—an entertainment of three courses and a dessert served with the richest abundance of viands, wines, fruit, plate, china, lights, decorations, and attendance. Can such a repast be otherwise than luxurious to excess—not drunken excess—but excess in the gratification of all the appetites of the palate? What follows?—an evening perhaps of cards—perhaps of billiards—perhaps of music—perhaps of intrigue. But in what condition of mind and body is the company for the exercise of the intellect in conversation?—Repletion: all are languid, except the gambler—that is, he who means to win money; and the lover—that is, he who purposes to advance his honourable or his dishonourable project. At eleven or twelve, according to the exhaustion of the individuals or the custom of the house, the party separates—the young men to smoke cigars in the room of the greatest *roué* amongst them; the females to a novel or to the gossip of their abigails, if the habits of town have deprived them of the power of taking their natural rest. This is no exaggeration. I have visited for years in houses where are assembled the noblest works of art, and the finest libraries; I have rarely seen the former admired, or the shelves of the latter ransacked except for a novel, or a book of travels at the best. For the last twenty years I can refer to some especially where not a book has been removed, no not one, though from November to February the houses are perpetually filled with the best company, and change once or twice a-week. And what are the subjects of conversation?—General or local political anecdote; county and family connexions; and last, and most constant, field sports. Rarely, indeed, does any topic of literature or art, beyond the fashionable publications of the day, find a place in discussion. During dinner, one day at ———, a topic of interest was started between the host, the accomplished wife of one of the heads of houses at Cambridge, and myself. His Lordship, being called off by his necessary attentions to twenty-seven guests, said, in an under-tone—"Stop till after dinner, when all these fellows will be asleep; we will then have it out." In less than a quarter of an hour after the departure of the ladies, so it happened—they were all sound. The subject was resumed between us,

till the word "Election" happening to be used, a young aspirant for the representation starting from his trance, inquired so eagerly, "Are you talking about the county?" that he awoke the slumbering baronets and squires to the remainder of their claret, and the extinction of our discussion.

"Election!"—that is indeed one of the words of power. It is amongst the effects of the wide grasp of the goods of fortune, and the evils of lofty education, that all the ordinary stimulants, all the ordinary pleasures, all the ordinary vices, are exhausted almost before manhood is attained. Recourse is then had to the strongest excitements, and the race-course, the hell, and a county election, are "the finish" of high civilization.

How many members of the House of Commons can declare, as gentlemen and men of honour, that they are free from the commission of bribery, not in its details or petty commissions, but in the larger sense of assentation. Are there not judges upon the bench, who, just previous to their exaltation, escaped, aye, narrowly escaped, expulsion from the House of Commons, by the perjury of their supporters? And do they not know this? Till some test too close to be evaded by any mental reservation be put to the honour of the representatives of the people, bribery at elections—that poisoning of the very source of the public mind and the public morals—will never be precluded.

We must again revert to the code of honour. We have seen that the imputation of a falsehood ejects a man from "society;" we have seen that the worst violations of social and moral laws rather advance than retard admission to the most exclusive circles;—we must next inquire how does a man's honesty or dishonesty affect his reception?

The system of giving and of taking credit is now the very foundation of trade. Every one is in debt. "Does he pay his debts of honour?"—that is, losses incurred by gambling, by the knavery of his friend, or his own folly and ignorance; for to "make a book" is a pursuit of as much study to the "leg" as to the lawgiver. If he do this, honour requires no more; and whether he owes thousands, and tens of thousands, on any other score, is of no sort of importance. The Insolvent Court is now a refuge to almost as many "fashionable men," "men about town," as to low scoundrels. For the proof, see the notices of outlawry against these "honourables" within the last twelve months.

The gratitude of high civilization is truly delightful. To observe how men sink and disappear, and are instantly forgotten, even by their most intimate associates, presents one of the most consoling views of human philosophy. "Ah, poor L——!" sighed Capt. Y——, as we were passing a deserted seat in C——shire; "some of the happiest weeks of my life have I passed in that house; but he is completely cleaned out." "And where is he now?" I asked. "O, gone to the devil, I suppose, for I know nothing about him!" And this was poor L——, in whose house his happiest hours had flown over him!

I have thus rapidly coursed over some of the effects of what we are forced to accept for high civilization, upon the religion, morals, habits, connexions, and feelings of certain classes who affect to be the loftiest in our scale of society. Let us now look a little into the manners. They perhaps may be best understood from the infinitely diversified pictures to be found in our novels and domestic epics, especially since fashionable "persons" of both sexes have volunteered to portray their com-

panions. But we must endeavour to comprehend and compress this wider discussion into a compass better suited to our object. Manners are purely conventional—the basis being to do everything most agreeable to yourself, and to do nothing (if it can be compatibly avoided with reference to this first rule) disagreeable to others. To be considerate with respect to personal feelings, soft and noiseless in manner, attentive to the circle, and especially to the persons nearest—neither to avoid nor to force conversation—to dwell so slightly upon every subject as to invoke no fiercely contested argument—to hold everything in apparent disregard,—these are the general maxims which are observed in “good society.” That ease which is the *ars celare artem*, and which is seldom acquired by any but those accustomed from infancy to move amongst equals and superiors in the consciousness of station, affluence, and power, to take, without contending for their place, that nice observance of reserve which at once bespeaks self-respect, and silently compels respect from others,—in one sentence, that “dignified submission” to society which at the same time consists with the “proud subordination of the heart,” as Burke has expressed it; these are the tests and results of the fine manners of the present day.

It is, however, curious to note from time to time the little formularies which grow out of the conventions of high life. “My Lord,” said a newly-appointed chaplain, “I have not been accustomed to the tables of the great, are there any ceremonies to be particularly observed of which I may be supposed to be ignorant?” “I don’t know of anything,” said his Lordship, “except that it is considered very vulgar to put your knife in your mouth.”—“I wonder,” said the old Duchess of G., “that Mr. S., who has lived all his life in good society, should be so vulgar as to help anybody upon the plate which stands before him, instead of using that the servant presents.” Her Grace was actually drying a snuffy pocket-handkerchief at the fire while she uttered this criticism.—I was acquainted with the wife of one baron and the daughter of another, whose skin was very irritable, and though one of the most observant of the rules of high breeding in others, I have very often seen her thrust her hand over her shoulder, and scratch vehemently, while in conversation with strangers of her own rank. Yet I have seen this same lady, as well as many other ladies lately, almost start at the use of the words “man and woman” instead of “person.”—About four years ago I dined in company with a viscount and an honourable, fresh from one of the highest circles, in a small party at the house of a nobleman in the country. They both placed their elbows upon the table, in the most inconvenient manner possible while eating. In the later part of the evening, the host asked me apart if I had remarked this. “Yes,” I replied, “and if your Lordship had observed me also I was determined not to be behind the fashion.” “I thought so,” said he, “and I’ll bet my life this is the newest taste imported from — House.”—About the same time a couple of the young squirearchy called on the clergyman of their village while I was with him. During their whole stay they kept on their hats and traversed the room. They were no sooner gone than the old gentleman remarked it, and said, “I’ll be sworn that is a new air picked up at —, whence they are just returned.”—To “go the whole hog” is a late phrase among “civilized persons;” and thus it is with a hundred small peculiarities, which, while they indicate the littleness of

high station, are at the same time made and taken for indications of being accustomed to "good society."

In all these cases, as well as in the general maxims, I hope it will be understood I have not mistaken the exception for the rule; my intention is only to mark how entirely conventional, and how changeable and opposite, are the ornamental branches of manner; so completely so, indeed, as to make acute and constant observation necessary to those who would tread closely in the steps of their leaders. But are these indispensable to really fine manners? No;—yet there are few whose position is so high or so safe as to dispense entirely with all regard to them. Really fine manners reside in benignity of heart and ease of deportment, the consciousness of desert and the absence of all pretension—to which must be added, that facility of speech, motion, and deportment, which is never coarse, and seldom ungraceful. These proceed from all those contingencies which belong to what Burke has so splendidly described, in his often-quoted passage, as a "natural aristocracy."

I have now embraced the points which lie within reach, and are compassable in the space allotted to such an essay, and which appertain to the loftier regions of our commonwealth. They express nothing but deficiencies. I shall, in another paper, descend to the effect of our transit on the middle and inferior stations. Having thus depicted the perversions of the goods which have accompanied our "march of intellect" over the aggregation of mankind into closer contiguity, I shall conclude with the benefits which the discoveries in science and art are capable of conferring: thus, I hope, showing that if there be no good without its attendant evil, there is no evil which may not, by a judicious moral government, be mitigated, while the good to be derived from civilization is, in itself, as immeasurable as it is progressive.

WRITTEN ON THE RHINE.

SWIFTLY we sail along thy stream,
War-stricken Rhine! and evening's gleam
Shows us, throughout its course,
The gasping scars (on either side,
On every cliff) of guilty pride
And unavailing force.

Numberless castles here have frown'd,
And cities numberless, spire-crown'd,
Have fix'd their rocky throne;
Dungeons too deep, and towers too high,
Ever for Love to hear the sigh,
Or Law avenge the groan.

And, falser and more violent
Than fraudulent War, Religion lent
Her scourge to quell the heart;
Striking her palsy into Youth,
And telling Innocence that Truth
Is God's,—and they must part.

Hence victim crowns and iron vows,
Binding ten thousand to one spouse,
To keep them all from sin !
Hence, for light dance and merry tale,
The cloister's deep and stifling veil,
That shuts the world within.

Away ! away ! thou foulest pest
That ever broke man's inner rest,
Pouring the poison'd lie,
How to thy dragon grasp is given
The power of Earth, the price of Heaven !—
Go ! let us live and die

Without thy curse upon our head !—
Monster ! with human sorrows fed,
Lo ! here thine image stands.
In Heidelberg's lone chambers, Rhine
Shows what his ancient Palatine
Received from thy meek hands !

France, claim thy right, thy glory claim,
Surpassing Rome's immortal fame !
For, more than she could do,
In the long ages of her toils,
With all her strength and all her spoils,
Thy heroes overthrew.

Crow, crow thy cock ! thy eagle soar,
Fiercer and higher than before !
Thy boasts, though few believe,
Here faithful history shall relate
What Gallic hearts could meditate,
And Gallic hands achieve.

Fresh blows the gale, the scenes delight,
Anear, afar, on plain, on height ;
But all are wide and vast :
Day follows day, and shows not one
The weary heart could rest upon,
To call its own at last.

No curling dell, no cranky nook,
No sylvan mead, no prattling brook,
No little lake that stands
Afraid to lift its fringed eye,
Of purest blue, to its own sky,
Or kiss its own soft sands.

O ! would I were again at home,
(If any such be mine,) to roam
Amid Lanthony's bowers ;
Or, where beneath the alders flow
My Arron's waters still and slow,
Doze down the summer hours.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE MAN OF NO PRINCIPLES.

Principiis obsta.

It requires no small share of moral courage to make the avowal, but the truth must be told, that I am a man of no principles. Whether this be the result of anything originally peculiar in my intellectual constitution, or a mere natural consequence of the pains which every one about me took in early life to provide me with a complete set, I know not. But as long as I can remember, parents and preceptors, and, indeed, the whole class of persons enjoying the respectable appellation of "my elders," were employed in dinning into my ears the importance of principles; although neither I, nor they themselves, perhaps, understood very distinctly what a principle was, nor wherein lay the merit of those that they recommended. By dint of long consideration of the matter, I think I have discovered that a principle may be defined to be a rule for preventing one's doing something that is either pleasant or profitable; and further, that it is a rule which every one wishes every one to adopt except himself; I cannot add that either circumstance is any strong recommendation to the observance. If men are bound to speak of the fair as they find it, my individual testimony cannot be favourable to these restraints upon free action. There are, it is true, persons who consider principles very serviceable in the conduct of life, if it be only to go to market withal; but, for my part, I have not found them a commodity remarkably vendible. The very fact of offering them for sale is *prima facie* evidence that the party is not overburthened with the article; and the world is far too wise to bid largely for a nonentity. Besides, demand always produces supply; and it cannot be doubted that if a demand for principles really existed, persons of principle would be more frequent in genteel society. Men may throw up their principles, and throw away their character, because, perhaps, they are tired of the possession; but as for selling such things, I firmly believe that they have no exchangeable value, and that the idea is Utopian.

I will not take upon me to aver that no man ever did get on in life who was burthened with much principle; but this I know, that as long as ease is more graceful than stiffness, as long as friction-wheels facilitate locomotion, so long must an amiable and accommodating pliability of disposition be more beneficial to the aspirant for fortune, than that perverse obstinacy of temper which is so foolishly lauded under the denomination of firmness. Do not, however, let it be supposed that an absolute indifference to virtue and vice is here recommended; or that a man of no principles is by any means to be confounded with an unprincipled man. To do systematically wrong is to have principles,—(bad ones, indeed, but still principles;) and to abide by them may prove as troublesome and impedimental as if they were of the most commendable nature. To be a man of bad principles is to have qualities, energies, and passions; and these, besides that they occasionally lead to the gallows, very obviously unfit their possessors for the sort of success to which I here particularly allude.

The Man of no Principles.

But perhaps it may be thought that principles are useful as the materials of conversation ; and it must be admitted that they do figure becomingly enough in a discourse ; but then, to talk of a thing, it is by no means necessary to possess it ; on the contrary, those who make the greatest fuss about their principles, are just the very persons the most thoroughly divested of them ; in so much, that, when a public speaker talks the loudest of his consistency, &c. &c., the learned are aware that he either has already ratted, or must be on the point of commencing that transmigration.

That principles are necessarily obstructions in the voyage through life is matter of demonstration. A principle is but an abstraction, a general rule adapted to a general condition. It is a pure theorem ; but life is a matter of practice, an affair of specialities. The boasted superiority of practical men over theorists and speculators lies altogether in this fact :—If everything were as it ought to be, if there were the slightest connexion between the morals of books and the morals of real life, then principles might be available in the pursuit of happiness. But, in the infinity of the chances which await upon the turning of the wheel of fortune, in the endless complication of actual events, the disturbing causes so prevail over the regulating, that principle becomes mere pedantry, and the exception takes precisely the place of the rule.

Without, however, further debating the matter, it is better to appeal at once to facts ; and I may fairly state, that whatever luck has befallen me is directly attributable to my exemption from these Liliputian cables. I first became sensible of this fact in reference to the great principle of veracity, which was perpetually inculcated from my earliest recollection ; and I believe there are very few children who pass their first lustrum without making the same discovery. In the great school in which I was educated, while I was yet a mere child, a rebellion broke out ; and there was so much mischief done to the premises, that we were all sent home till the damage could be repaired. When this was done, we were permitted to return to the school, on the express stipulation that we should individually confess our separate shares in the transaction. I am far from wishing to insinuate that I was at that time so wholly inexperienced as not to know that there are cases in which lying may be useful ; on the contrary, I was fully aware of the danger of being too explicit or veracious in my revelations : but I had received a long lecture at home on the beauty of truth, and the general propriety of upholding the principle at whatever cost of immediate inconvenience. I make no secret, therefore, that I returned to school filled with the vain-glory of an heroic contempt for birch, not altogether unmingled with some obscure notion, that the merit of my veracity would be made a set-off against the delinquencies of the insurrection. The upshot of the business was, that the big boys almost all escaped punishment by a resolute denial of the truth ; while I and a few other children were soundly flogged for pleading guilty to the very little which we were capable of committing of violence and destruction. It is, perhaps, needless to add that I never again suffered my respect for the principle of veracity to stand in the way of my body's safety ; and the experience I then gained, without rendering me an absolute liar, has often stood my friend on occasions of much greater importance. Not the least instructive part of this lesson in ethics was the universal ridicule and enduring ill-will which the

sticklers for principle encountered at the hands of their schoolfellows, on account of their thus presuming to be better than their neighbours. I have since found the same result to follow every attempt to appear wiser as well as better than other folks; and it is no small part of the merit of the man of no principle, that he neither has, nor lays claim to any species of excellence, but is of necessity a mere inoffensive mediocrity. The much-boasted philosophic maxim of antiquity, "live unknown to fame," is indeed of the essence of such a man's regime. Men may boast of their sacrifices to principle, and they generally find a great pleasure in so doing; but when principle is sacrificed to expediency, why, of course, the less that is said about it the better. Men of no principle shun publicity; and if they sometimes do find their way into the Gazette, it is not from any disposition towards the indulgence in such notoriety.

Passing over many minor instances in which the absence of principle has been serviceable to my fortunes, or at least saved me from vexations and difficulties, I come at once to that great epoch in life, "first love." Who is there who can boast of never having fallen into that snare in the path of his prosperity? It is set on the very threshold of life, as if on purpose to enslave and confound us; and the greatest geniuses have tumbled into it, with as much unwittingness as the greatest blockheads. For my own part, I had scarcely entered college when I paid this tribute to humanity, and succeeded in gaining the affections of an amiable and gentle creature, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of small fortune. The consent of friends was easily obtained, with the usual proviso in such cases, of delay till after the completion of the college course, and the taking of the first steps in a professional career. In the meantime, I was admitted on the footing of a relation into the young lady's family; and for once, at least, the course of true love did go smoothly and happily.

That I loved this woman with the whole force of my capability for the passion, I certainly thought at the time; but it is not improbable that the facility with which the tie was formed was unfavourable to its duration. At all events, there was no question of attachment to another; and in jilting her, as I eventually did, I was influenced alone by the facility of my disposition, and the total absence of everything in the shape of principle. The fact was, that a rich relation proposed my marriage into his family, my own parents were dazzled by the offer, and though my cousin was anything but an object of preference with me, I suffered myself to be united with her for better or for worse. The consequences were not all strictly pleasant. The duel, indeed, I avoided—because to all such affairs there must be two parties consenting—but I could not prevent the consequent "cuttings," and these, for a time, were sufficiently provoking. But, let a man's circle of friends be as large as they may, they do not embrace all the world; and he who "has lands and beeves" need never want associates to amuse his idleness, nor dependents to keep him in good humour with himself. Had principle stood in my way on this occasion, an improvident marriage, an early family, and the protracted struggles of an uphill professional life, would have been the rewards of my virtue; on the contrary, if I have not in all respects been a thriving gentleman since my inconstancy, it is certainly not the consequence of this change in the disposition of my person.

One necessary sequence to the accession of wealth and station which flowed from a rich marriage was the desire to sit in Parliament. This was before the Reform Bill; and, as party politics ran high at the time, elections were pretty generally decided by length of purse. It is needless to add, that, in my attempt to obtain a return, the principles of the British Constitution were not too obstinately opposed by me to its practice. Indeed, to say the truth, all the candidates alike were disposed to put principle, whether religious, moral, or honourable, for the time, on one side. It is really astonishing the number not only of queer practices, but of dirty tricks which these *gentlemen* consented to allow. The end was generally deemed amply sufficient to justify all and any means; and as the decision, in its progress, grew to be confined within a narrow and narrower compass, the surrender of principle became more perfectly complete. The complaisance of the returning officer obtained me the victory. This was, on his part, an act not only of improbity in the discharge of his office, but a tergiversation in politics, and a base ingratitude to the founder of his fortunes. The price was a large bribe, and a promise of professional advantage, which was amply fulfilled. This worthy gentleman, from a struggling, half-bankrupt attorney, became a rich agent, and died in high respectability, a considerable landholder and a baronet,—all the pure result of his want of principle.

Of my own parliamentary conduct it would not become me to speak; and it is the less necessary to do so, because Mr. Galt has borrowed its leading traits to illustrate his novel called "The Member." I certainly was capable of "hearing reason;" and I was not weak and dishonest enough to stand by a party or an opinion, when the sum of expediency lay in another direction. The superiority of this line of conduct, in the estimation of public men, was evinced on more than one occasion by the attention it procured me from Ministers and other leaders; and it constantly occurred that the staunchest supporters were passed over, and their claims neglected, to give me a preference, and to insure my co-operation, because I was known to be without predilections. It need not be added that the road to office lay straight before me; and once fairly nitched, I abandoned Parliament, as giving too decided a colour to political conduct. The business of an official personage is to remain in place, "let who will be Minister;" and a Member of Parliament stands ever too much committed by his votes, not to feel himself compelled, on the principle of the polite dog*, to follow his party when they get the turn-out. By vacating my seat, I avoided this disagreeable consequence; and, accordingly, no change of Ministers, however abrupt, ever gave me the slightest disturbance. So that I might have said,

"Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

In these cases, my no principles stood me in the best stead. When my own party was in, (for there must always be a party which the most lukewarm man considers as peculiarly his own,) I never suffered myself to act with that zeal and decision which would mark me out for the notice of the enemy; and when "those of the adverse faction" came into office, why I was considered as at heart one of their own—as "a mighty

* A polite dog always leaves the room by the door, when he perceives preparations making to fling him out of the window.

good fellow"—“one who never mixed himself in the politics of the late men”—and one who was “remarkable for his inoffensiveness.” Thus it was that I became a sort of heirloom to each successive administration. Whig, Tory, or Radical might hold the helm for the day; it mattered not: for no one thought of displacing me, more than they would of removing the Monument.

No small benefit of this want of principle is the general ease which it confers on life. Your High Churchman is heated whenever men hint at ecclesiastical reform; your Dissenter frets his bowels to fiddle-strings, because he cannot register his own wedding (most men would be happy if they could blot out the record); and your Catholic is miserable because he pays a parson in whose preaching he does not believe. But a man of no principles takes these matters very quietly. He would not, in the worst of times, have got himself burnt for an heretic; and now, he would not give five shillings to save either Mr. O’Connell or the Bishop of Exeter from transportation, nor eat a worse dinner if either of them became lord of the ascendant.

A very great advantage attached to office is the occasional possession of early intelligence. Now I have known some colleagues whose principles would not allow them to avail themselves of this news on the Stock Exchange; which always struck me to be a great weakness. If I go into the market on the strength of intelligence, and buy, what is the vender the worse of it? He wanted to sell his stock, and would have done so, at any rate; and it makes no difference to him, whether my knowledge, or somebody else’s good luck, is the winner by the transaction. This always struck me as a case in which it was wrong to let your light shine under a bushel. In the same manner, when a man gets knowledge of a cross on the turf or in the ring, it is a foolish principle that prevents him from availing himself of the circumstance, and forces him to leave all the profit to the rogues who set the scheme on foot:

Against all these advantages of the abuse of principle, and I could name an hundred more, there are a few sets-off. One of these is the necessity it begets of understanding thoroughly the law. It is good to do all things that the law permits; but very, *very* foolish to incur its penalties. No want of principle should lead a man into that scrape; but how is he to know upon instinct what is, and what is not, lawful? The laws are constantly changing, and acts which to-day are *sans conséquence*, may to-morrow become highly penal. Here, the man of principle is generally sufficiently guarded. He is almost-always, by the force of circumstances, within the pale of the law. But the man of no principles, who is perpetually trying conclusions with the statute-book, must possess considerable ability not sometimes to be hit. This of late has happened to some of my very respectable acquaintance in their electioneering transactions; and I have known some topping merchants who have got embroiled with the Custom-house. It certainly does require considerable discretion, and some good luck, too, to avoid such accidents; insomuch that I have heard many declare that your man of no principle rarely ends well: but that I am sure is an exaggeration. Fools, indeed, will be fools, principle or no principle; and a man may burn his fingers on his lawful occasions, as well as in setting fire to his neighbour’s barn: but with a little decent precaution and prudence, such scrapes are to be avoided; and I am apt to believe that there are very few

great fortunes built up, in which the danger has not upon some occasion been *brusqué*, and in which principle has not sometimes been set a *leetle* on one side to serve a turn. I repeat it, however, that a man of no principle is not to be confounded with a professed villain. If he have not principle, he has habits and instincts, which, in all ordinary cases, serve for his protection; and, moreover, if the chances are not greatly against such a man, his course shapes itself, and there is no necessity (one might almost say no possibility) of going wrong. The villain gets into endless scrapes, because his violent passions are perpetually making his walk through life a rope-dancer's cord; but the man of no principle is safe in his mediocrity, safe in his exemption from deep feeling of any kind. A man of no principle never does unnecessary evil; nay, he may, and often does perform virtuous actions, merely because they lie in his way, and cost little or nothing to do.

Here I might rest my case, and I think triumphantly. But if I shall have failed in satisfying the reader, and placing myself *rectus in curia* with the sticklers for principle, I beg to stand upon my right, and to insist that no one either spits on my gaberdine, or casts his stone at me in passing, for my supposed deficiency, till he has laid his hand on his heart, and examined how far he is himself clear of offence. I beg my Lord, the Bishop, to ask himself where was his principle when he swore to obey the statutes at Oxford, or when he uttered the *Nolo episcopari*. I entreat my friend Benedict to say where was his principle when he did that which brought him into Doctors' Commons. Where is the principle of the hired advocate, who argues indifferently for plaintiff or defendant, as chance directs the retaining fee? Where the principle of the physician, who writes *placebo* prescriptions for imaginary diseases, or, worse still, prescribes, in utter ignorance of the malady or its remedy? Where is the principle of half the wisest and best persons in town, who expel from society the fair victim of premeditated seduction, yet receive the seducer with open arms? In these, and a thousand other instances, men of the highest principle keep it altogether out of sight; and *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. From the reproaches of such offenders, be their general character as lofty as it may, I hold myself defended: and if this plea is not allowed to be available, I stand, lastly and invincibly, on the maxim of *numerus defendit*—THE MEN OF NO PRINCIPLE ARE THE MAJORITY.

WEALTH AND WOMANHOOD.

Have you seen an heiress
In her jewels mounted,
Till her wealth and she seem'd one,
And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom
With one rose betwixt it?
And did you see the grateful blush,
While the bridegroom fix'd it?

L. H.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

BY L. E. L.

I. CALYPSO WATCHING THE OCEAN.

YEARS, years have passed away,
 Since to yonder fated bay
 Did the Hero come.
 Years, years have passed the while,
 Since he left the lovely isle
 For his Grecian home.
 He is with the dead—but She
 Weepeth on eternally
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.
 Downwards floateth her bright hair,
 Fair—how exquisitely fair !
 But it is unbound.
 Never since that parting hour
 Golden band or rosy flower
 In it has been wound ;
 There it droopeth sadly bright,
 In the morning's sunny light,
 On the lone and lovely island
 In the far off southern seas.
 Like a marble statue placed,
 Looking o'er the watery waste,
 With its white fixed gaze ;
 There the Goddess sits, her eye
 Raised to the un pitying sky :
 So uncounted days
 Has she asked of yonder main,
 Him it will not bring again
 To the lone and lovely island
 In the far off southern seas.
 To that stately brow is given,
 Loveliness that sprung from heaven —
 Is, like heaven, bright :
 Never there may time prevail,
 But her perfect face is pale ;
 And a troubled light
 Tells of one who may not die,
 Vex'd with immortality
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.
 Desolate beside that strand,
 Bow'd upon her cold, white hand,
 Is her radiant head ;
 Silently she sitteth there,
 While her large eyes on the air
 Trace the much-loved dead :
 Eyes that know not tears nor sleep,
 Would she not be glad to weep,
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

Far behind the fragrant pile,
Sends its odours through the isle ;
And the winds that stir
In the poplars, are imbued
With the cedar's precious wood,
With incense and with myrrh,
Till the azure waves beneath
Bear away the scented breath
Of the lone and lovely island
In the far off southern seas.

But no more does that perfume
Hang around the purple loom
Where Calypso wove
Threads of gold with curious skill,
Singing at her own sweet will
Ancient songs of love :
Weary on the sea-wash'd shore,
She will sing those songs no more
In the lone and lovely island
Mid the far off southern seas.

From the large green leaves escape
Clusters of the blooming grape ;
Round the shining throne
Still the silver fountains play,
Singing on through night and day,
But they sing alone :
Lovely in their early death,
No one binds a violet wreath,
In the lone and lovely island
Mid the far off southern seas.

Love and Fate—oh, fearful pair !
Terrible in strength ye are ;
Until ye had been,
Happy as a summer night,
Conscious of its own sweet light,
Was that Island-queen.
Would she could forget to grieve,
Or that she could die and leave
The lone and lovely island
Mid the far off southern seas.

She is but the type of all,
Mortal or celestial,
Who allow the heart,
In its passion and its power,
On some dark and fated hour,
To assert its part.
Fate attends the steps of Love,—
Both brought misery from above
To the lone and lovely island
Mid the far off southern seas.

~~II~~

A SUPPER OF MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.

Small but gorgeous was the chamber
 Where the lady leant ;
 Heliotrope, and musk, and amber,
 Made an element,
 Heavy like a storm, but sweet.
 Softly stole the light uncertain
 Through the silken fold
 Of the sweeping purple curtain ;
 And enwrought in gold
 Was the cushion at her feet,
 There he knelt to gaze on her—
 He, the latest worshipper.

From the table came the lustre
 Of its fruit and flowers ;
 There were grapes, each shining cluster
 Bright with sunny hours,—
 Noon and night were on their hues.
 There the purple fig lay hidden
 Mid its wide green leaves ;
 And the rose, sweet guest, was bidden,
 While its breath receives
 Freshness from the unshed dews.
 Nothing marks the youth of these—
 One bright face is all he sees.

With such colours as are dying
 On a sunset sky ;
 With such odours as are sighing,
 When the violets die,
 Are the rich Italian wines.
 Dark and bright they glow together,
 In each graceful flask,
 Telling of the summer weather,
 And the autumn task,
 When young maidens stripped the vines
 One small flask of cold pale green,
 Only one, he has not seen.

When She woke the heart that slumber'd
 In a poet's dream,
 Few the summers he had number'd,
 Little did he deem
 Of such passion and such power ;
 When there hangs a life's emotion
 On a word—a breath—
 Like the storm upon the ocean,
 Bearing doom and death.
 Youth has only one such hour ;
 And its shadow now is cast
 Over him who looks his last.

Does he love her?—Yes, to madness,
Fiery, fierce, and wild;
Touch'd, too, with a gentle sadness;
For his soul is ~~told~~
Tender as his own sad song.
And that young wan cheek is wasted
With the strife within:
Well he knows his course has hasted
Through delicious sin,
Borne tumultuously along.
Never have the stars above
Chronicled such utter love.

Well the red robe folded round her
Suits her stately mien;
And the ruby chain has bound her
Of some Indian queen;—
Pale her cheek is, like a pearl.
Heavily the dusky masses
Of her night-black hair,
Which the raven's wing surpasses,
Bind her forehead fair;
Odours float from every curl.
He would die, so he might wear
One soft tress of that long hair.

Clear her deep black eyes are shining,
Large, and strangely bright;
Somewhat of the hid repining,
Gives unquiet light
To their wild but troubled glow.
Dark-fringed lids an eastern languor
O'er their depths have shed;
But the curved lip knoweth anger,
'Tis so fiercely red,—
Passion crimsons in its glow.
Tidings from that face depart
Of the death within her heart.

Does she love the boy who, kneeling,
Brings to her his youth,
With its passionato, deep feeling,
With its hope, its truth?
No; his hour has pass'd away!
Scarcely does she seek to smother
Change and scornful pride;
She is thinking of another,
With him at her side;—
He has had his day!
Love has darken'd into hate,
And her falsehood is his fate.

Even now, her hand extending,
Grasps the fated cup;
For her red lip o'er it bending,
He will drink it up,—

He will drink it to her name ;
 Little of the vial knowing
 That has drugg'd the wave,
 How its rosy tide is flowing
 Onwards to the grave.
 One sweet whisper from her came ;
 And he drank to catch her breath,—
 Wine and sigh alike are death !

THE MOORISH MAIDEN'S VIGIL.

Does she watch him, fondly watch him,
 Does the maiden watch in vain ?
 Do her dark eyes strain to catch him
 Riding o'er the moonlit plain,
 Stately, beautiful, and tall ?
 Those long eyelashes are gleaming
 With the tears she will not shed ;
 Still her patient hope is dreaming
 That it is his courser's tread,
 If an olive leaf but fall.
 Woe for thee, my poor Zorayda,
 By the fountain's side ;
 Better, than this weary watching,
 Better thou hadst died.

Scarlet is the turban folded
 Round the long black plaits of hair ;
 And the pliant gold is moulded
 Round her arms that are as fair
 As the moonlight which they meet.
 Little of their former splendour
 Lingereth in her large dark eyes ;
 Ever sorrow maketh tender,
 And the heart's deep passion lies
 In their look so sad and sweet.
 Woe for thee, my poor Zorayda,
 By the fountain's side ;
 Better, than this weary watching,
 Better thou hadst died.

Once the buds of the pomegranate
 Paled beside her cheek's warm dye,
 Now 'tis like the last sad planet
 Waning in the morning sky—
 She has wept away its red.
 Can this be the Zegri maiden,
 Whom Granada named its flower,
 Drooping like a rose rain-laden ?—
 Heavy must have been the shower,
 Bowing down its fragrant head.

Woe for thee, my poor Zorayda,
By the fountain's side;
Better, than this weary watching,
Better thou hadst died.

To the north her fancies wander,
There he dwells, her Spanish knight:
'Tis a dreadful thing to ponder,
Whether true love heard aright.

Did he say those gentle things
Over which fond memories linger,
And with which she cannot part?
Still his ring is on her finger,
Still his name is in her heart—

All around his image brings.
Woe for thee, my poor Zorayda,
By the fountain's side;
Better, than this weary watching,
Better thou hadst died.

Can the fond heart be forsaken
By the one who sought that heart?
Can there be who will awaken
All of life's diviner part,

For some vanity's cold reign.
Heavy is the lot of woman—
Heavy is her loving lot—

If it thus must share in common
Love with those who know it not—
With the careless and the vain.
Woe for thee, my poor Zorayda,
By the fountain's side;
Better, than this weary watching,
Better thou hadst died.

Faithless Christian!—ere the blossom,
Hanging on the myrtle bough,
Float on the clear fountain's bosom,
She who listened to thy vow—
She will watch for thee no more!

'Tis a tale of frequent sorrow
Love seems fated to renew;
It will be again to-morrow
Just as bitter and as true,
As it aye has been of yore.
Woe to thee, my poor Zorayda,
By the fountain's wave;
But the shade of rest is round thee—
And it is the grave!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

HARRY O'REARDON.—PART IV.*

WHY Harry O'Reardon sought London and its vicinity it would be difficult to determine. He fancied, however, that he wished to bid an everlasting farewell to Moyna, and that, having done so, he would immediately leave England for America, and never return to the clime or country of his nativity and of his disgrace. Strange as it may seem, he knew the neighbourhood in which she resided, but was totally unacquainted with the street, square, or place;—this fact did not occur to him until the magnificent dome of St. Paul's, with its tributary spires, appeared as the coach whirled along the road leading from Highgate to our metropolis.

"Why did you come to London?" I inquired one day of a poor Irishman, who asked me for charity. "Why did you come to London without friends or introduction?"

"Is it why I come?" he replied, scratching his head; "why, then, sorra a bit of me knows, except it was to *try my luck!*"

I suspect that Harry's motive was much the same—he thought he would try his luck; and it little mattered to him how or where. That he had not forgotten Moyna I can well imagine: the heart in times of sorrow always reverts to its early affections, even as the dove, finding no place whereon to rest, returned to the ark that had sheltered it from the troubled waters.

How lonely and desolate is London to a stranger!—the thousand countenances bearing the stamp and impress of their Maker's image, and yet expressing no one sympathy or kindly feeling towards him who is utterly alone amid the multitude—the noise, amounting, in the ears of the uninitiated, to absolute tumult—the hurry—the carriages—the ebbing and flowing current of human beings—the palace-houses—the hurrying to and fro—the impossibility of moving (until one knows how to move) without jostling one against the other!

Harry was really more bewildered than ever he had been in his life; but having at last got into a public-house, and partaken of the very slight refreshment his finances afforded, he inquired whereabouts Kensington was; he knew that Moyna lived somewhere in its neighbourhood. He was told it was nearly five miles off. He then asked where Woolwich was; he remembered that his mother's cousin lived there! Woolwich, they informed him, was seven miles in another direction. He resolved to find out Kensington; and, after a bewildered pilgrimage, arrived at Hyde-Park Corner: he kept straight on for a long time—longer than he ought; for, having missed the proper turning, he found himself, as the sun was setting, at the end of the Old Brompton lanes, where the district known by the name of the Fulham Fields commences,—the said fields, be it known, comprise a vast quantity of low ground, lying between the great Western-road and the river Thames.

I know of no district in the neighbourhood of London which has so completely two distinct characters as the Fulham Fields. The ground is principally occupied by market-gardeners, who supply the London markets with fruit and vegetables. In the days of early summer there is nothing more delightful than to ride from the Old Bell at Brompton to the Old Greyhound at Fulham—literally through groves upon groves of apple, pear, and cherry blossoms; the air impregnated by their fragrance—the birds singing in every tree—the labourers busy in the fields—the ploughs at cheerful work—the villas in my favourite lanes, beaming through the rich foliage—while the many frames and glasses, employed by the industrious gardeners, glitter over the young plants that require care. This is the sunny side of the picture.—Now for the dark one.

The population of this highly-cultivated district is in a frightful state of demoralization; large and poor families occupy every cottage, every room that is to be obtained. Many of them are from the sister kingdom; and, indeed, I have, during an observation of more than two years, convinced myself that though by many degrees the most dirty and uncultivated in the district, they are by no means so immoral or so disorderly as their English neighbours. The money earned by hard and praiseworthy industry during the day is, in nine cases out of ten, expended in the gin, and more pernicious beer, shops during the night—so that there is nothing laid by for the winter months—and, winter as well as summer, hundreds of unemployed boys and girls, when once the season for "*bird-keeping*" (which, by an odd perversion, means *bird-scat-tering*) is over,—lounge about the lanes and sit under the hedges. As idleness is the mother of mischief it is not to be expected they can come to much good:—a greater number of young thieves congregate in North End and Walham Green, than in any neighbourhood that I know of. I believe the clergymen of the parish do their best, but either the population is too numerous for them to attend to, or they have not as yet discovered the proper mode of instruction. Sabbath-breaking is carried on in a most open and frightful manner, and the Bishop of London can hardly go out of his avenue without seeing persons openly at work in the fields while the bells are tolling for church. There are many visiting societies, and several ladies make it their business to alleviate the distress of their neighbours, some of whom are doubtless in great poverty—but it is poverty brought on by habits of carelessness and intoxication. I have thought that a well-regulated manufactory, where children could be employed, would be a great blessing: it is from the age of ten and eleven, when they leave school, that work suitable to their years becomes absolutely necessary to keep them from vice. It is miserable to look at this highly-cultivated district basking in richness beneath the summer sun, and to know how careless of all that is right and holy are the poor instruments who produce this abundance. There is a brewery building now close to St. John's Bridge; I wish some real patriot would erect a manufactory on the opposite bank of the canal, where children could at once be instructed and employed; and then the flowers and fruits of the Fulham Fields would be as grateful to the heart as they are to the eye.

Harry O'Reardon walked on until he arrived at the St. John's Bridge I have just mentioned. He sat on the wall and looked down—not upon the water, for the tide was out, but upon the mud. There is a wooden

rail with two or three posts just below the bridge, and opposite to them some singularly fine trees. I cannot trace the resemblance, but Harry fancied that the rail and the posts looked very like the stile where he bade Moyna his first farewell. He leaned over—his eyes intently fixed upon what to him were objects of great interest. The voices of happy children struck upon his ear, laughing and chattering as they ran along; and then he heard another voice whose tones were familiar to him, though they were more refined than they had once been; he suddenly turned round—he was not deceived—it was Moyna! She had stopped at the opposite side of the bridge, but had passed him. In a moment his pride rose high as ever—she had passed *him*—she must have known him—she could not have forgotten him—he knew her. Yet there she knelt, fastening the riband of a little girl's shoe, while the child's arms pressed so tightly round her neck that she could hardly perform her task: the little lady called her "dearest and best Moyna," said she was sorry to give her so much trouble, and finally kissed a cheek that was still pale, and a brow more thoughtful yet more calm than ever. Women have a pliability of disposition and manner which is easily moulded into grace: it is difficult, indeed, for a man to throw off the rough impress of vulgar or commonplace habits: but a young woman (who is much with her superiors) falls insensibly into the ease of good society; and if, added to this aptness, there is a modest and intelligent mind, her improvement will not only be rapid but lasting.

Had it not been for the voice, and the well-remembered profile, Harry would hardly have recognized his old friend; she was so neat, so well-dressed, so lady-like; and the children—evidently those of a person moving in the higher circles—so fond of her; could it really be the tailor's daughter his mother so much despised? She never once turned her head towards him; and yet his proud spirit suggested that she must have seen him. He cast his eyes over his own travel-soiled habiliments, and supposed (he knew but little of a woman's heart) that she, in the first moment of recognition, would have looked down upon him, because she was the better dressed of the two. I should be sorry to form a harsh opinion of Harry, particularly in his troubles; yet I cannot help thinking that he judged of her feelings from his own. *He* had been ashamed, rather ashamed, of Moyna in the days of *his* prosperity; and—the inference is easily drawn!—Harry was brave—Harry was proud—but his mind was not dignified. What say you, gentle reader?—"That we do not expect dignity of mind from such as Harry." Your pardon; circumstances may place in advantageous lights all the nobler qualities of our nature, but it is not in the power of circumstances to create them. A truly elevated mind is the most magnificent gift the Almighty bestows—it raises man above himself—and, blessed be God! it is found, at least as frequently, in the cottage as in the palace: "it is not for the world to give it, or the world to take it away."

Harry, therefore, instead of exclaiming "Moyna! darling Moyna!" turned away, and again leaned over the bridge, until the receding footsteps assured him that she and her charge had passed. "My poor mother was right, after all!" he said to himself in bitterness of heart; "she's nothing but an upstart. Not see me—not know me—how could she be off knowing me—did not I know her!" Harry quite forgot that he had seen her face while she was stooping, and that all she

could have perceived was a human figure leaning over St. John's Bridge. He could not avoid looking after her, but his love, if such it deserved to be considered, was for the time all wormwood; and he commenced casting one pebble after another into the dry canal.

"Why thin, God save you kindly, and more power to your elbow, for that last was a bad throw, I must say," exclaimed a full-ripe—rich Waterford brogue at his side; and turning round, he saw the good-humoured face of a Fulham Fields' basket-woman, smiling benevolently at his idle pastime.

"I knew it—that is, I didn't know it—only I was sure of it—sartin of it—would have taken my oath of it upon the Cross, even if I hadn't seen your beautiful face, that it was no other but yourself—and you in Liverpool all the way—that is, *was* in it."

These long and highly-toned exclamations were delivered with corresponding gesture by a person whom Harry had already recognised as a travelling vender of eggs and poultry, who had been sometimes charitably accommodated in his Irish home with bed and board—namely, clean straw and potatoes.

"I knew you by the tip of your ear, and the proud way you ever and always had of drawing yourself up as if the nobility was behind you; and sure it's myself is glad to see you. You come to London, I suppose, for pleasure, for I heard tell of you by one who knowed how grand you were in Liverpool; and as I come over from Mr. Derinze's (I do a hand's turn in his garden from six in the morning till six at night, God help me) I see you—that I didn't think you, till you flung down a stone, and then it struck me (not the stone, you know, but yourself)—that's Master Harry, sis I—no, it can't be, sis I—but it is, sis I agin; rasoning this away, where u'd you meet with his fellow, sis I—amongst these rack-shaws of English, sis I—(easy to myself, for there's no good in spilling the milk you have to drink)—and then I thought I'd make bould to spake—sure my heart's in my mouth ever since."

Harry knew of old that Peggy Graham was an errant, if not a most mischievous, gossip, but he did not exactly know how to get rid of her.

"Thank you, Peggy. Is it far to Kensington?" he inquired.

"To Kensington! Why, thin, is it to Kensington you are going?" she said, replying, after the true Irish fashion, to one question, by asking another.

"Is it far?" he repeated.

"How can I tell you, machree, until you tell me what part you wants? Is it the Square, or the High-street? Lord save us! Sure it's not exciseman, or something like that, you'd be to the Palace."

Harry smiled. "Nothing so good, Peggy, I assure you."

"Well, I thought you'd be above the law to the last; but I'll tell you what—Nelleen!" she shouted, at the top of her voice; and from out a hole in the paling crept a child, dirty and ragged as need be. "Nelleen, go home to the father that owns you, and tell him we met with a true-born gentleman, Mister Harry O'Reardon, from Liverpool and Ireland; and that he lost his way, and that I'm stept out just to find his own place for him in Kensington."

"Peggy!" interrupted Harry.

"Whisht, now! it's no trouble in life; if it was twelve o'clock at night I'd go with you every foot of the road, for the sake of ould times,

and the ould country. And," to the child, "tell him to behave himself, and that he'll find——"

"Peggy," again interrupted O'Reardon, "you misunderstand me, I have no place in Kensington, I am not going to Kensington; and I only wanted to know how far Kensington is from where we stand."

"Why, thin, sorra a bit o'good it would do you to know, and you not going there," she replied, with provoking *nonchalance*. "Any way, I don't know myself, their little bits o'miles ain't worth the counting. If you ain't going to Kensington, where do you bide?" she inquired again; and then added, "but I'm up to you now, Masther Harry, maybe ye think I don't know where *Miss* (Miss, to be sure) Moyna Roden stops; maybe ye think I don't remember ould times; maybe ye think I don't know what a pet she's made of, far before a servant; and maybe I didn't see her walking this way."

These words were daggers to Harry; he looked enraged, and, without deigning a reply, turned from Peggy Graham; but she was not so to be repulsed.

"Sure it's not angry with a poor craythur like me you are," she said, soothingly; "sure it isn't! My tongue was never settled tight and tidy in my head like another's; but I mean no harm for all that; only tell me where you bide, that I may sometimes see, and bless you, (for many's the warm welcome I had by your hearthstone,) and if you're grown grand——"

"I'm not grown grand, as you call it," said Harry, touched by her kindly tones; "but I'm worn and weary. Is there no house near where I can get a bed for to-night? To-morrow I hope to leave London."

"A bed!" she repeated. "Why, thin, to be sure—isn't there my bed? Sure, myself and my husband, and the children, can sleep as *sonsy* on the ground; and it's a good bed, too."

"Stop," said Harry;—it is not easy to stop the torrent of Irish hospitality. Chatterer and mischief-maker she certainly was; but the virtue of her country dwelt under the red tiles of her English cottage, as warmly as it did beneath the mossy thatch of her Irish cabin. At length, Harry convinced her that he could go to an inn; and, after much dispute, she gave up the point.

"Oh, yes, there were inns, to be sure; he could be mighty snug at the Crown, or very grand at the Swan; and if he couldnt be comfortable, sure she'd go and wait on him herself—that she would."

"Well," thought she, "though he's so stiff and so stately, and will go by himself, and all that, I'll be even with him—that I will. I'll steal into the kitchen, and tell them who's the customer I sent them; that he's of dacent people. Why should I lose the credit of sending a customer to that or to any house?"

Peggy's disposition to investigate and interfere did not end here. She had long since known where Moyna resided; and as she saw that Harry was not at all inclined to communicate with her on any subject, she thought she'd just stray off the Kensington way, and let Moyna, "fine as she was," know that she knew "what's what." It was not the first time she had made herself known to Moyna; for she was as cunning as an Irish magpie, and resembled the bird, I am sorry to confess, in more than one of its peculiarities.

Having obtained an interview with Moyna, she opened her proceedings with considerable tact.

"It was a beautiful evening, honey; and I hope you had a pleasant walk. Why not?—You're all as one as a lady, now."

"Not quite," replied Moyna, smiling.

"Well, you look like one, any how, as I always says."

"Then I am sorry for it," said the right-minded girl; "for I must look like what I am not, and that would be deceptive."

"You're grown too English, entirely, for me," observed the flatterer, rather scornfully. "Only, I am sure you had a pleasant walk. Sure, every one is how you're treated like one of the family."

"I certainly am, Peggy, and therefore I must not waste their time; so if you have nothing particular to say to me, I will wish you good evening."

"Lord save us! how short you take a body up; but may be you're as hamed to be seen talking to so poor a body as myself?"

"Not, Peggy, if it would do you any good."

"Me any good!—troth, no; it was to do *you* good I come—to tell you where one you know of lodges."

"One I know of!" exclaimed Moyna, astonished. "What do you mean?"

"Bathershin! is it that way you treat an ould friend?—try to blindfold her! Very well, Miss—oh, very well! So I'm to know nothin' about it!"

"I really do not know what you mean!"

"Oh! in course, you know nothin', to be sure, about meetin' Master Harry O'Reardon on St. John's Bridge this evenin'."

"Harry O'Reardon!—St. John's Bridge!" exclaimed Moyna, in a tone so evidently sincere, that the shrewd woman saw at once they had not met.

"Well, it's mighty quare, so it is," she said. "I'll take mee oath I saw you make to the bridge, and not fifteen minutes after, while you war still in sight (if my eyes war where they used to be), I spoke to Harry O'Reardon, and walked with him to the Crown, where he now is!"

"My God!" murmured Moyna. "And how did he look?—What did he say?"

"Why, he looked neither one way nor t'other, you see; neither well nor ill, but dreadful sulky and proud!"

"What did he say?"

"Sarra a much—just as little as he could help—kept bothering about the way to Kensington, and it straight forenint him."

"Did he—did he," inquired Moyna, hesitatingly, "say anything about me?"

"About you!—Why, thin, is it in downright earnest you are, that you passed Harry, and Harry you, without a word? Why, he was leanin' over the bridge, so he was!"

Moyna's thoughts had been so occupied, that she had no remembrance of the fact; but the idea that Harry had seen and passed her, without recognition, was too painful to support. She astonished Peggy by wishing her a determined and abrupt good night.

"Why, thin," grumbled the disappointed news-monger, as she left

the house, "a purty fool I made o' myself dancin' after the pair of them this blessed night, and not a word o' news out of either; only as dry and as chokin' as March dust, just as if I didn't remember the love they onct had to one another! Still Masther Harry had the full and plenty o' heart and hand onct, and I mustn't forget that to him; but as for her, sure England's not the place to have the black drop taken out of a Protestant any way!"

And away went Peggy back to the Crown, where all she could learn was, that "Masther Harry" had gone to bed.

I left his mother sitting in sad and silent anguish in her son's deserted room, until roused by the caresses of the little dog he had been kind to. Her mind, when divested of prejudice, was still firm and energetic; and, with all her keen perceptions quite alive, she set forth to the different coach-offices, and at length ascertained the conveyance by which Harry departed for London. She conjectured that, come what would, he would seek Moyna to bid her farewell. She succeeded in obtaining her address, and then she entertained every hope that she should be able to communicate to her son the happy change which had taken place in his circumstances, through the benevolence of his employers. Such was the old woman's activity, that she left Liverpool twelve hours after his departure, and as Peggy presented herself to Moyna in the evening, so did Mrs. O'Reardon present herself to her astonished sight the next morning.

"I'll not let her suppose I'm down in the world," thought the widow, proud as ever, and so she drove to the house in a cab.

Mrs. O'Reardon was entirely unprepared for the alteration which a short time and much attention had wrought in Moyna, and it was with an involuntary feeling of respect—not to Moyna, but to the person who wore such good clothes, and received her in such a room—that the proud widow curtsied—times were changed. "I came to ask," she said at last, "if you know where my son is, and if you do, and have any feelin' for the agony of a mother's heart, I hope you will tell me?"

"After what passed at Liverpool," replied Moyna, "it is not likely that I should know anything of your son, but though I have not seen him, I heard that he slept last night at the Crown. A poor woman whom you may remember in Ireland, Peggy Graham, knows all about him, I will write you her direction."

Moyna did so, and opened the door for her visiter's departure. The natural generosity of Mrs. O'Reardon's disposition was struggling with the acquired prejudices of her life—prejudices so long indulged, that they had become a second nature; generosity, however, was the first impulse, and there was no time for the triumph of prejudice. When Moyna had finished speaking, Harry's mother extended her hand to her, and said, "I believe if Harry had married you, he would have been a happier man this day than he is; take this news, and my blessing with it, Moyna Roden, and may God keep you in grace, for I think he marked ye for good from the first!"

The flush of triumph for a moment brightened poor Moyna's cheek, but the heart knew its own bitterness, and she returned to her occupation with an anxious and disturbed spirit.

Mrs. O'Reardon proceeded, in the machine she had hired, to the Crown; but the unfortunate woman had only been accustomed in her bygone

days to the accommodation of a car, with a feather-bed turned into it, upon which she could sit, and from which descend quietly when her journey was ended. In quitting the rickety carriage (which seems invented for the express purpose of destroying the lives of his Majesty's liege subjects) her eagerness was so great, that her foot caught in the step, and she was carried, with a broken leg and in a state of insensibility, into the very chamber her son had occupied but an hour before. It was piteous when she recovered her senses to hear her lamentations; she seemed to lose all care for herself in overwhelming anxiety for her son—"Could no one tell her where he was gone? could no one inform her?" She sent for Peggy, but Peggy, to her deep sorrow and vexation, was as ignorant of his movements as herself. What could she do? the people of the inn hinted, with great propriety, that her removal to an hospital would be absolutely necessary; but against this her pride revolted—"She go to an hospital—she would die first." Peggy was almost as indignant as herself, "the O'Reardon's," she asserted, with positive knowledge to the contrary, but urged to the falsehood by the love of boasting; "the O'Reardon's had full and plenty to pay every doctor, and everybody in England, and why shouldn't they, if they liked it?"

"No reason against that," said the chambermaid, pert by virtue of her office; "no reason against that, Mistress Peggy. We always hear of the plenty of Ireland, and about somebody being entitled to something (a great deal, of course) when somebody dies; yet I don't know how it is, when they get the something from somebody, they never come near us."

There was too much truth in this not to be resented; the Irish avoman had the wit and the English woman the wisdom, and forthwith commenced a war of words which would have terminated in a war of another character, but for the timely interference of the landlady.

A few days passed, and the aged sufferer was growing worse and worse; his bodily agony was exceeded by her mental anguish, and both were grievous. The English, fortunately for themselves, have no idea of pride in those who have to contend with poverty; and as it was evident that Mrs. O'Reardon's worldly goods were of very limited extent, the people with whom she sojourned, and who were bound to her by no earthly tie, thought it expedient that she should be removed to St. George's Hospital.

Peggy Graham felt assured that such a measure would shorten her days, and resolved upon telling Moyna the sad story. "Even," thought she, as she trudged along the pretty green lane leading to Kensington; "even if it forces all belonging to me to sleep with the pig instead of in the English bed we've got, I'll put up with it, sooner than she should go to be made an *ottomy* of to plaze the doctors; maybe my new young lady will be too fine, but I'll try her, any way."

Moyna had lived on, poor girl, since she heard of Harry's being in the neighbourhood, haunted by a feverish dread or anxiety (she hardly knew which) that she might see him. She would have reasoned like a philosopher on the propriety of any other person, so circumstanced, going to the hospital; but Harry's mother—alas! she loved him still too well, and in a way too Irish to suffer that.

"Tell the people at the inn I will pay the expenses!" she exclaimed generously.

"No, that could not be done now. Mrs. O'Reardon had taken such deep offence at the 'hospital proposal,' that go from the house she would."

"I'll tell you what," says Peggy, "it's where she would be most comfortable, just in my bit of a place—it's more like Ireland; and I'd give her up the inner room entirely, if you'd engage to pay the doctor, and find her in the bit and the sup?"

It does not need a gorgeous chamber and well-dressed actors to play a tragedy; there was enough of it without such aids in the rude, unfurnished room where the dying widow lay, attended at intervals during the day by Peggy and Peggy's children, and at night by Moyna Roden.

"God's blessing on you!" she said on the third night the noble-minded girl had waited by her bed-side; "God's blessing on you—I watch for the sound of your step, until my heart stops beating, and then I wonder when you will come, instead of thinking, as I aught, how you can come. Moyna, I hated you once, but I love you now."

"If you will not talk, I will tell you something," she said smiling; and those who know her history and her heart, will know how hard it was for her to smile on such a subject. "My mistress has got an advertisement put in the papers, saying that if your son will call at a place in the City, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"She hasn't named him by name, has she?" inquired the old woman, peering into her face.

"She would have done so, but I requested her to put only 'If H—— O'R——,' and word it so as to be only understood by himself."

"The blessing of God on you for that, above all other things!" exclaimed the widow. "Look, Moyna,—death I know is griping at my heart—but he shan't have me till I see Harry—yet I'd rather give him up my last breath without a struggle more, than have his name disgraced by being put in a common paper—where the name of an O'Reardon never was before!"

The accident and over-excitement, working upon the extreme age of the proud woman, reduced to absolute dependance on those she had so long despised, were evidently hurrying her to her final home. And it was pitiable to think of her last breath mingling with the breeze of a strange land!

Moyna never saw her, during the fifteen nights she watched by her bed-side, enjoy an hour's repose; every step, every noise in the street, she fancied to be occasioned by her son returning; still he came not. She had concealed from Moyna the fact of his disgrace and the kindness of his benefactors—she could not bear the idea of her knowing his weakness; and though Moyna had heard it all from Miss Dalrymple, her delicacy obliged her to keep the secret of her information from the dying mother. It was a beautiful picture of genuine virtue—to see that girl watching the couch of one who had caused her so much sorrow—whose pride had wrecked her little barque of happiness. During the day she laboured in her situation; at night repaired to that noisome room, to minister to the wants of the forsaken widow. Her employers (who knew the affectionate history of her simple life) respected her high-souled charity too much to oppose her wishes; and even Peggy was subdued to deferential silence.

"I don't know what to make of her, Mike," she said to her husband.

"Why she even paid the priest; and I can't think she has any great notion of Harry himself—for he never speaks of him—"

"Augh!" replied Mike; who seldom ventured an observation in the presence of his eloquent wife.

"Can you come at the knowledge of her mind, Mike—you used to be purty cute?"

This was an extraordinary compliment, and Mike looked astonished, while he replied, "She's just something above the common."

"Augh, y'e great gaby, what news you bring us!—sure I knew that myself."

"Well!" replied the husband, in a tone between meekness and defiance; "since ye'r so knowing, I wish ye'd know how to let me alone!"

Peggy snatched from his hand the pipe he was in the act of putting to his lips, and placing it in her own mouth, exclaimed,—*"I tell you what it is, Mike, I'll put up with none of your tyranizing—so go to bed, and hould ye'r tongue, there's no rest nor pace with it day or night—click clackin'!—click clackin'! like a Leprehawn's hammer!—Didn't Moyna herself say to me last night—keep the house quiet, sis she, and then maybe the poor woman would get a wink o'sleep. How can I keep the house quiet, sis I, and that noisy man o' mine in it?"*

Mike was very different from the tribe of ordinary husbands: he did as he was bid; but to be sure he had served a twenty years' apprenticeship to the most overbearing of her sex,—and as she never idled—relaxed her labours, or felt peaceably inclined,—it is not to be wondered at if he was well schooled in the duty of obedience.

* * * * *

"Moyna! what did the clock last strike?" inquired the poor sufferer, trying to raise herself up in bed.

"Four," replied Moyna.

"Not so much, did it?—Not four, surely? Moyna, I had a dream; and I know by it I shall die at six. I heard the Doctor whisper Peggy last night, that I could not live twenty-four hours more, but it's little I'd think o' that—but for the dream. 'Bear up,' says the blessed Virgin herself to me; 'bear up,' says she, and smilin' like the sun over a bed o' lilies: 'bear up; make a clean breast, and I'll lead you into heaven,' she says; 'away from the world,' she says. 'When the clock strikes six, let the window be opened, and be ready, and you'll see my shadow waiting for you in the sky!' And, Moyna, it was on the tip of my tongue to ask her about Harry, but she was gone. Moyna, I must tell you now, though I never did before, of the reason of Harry's leaving Liverpool."

"No, no—I know it," she replied. "Do not think of that now. I knew all about it from Miss Dalrymple. And I know what the gentlemen offer to do; and if I should see him, he shall learn it all. Put the world and its concerns far from you now. Shall I send again for the priest?"

"Moyna, it is easy to say put the world's concerns from one; but, Moyna, you have never been a mother. To leave him in prosperity would have been hard—to leave him in this uncertainty—Oh! Moyna, Moyna! I cannot pluck my heart from off him." She remained silent for some time, and then said—"The morning is passing fast, and I

have not thanked nor blessed you. To know *that* all the time, and never to hurt me by it! Oh, Moyna, if I could go on my knees to you I would, to ask you, if my poor boy ever should come in your way, to spake kind to him—to let him see your heart as he once saw it. You would have saved him from what I drew him into. I'm sure he loves you still."

"No, no—that is all past. I began by considering your son my friend—I will end with the same belief. Whatever I *might* have been, I am certainly unfitted now to be his wife. Regard him I ever shall, but——"

"There, there," interrupted the widow—a spark of her former pride rekindling within her. "You need not spake the word. I do not want to hear him refused by you, or," she added, "by any one. No more about it. Oh, holy cross! that I should be so punished—to die, far away from the graves of my people—to die, among strangers—to die, without a hand I loved to close my eyes—to die——"

Moyna, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, burst into tears.

"Now," exclaimed the miserable mother, with a total alteration of manner; "now, am I not a wretched woman! to draw tears from the eyes whose bames have warmed and lighted me, when there was no other warmth or light near? Forgive me, darlint; but the Lord may not forgive me as soon as you will! Oh, that I had thought less of the world's pride than I did! Now that the pitcher is emptied, I see how much was wasted! Oh, Moyna, Moyna! if I could have looked on him once more! If I could only know that I wouldn't be cast into the earth like a dog, without one belonging to me to walk at my head; and maybe the boards of my coffin too thin to keep out the red worms, and the hungry things that watch to feast upon the dead! I, that lived independent, to think that my bones should have to thank an English parish for a shroud!"

"No, no—do not disturb yourself about that," said Moyna. "I will not suffer it—I will provide all that may be necessary; and, sure, at the year's end, God will not let me be the poorer, because I laid out some of what he gave me in the way He would desire. Sure, you needn't look high about it, Ma'am; you've done me a deal of justice, and made me contented with myself, and think I've done my duty; and the God that hears me knows it's the truth I'm telling, when I say, that if He had spared you, I would have rejoiced to be able to let you want for nothing, all as if I had belonged to you by the law; but the law of kindness is far before any other. And so now rest content, and anything you leave with me to do, I will—anything *but the one*. I would swear to it, only that you always said, even long ago, that Moyna Roden's word was truth."

The clocks chimed five.

"God reward you—I can't," said the dying woman; "my sight grows dim, and I have but an hour to live. A-weary on this crushed limb! I feel as if I could sit up and even move, but for it; but it drags me down—down to the grave! Oh! it's been cruel torture, but I feel no pain of it now, only the weight."

The minutes of the time that followed were to Moyna as hours. Mrs. O'Reardon became restless, impatient, wandering; instead of losing strength or consciousness, she appeared to gain both. Yet her voice, which she used unceasingly, was as a voice from the sepulchre;

and her face, of which every feature had been changed by pain, was as the face of a corpse rising in its ghastliness from the grave. It would be right and useful for the gay and thoughtless to watch for an hour by the death-bed. We may think and read of such things, but we must see them to understand their terrors.

I had hardly numbered fourteen summers, when, at the request of a dear and honoured relative, I sat, during a short warm night in June (the last of *her* living nights), by her bedside. She had been a woman of singular beauty, and of strong imagination and affections; to look upon, she was the most magnificent person I ever saw—to converse with, the most interesting—and her wild, warm generosity of disposition made her, though born in another land, the beloved and venerated of a true-hearted peasantry, whose interests were to her as her own. Her youth had long been passed, still she was, oh! how beautiful! They said that she was dying, and I remember feeling my flesh creep, and yet keeping my eyes fixed upon her marble features, watching to see death come. A love for flowers had been one of the darling passions of her life, and while, as I thought, she slept—just as she ~~was~~ tinted the morning clouds—I stole to the flower-garden, and gathered my lapful of bright summer flowers—roses, and heliotropes, and myrtle, and snow-white lilies—and, returning, placed them on her pillow, and near her long fingers, which were spread upon the coverlet. She opened her eyes, looked at me and at the flowers, and smiled; and then I remember shuddering, while I gazed, to see the fixed and glazed expression of those open eyes, and I stole near an old and faithful servant and whispered, “Is Death coming?” and she answered, “He is come!” I fell on my knees and hid my face; I had expected the mighty tyrant in his terrors, and I had heard prayers offered, fervent and frequent prayers, that, having suffered as she had for four long years, the death-struggle might be short; but, struggle!—there was none! Yet the sudden stillness—the calm, the deep, deep silence—broken at once, when her departure was made known, by the wail of the servants and the agonized groans of a bereaved husband! I grew old and sage in that brief time, and often now, though years have passed, her glazed eyes and marble features start up before me, and I feel my blood creep coldly through my veins, as it did in those well-remembered moments. Oh! a death-bed, whether calm or turbulent, can never be forgotten! The plunge from life into eternity is indeed fearful, but truly fearful to those who have neither the light of faith nor hope, to show them what that eternity is.

When the clock struck six, Mrs. O'Reardon's moans and exclamations suddenly ceased; her finger pointed eagerly towards the window, which Moyna opened. Light fleecy clouds were floating beneath the arch of heaven. The dying woman raised herself from her pallet—stretched her clasped hands towards them—exclaimed “There! there!” sunk back, and expired.

Her life, like the lives of many of her country, had been excited and stormy; and so was her death! Moyna Roden performed her promise faithfully.

Several years passed her, and she heard nothing of Harry. Moyna had prospered exceedingly; she had visited her home, contributed to

the comforts of her family, and, if truth must be told, lingered in the lane and wept bitterly at the stile where she and Harry parted. Her mistress had bequeathed her a handsome legacy, but she could not, after the habits acquired in England, return and dwell with her own people. Her heart yearned towards those to whom she owed so much, and her fidelity and truth secured her a sincere welcome when she re-entered their household.

It was pleasant to hear her cheerful voice and observe her kindly care. The young ladies looked up to her in all household matters, as a second mother; and Moyna was an acknowledged treasure. *Why* she never married? was a question now but seldom asked; and all the saucy young girls of her acquaintance had dubbed her a confirmed old maid. She had not seen our acquaintance Peggy for some time, though that person still vegetated in the Fulham Fields. Still did she labour, poor creature, unceasingly; though the curse of early habits hovered over her, and prevented her rising either in the moral or the intellectual scale. Her family altogether were receiving five times the sum they could earn in Ireland, yet living but little better than in their own land. Spending much upon low finery, and nothing upon comfort. Loved by some, not respected by any, Peggy and Peggy's family were precisely the sort of Irish family that Miss Martineau would seize upon to illustrate the evils of over-population, and exactly such as I would rather not talk about, because I could say but little to their advantage. It is impossible to imagine anything morally worse than low Irish habits grafted upon low English ones; and Moyna, finding that Peggy went on "never heeding" and "seeing about" instead of doing, gave her up, as she had been obliged to do many of her poor country-women, in despair!

Peggy, however, had evidently been laying in wait for her one Sunday evening, at the hour she usually went to church.

"God save you kindly!" exclaimed her cracked voice, as Moyna came to where she was leaning against a post, her arms folded in her Sunday red shawl, her bonnet flattened by the pressure of market-baskets, into a shape peculiar, I believe, to basket-women; and one foot resting upon the other,—the established lounging position of Irish peasants.

"God save you kindly—my eyes are wore out of my head watching that gate!"

"Oh, Peggy! why did you not ring and ask for me?"

"Ax at a house like yon, for you? Augh, Miss Moyna, I know better than that; keep your distance, says the moss-rose to the blackberry, when he called her cousin!"

Moyna smiled; she had learned that to argue to any good purpose with an Irish peasant, wit becomes a necessary auxiliary to wisdom—laugh with them, or cause them to laugh, and you carry your point; but as for cold, quiet reason, they know how to turn your gravest truths into a jest, and unless you are prepared with a skilful jest in exchange, wit overturns poor wisdom. Moyna was not in a witty humour, so, as I have said, she only smiled, and waited Peggy's communication, which (she judged rightly) would not be long coming.

"I took a turn to the strong-box in the City, to see a neighbour's child that the police have cotcht just for nothing, and who do you think I saw there?" she inquired, looking eagerly at Moyna.

Moyna Roden felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. She never met Peggy that past scenes and past events were not recalled to her mind; and now, though she made no reply, the expression of her countenance satisfied the woman that she was understood.

"Sure enough," she continued, "there he was—lonely and proud, as if he was standing on the top of Carrickburn, wid no companions but the clouds."

"To come to this," murmured poor Moyna, with ill-suppressed agitation; "to come to this—he that was so high in his mind and notions, to come to this!"

"Aigh e voya! sure there's no passing one's luck," exclaimed Peggy, for the Irish are as great fatalists as the Turks. "It was before him, so it was, poor boy, from the first."

"Of course you did not make yourself known to him," said Moyna; her natural delicacy revolting at the idea of the prying eyes of one so coarse and common penetrating his distress.

"In coorse I did though—why shouldn't I? 'Masther Harry,' sis I, goin' up to him, 'I'm above all pride,' I sis, 'and give me your hand,' I sis, 'an' as one as if you warn't here,' I sis. My dear, he turned as black as mee brogue when it's clean (savin' ye'r presence), and afther a minute, as red, and thin as white—and I was goin' to turn away, whin he held out his hand—Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's little we know what's before us."

"Little, indeed," groaned Moyna.

"Why the Lord save us," ejaculated Peggy, "I wouldn't have tould you on the sudden, if I'd ha' thought it would turn you that colour, Miss. honey!"

"Go on," she replied, "I am quite well now."

"Afther a bit," resumed the gossip, "he tould me how the mornin' he left the Crown—that unlucky day—he found out a relation of his mother's at Woolwich; and from all I could gather, I think he led him to no good—but he's very close. He writ home after a time, and heard from there the news that his mother was dead; and, would y'e believe, he said the thought of her death was a great relief to his mind. By that I judged he had had a dale of trouble, to rejoice that one he loved so much was gone out of the world! but, my dear, he knew nothin' of the purticklers till I tould him."

"You surely," interrupted Moyna, in a tone of deep feeling, "did not tell him of his mother's distress?"

"Faix I did—make ye'r mind easy—I incinsed him into everything about her poverty and your goodness, and——"

"My God, my God, Peggy! how could you be so lost to every feeling of propriety?"

"Propriety!" repeated Peggy, bristling like an angry cat. "Propriety, Miss Moyna! I've been a vartuous, honest, hard-working woman all my life, and niver heard a word said against my propriety or decency before; and niver look't to it from you."

"You misunderstand me, Peggy. I meant that you must have wounded Harry's feelings," said Moyna, anxious to avert the storm.

"Wounded his feelings! Faix, I wish that was his worst wound—sure, he's wounded in the arm! Oh, thin, don't look so down. I'm sorry for him; only it was nothing to be ashamed of after all—a

scrimmage with some of those dirty police below Blackwall, about some smuggling. I heard from one who knows, that he and his relation did more smuggling along the coast o' Kent and the French coast, than any ten. 'If that's all,' sis I, 'he's shown a dacent spirit to the last; there's nothing in that to disgrace any gentleman, as you'd say yourself, if you knew onything of Connamara.' 'He may swing for it,' sis the one I mean. 'Plase God, no!' sis I; but I wanted to tell you how, that whin I got to the end of my story, he had covered his face with his broad hand, and his grey hair (for it's as grey as my own now) was streaming over it, and yet I saw the tears raining like hail through his fingers. 'She was ever an angel,' sis he; 'too good for me,' sis he, 'and God knew it. As you know where she lives,' sis he, 'take her this.' He drew a lock of hair, which I guessed, from the colour, was your's, from his bussem, and parted it in two halves. 'Give her this,' sis he; 'she will mind when she gave it me, and she will see also, that, bad as I have been, I have taken care of that token. Ax her, for the sake of the love she once bore me, to come here on Monday at two; I want to spake to her once more in this world—I dare not hope to meet her in the next!' 'Take the hair,' added Peggy: "see, it's your own." She held it to the braid that banded Moyna's forehead. "My God!" exclaimed the woman, while tears gushed to her eyes—"you are grey as well as him: he with the sin—you with the sorrow. Oh, it's a weary world!"

* * * * *

Moyna Roden did not feel the shame of entering that sepulchre of sin which yawns in the midst of our great city. *He*, despite the events of years—*he*, the long cherished of her heart, was there. He had been before her as a dream that night, in the freshness of youth, and the brightness of an unblemished reputation. She now saw him sinking beneath premature old age, and a blighted character.

"It was pride, Moyna—pride from the first," he said, when the agitation of their meeting had subsided. "Pride that made me leave my country, where, if I had condescended to go as steward to the estates, which had fallen into other hands, I might have been rich and respected, as he who accepted what I refused. It was pride made me, in Dublin, scorn the King's service. It was pride made me ape the condition of a gentleman in Liverpool. It was the pride of office made me sacrifice its honesty. It was pride that drove me thence—I was ashamed of the discovery, not of the sin. I found my mother's relative a scoffer at the law, yet rich. Long have we carried on the traffic; but, believe me, had I known of the offer my poor mother bore, I would not now be here. My character was gone—I could not starve—I could not beg—I had not the means to reach America at first.—Had you spoken to me!"

"I did not see you—how could you think I did?" said Moyna.

"It is all over now," he answered. "The only consolation I have is, that though my crime is illegal—there is no meanness connected with it—I laboured in the bold free trade!"

Moyna's heart was filled with pity for his misfortunes. "Thank God!" she whispered to herself, as he traced his errors back to their great origin—"he sees it now;"—but his concluding sentence forced her back to the belief "that it is easier to ride a dolphin through the

sea than uproot the false pride which grows with Irish growth, and strengthens with Irish strength." He fancied he had grown humble: no—he had only been unfortunate. His *reason* was convinced—his *feelings* remained unsubdued.

"Let us not talk of the past," murmured Moyna, as he poured out his acknowledgments—"let us think of the future. Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," he said, and his eye kindled, "Yes, Moyna, we shall meet no more. This very night, three of us have planned an escape. Ay, you may scan the walls high as they are—we shall overstep them! Once free—I leave England for ever! Will you not pray for my escape." She turned away her face to weep. "I know you will—I know you will. I have entrusted you with my secret—and—if my prayers—my gratitude prevailed at all"—He could not finish his sentence. Moyna pressed her purse into his hand at parting, and he had not time to return it ere she was gone.

The next morning she hurried into the City—watching like a poor criminal for his sentence—to hear the news. It was soon heard:—people were talking at the corners of the streets of the daring *attempt* of three prisoners to escape from Newgate. One got clear off—one was retaken—one, *whose arm was in a sling*, fell from off the wall, and was killed upon the spot.

"Hunger," says the proverb, "will break through stone walls."—So will the love of woman!

"Let me have that body—that I may bury it," said Moyna to the keeper.

"Was he your husband, or your brother?"

• She could not reply—her eyes were fixed upon the rigid form and features to which her heart had clung—through evil report, and good report.

"She was here yesterday" observed one of the turnkeys; "and when she was gone, I heard him say—'she was the only friend he had in the whole world!'"

She buried him in his mother's grave!—and a blue slate slab has simply this record—

HARRY O'REARDON,
ÆT. 39.

INSCRIPTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Stop here, seducer, stop awhile!
A villain's victim sleeps below:
She drank the poison of a smile,
And found that lawless love is woe.
Too true to doubt the lip that lied!
Too trusting maid! too fond to fear;
Too oft they met on Rother's side,
For she was young, and he was dear,
Known by the arrow in her breast,
She mourn'd her bonds—then join'd the free:
Now Mary's sorrows are at rest,
And her sad story speaks to thee.

Amid the moss'd old forests' loneliness,
 To warn the future poet, and to wake
 The tender thought, these lines a studious youth
 Carved on this tree. Haply some man of mind
 Hereafter may the rhymeless verses read,
 And drop amid the druid solitude
 The tear that angels envy. Chatterton
 Lived but to die—perchance, without a prayer!
 A sable angel, tearing her own heart
 With dreadful transport, lured him to her arms!
 These wilds will see no more his hopeless smile;
 No more the moonbeam in his dewy eye
 Will glisten; and no more the cloudless night
 Hear from her starry throne his lonely steps.
 Oh, God! forgive him—though he ask'd thee not!

Stop, man, and read! A nameless person, one
 Whom the gay sons of proud frivolity
 Knew not, and therefore scorn'd not, slumbers here.
 His life was one long day of misery;
 Yet sank he not beneath the load of life.
 His tested soul, with holy quietness,
 Smiled at the malice of adversity,
 And rose on wings of humble faith to God.
 Reader, do thou resemble this poor man
 In all things but his fortunes. Go, and speed!

Name not the sleeper who reposes here,
 Lest some good man, seeking, serene in thought,
 The house of God, blush for the relative
 Who lived and died unhappy. Wealth, and fame,
 Beauty, and health, and genius, were his own;
 But all in vain is heav'n beneficent
 To vicious men. He drown'd his soul in wine,
 Shower'd wealth on fools, and, for a harlot's smile,
 False as his lust, gave beauty, health, and fame.
 But winter wrapp'd him in a shroud of snow,
 When in the arms of Infamy, he died;
 For, though his false friends fled, she clasp'd him close
 There, where he panted on the frozen street;
 "I to the last am true to thee," she said;
 And, as he died, he heard her, and despair'd!

Now nought is mine! yet, what I had, I have!
 The wings which bore my soul from earth to heav'n!

And, still untired, through fields of amplitude
 The pinions of my fervour shall advance
 With growing swiftmess: for, beneath His throne,
 Whom seeking, my soul soars unsatisfied,
 Time lowly bends, and Power, the giant, kneels,
 While Harmony proclaims her Father's name.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS :

COMMERCIAL SPIRIT AND THE SPIRIT OF GENIUS.

Looking at some designs by Stothard upon a particular occasion, and more than ever affected by the exquisite grace and sweetness of his figures, we had wandered in thought far away from gross associations and the common drudgery of life—our contemplative spirit was seated amidst a world of beauty—the genius of the antique seemed to have descended upon the mind of the English artist, and he had thrown it off again, blended with a taste at once native and new. From this union emanated a race of beings, whose presence to the eye must operate as a charm for the dullest fancy—they are the sisters of charity—the companions of hope—daughters of love. They bend over the couch of sickness, and the sick are comforted—their expression is informed with the light of Heaven—the soul becomes refined as the sense doats upon them—whetliet hovering in the air, seated on flowery banks, or walking with maidenly steps. The attitude of their forms, the disposal of their limbs, turn of head, contour and very flutter of drapery, seem an index to the gracious character of their thoughts. Peaceful was the air we seemed to breathe while wrapt in admiration, when the utterance of a sentence by an inconsiderate bystander, roughly shook the mental kaleidoscope, and suddenly changed the perfection of natural grace which had been impressed upon our mind, to an anomalous image—a figure of clay, of iron, of gold and copper. The incongruous expression which brought us back from a golden dream to a stale reality, was one quoted as having emanated from a certain bookseller, who had commissioned the great painter whose works we were enjoying, to design for him; and the conviction stared at us like some vile portrait, that, disguise the truth as we will, in this country of commerce and wealth, the arts of design are hemmed in and beset by the figures of arithmetic. “I am a greater man than Stothard, for I can bring the R.A. from Newman Street to Cheapside. I can raise in his heart hope, or dash it with disappointment; genius as he is, I possess the means of bending his powers to my own purposes—he is, in fact, the creature of my will.” Such was, in substance, the startling declaration put forth by the man of property, towering in his pride of purse over the humble circumstances of the painter. With this for a text, what a sermon could we inflict! a rostrum at command, and our Pharisee immoveably fixed beneath the thundering but eloquent wrath assuredly poured from the vessels of indignation! There would be language also for the refined listener, for the sincere connoisseur; he who finds in paintings a substitute for those cravings after wealth, which pinch the minds of the unimaginative, might listen to the echo of his own thoughts, and feel how rich are the resources of a cultivated mind—how substantial is the fancy when built upon truth. Far more visionary than the enthusiasts of taste his life should be deemed, who, allowing himself no time to admire the flowers on the earth or the sun in the sky, is subdued, soul and body, to the dross he works for; and being the slave of gold, is master of no joy which is not stamped with its badge. If the coin

take to itself wings and fly away, where is the winged mind to sustain itself independent of circumstances? We are quite aware that by another process of thought, a triumph for the artist may be gained, and the ultimate power proved to be lodged with him whose inventive mind can extract gold from the hoards of avarice. It is on this principle we rejoice to hear of large sums being given for exquisite pictures; the information that T——, the landscape painter, is incalculably rich; that C——, the sculptor, possesses houses and lands, the honest produce of his art. That he rides in his carriage, and drinks as good wine as my Lord, seems to contravene the deduction drawn from our first instance; but it will be found, in truth, to lead to the same thing—for the commercial spirit infuses itself wherever talent appears. A Committee of the House of Commons is now deliberating upon the subject of the Fine Arts—what is their inquiry? By what means painting and sculpture may conduce to the moral and intellectual improvement of all classes? and their pandering to the grosser passions discouraged? No, the object is to ascertain in what manner our manufactures may benefit by the improvement of the arts of design. We do not complain of this; it is merely a further illustration of our text. Let taste be diffused by all means—whether cottons, silks, tea-cups, or penny magazines constitute the medium, we shall endeavour to survey with patriotic enjoyment the extension of art concurrent with that of railroads. To many persons there may be a charm in skies ruled by mechanism—their convenient economy to the engraver is evident. A portrait taken by a machine fully answers the purpose for which it was required; nevertheless, the highest step in mechanics is but the foundation-stone of the temple of taste*. What machine can ever achieve such wonders as Titian and Reynolds produced? By what process of the powers of calculation is the genius of Hogarth to be renewed? It is painful to see the art which has placed men beside the greatest poets in the heaven of invention, identified with the trash which, in its increase, seems only equalled by the corresponding proliferation of the press. Still we must not complain—no, even if the great northern road be paved with copies from the Elgin marbles.

We sometimes sigh, however, within ourselves, and have wished it were physically impossible to daub, when dragged by the button, to speak figuratively, from end to end of a collection, triumphantly termed by the proprietor—"Originals!" For hours of delight spent in surveying real gems, penance has been done by the painful necessity of absolutely looking at wretched impositions, without being able to denounce the varnished lies, and open the understanding of deluded admirers to the distortions of their idols. This is one of the consequences of living in the world with people of property, who, from the stores of art, seek to furnish their houses only, and not their minds. So numerous are the steps, and so gradual the retrogression from the perfect flower to the artificial trumpery put forth as a production of the same soil—from the head painted by Vandyke to the dreadful ingenuity of a

* We have observed that clever mechanics, and those artists whose merit lies solely in the mechanism of their art, are generally conceited or self-satisfied with what they produce—this is because they can execute all that they perceive; whereas with great poets and painters the case is reversed, for their imagination still soars beyond the power of means.

black profile—that it requires a nice discrimination sometimes to draw the line between originality and imitation—nature and affectation—art and artifice; but this perception is the obvious characteristic of the connoisseur—to the man of true taste it matters little to be told, such a picture was sold at an enormous price. So that his painting hit the fancy, he cares not whether the artist be a dandy or a sloven—lives sumptuously every day, or feeds upon onions and bread, like the geniuses of Munich. He enjoys a Correggio for the refined beauty of the work, not caring to be informed that the said picture was coddled under a glass for a century in some noted gallery. Painting, to him, is an essential part of existence; unconsciously, perhaps, his entire mind is indebted to its influence; to be a connoisseur is to possess a cognoscence of some of the most charming properties of nature; he reads pictures as the scholar reads books, and tutors his eye to look upon life as the great painters beheld it; he thinks with his eyes open, enjoying golden dreams amidst the blaze of daylight; the skies of Cuyt and Claude are the sunshine of his breast; to gaze upon an “old woman” by Rembrandt is a satisfaction to his heart (not to speak it profanely) equivalent to the possession of a living Chloe; the guests at his dinner table are taught to feed in the dark, that “so much the rather” their eyes may “catch the glow” hung on the surrounding walls; the silent harmony of colours brings to his eye rapture as sublime as chords of sound to the musician’s ear; the hurdy-gurdy or the knife-grinder is not more offensive to the delicate organ of the one, than to the other are all tasteless barbarities painted for sale.

We once met at the table of such a wise enthusiast as above described, a man of business, who, it was very probable, until the moment his attention was peremptorily drawn to the fact, never dreamed of the existence of the glorious art which forms our subject. Our host and he had been schoolfellows; they had met but once since they were boys; the intimacy of old was renewed, each being ignorant of the matured character and tastes of his ancient playmate. The accidental meeting and consequent invitation brought their legs once more under the same table. The connoisseur watched for the enlightened expression which a glance at the pictures should produce; a single look at the walls seemed sufficient to the visiter; had the gods made him poetical, he doubtless would have exclaimed—

Your pictures may be very fine,
But now, my Lord, I’d rather dine;

his heart was in the cover with the mutton; Titian was caviare to him; he had more appetite than taste; his relish for old port was rather beyond his gusto for an “old master.” Our host appeared disappointed, but a patient look of his eye seemed to indicate a hope of better things when the cloth should be removed; and, the calls of Nature answered, Art would resume her empire at the feast of Reason. The time came; our connoisseur made a movement expressive of the monosyllable, now. “Is not that Raphael divine, Mr. ——?” asked he, turning towards the man of untried taste, and pointing to a lovely Madonna and child. The gentleman addressed was amusing himself by a profound contemplation of the slining board at which he was seated, and, rubbing it with his fingers, answered the appeal by exclaiming, in a tone of strong admiration, “An excellent piece of mahogany, this!” The counte-

nance of the master of pictures fell at once from *fine* weather to *rain*. It was piteous to see the faces of two friends stand off in differences so mighty. The wine circulated—the fine arts were at a discount—politics, agriculture, and commerce, were the topics over the board. After coffee, however, our entertainer made a last effort to create a soul for Pictures under the ribs of Trade. There might be a dash of *honour* in the vein which instigated him to lead his uninspired friend before a delicious Correggio, and, placing a candle in his hand, bid him look his fill. The other, a grotesque figure at best, made several awkward movements by way of ascertaining the precise station he was expected to take up, then holding the light at arm's length, sidled towards the edge of the frame on one side of the picture, and directing a sidelong glance at the reflection of the candle on the varnish, shouted triumphantly, "Ah, ah! I catch it now—I catch it now!"

The undertaking would be hopeless of endeavouring to make intelligible to the tasteless charms of this magical art; its power of bestowing delight of the most intellectual nature, of exercising truly and beneficially the noble faculty of imagination; for, by a special licence, it marries Fancy to Truth, which union let no painter presume to dissolve. Its practice also, which thousands suppose to be adopted for the worldly purposes of gain, as the law is studied, confers an unspeakable blessing on the successful professor; if he is great enough to pursue it for its own sake, denies himself ungodliness and worldly lusts, he is indeed twice blessed, in what he gives the world, and what he takes. There is little conformity of character between our philosophic painter and the mere man of the world; yet clever painters are not always philosophers. A provoking incompatibility appears to exist in the habits of certain modern artists and the genius evident in their works. This we attribute to the influence of the commercial spirit. A young aspirant for publicity cannot hope to be a match for a publisher if he appear before him modest in his manner, and plainly dressed; he must look like the man of fashion, and be the artist under it. A gold chain hung in festoons across his velvet waistcoat presents a check to the bargaining propensities of the dealer; the starched cravat is a powerful ally to the imposition of a "high figure." He who would produce a Gallery of Graces must be in his own person the glass of fashion. The portrait-painter must know how to carve a capon, and eat it, as well as be acquainted with the principles of his art; good breeding must be the concomitant of fine drawing, otherwise mediocrity in pumps is likely to trip up talent in boots. Poor S——, the sculptor, received no commissions after his grotesque appearance at the Earl of W——'s *soirée*; his thoughts were upon his model; he dreamed not of the tailor; he left his studio with unwilling steps, fancy bright with inventions, unconscious of his own figure, his shoes being tied with packthread, and his suit of clothes of that uncouth make and mean quality, so pitifully characterising a parish pauper. It was not so in the earlier days of Nollekens and Flaxman, of Stothard and Fuseli. There were fops in art then, it is true—witness the preposterously-decked-out prince of miniature painters, Cosway; but it was a foppery of their own invention, an offshoot of their genius, eccentric, but not servile—not an imitation of aristocracy. But, generally speaking, the artists then harmonised in manners with their profession. The person of a dyer is not more

glyphic of his employment than were the appearance and conduct of the old stock of British painters. When they could be enticed from their dens they seemed like some oddities of another age; their art was so much a part of themselves they could not leave it at home; in society they were like geologists, prying among rocks for specimens, chipping off the nose of a handsome acquaintance, treasuring a bit of colour, or a lovely expression, to add to their valuable collection. But now-a-days the young knights of the palette make a point to sink the shop; they are too knowing to pretend to know anything of their art; they wear spurs and mustachios, and ride on horseback; genius is elaborately disguised; the rogue of a brigand passes himself off as a gentleman, and conveys from the splendid *soirées* of the nobility, without betraying himself by the slightest expression of countenance, materials for pictures, thoughts, effects, features in abundance, artfully purloined from the persons of the assembled fashionables.

Our philosopher is not guilty of these weaknesses. We will imagine him to have arrived at that high reputation which his thoughts might occasionally have glanced at when he toiled unceasingly, a solitary and simple-minded student;—he has acquired competence—perhaps wealth and rank, withal;—he has experienced something of the world notwithstanding his seclusion, and seen much of all classes necessarily in furtherance of his studies. But to his first love, art, he is still attached with undivided fervour—his eye, from ceaseless observation, has acquired an almost supernatural power of detecting graces of form and charms of colour as they cross him in the natural world;—he feels strong as a giant in powers, of invention and execution, which practice and study have made miraculous in their appearance. Something of a scholar, too, one of his keenest social pleasures is the intimacy of poets and literary men. The feeling within him is the same as that which prompted his first efforts. Scarcely conscious of the existence of taste, he is continually guided by it—to that rare quality he owes his final success; nor has he disgusted his early patrons by unprincipled conduct. Worldly advantages are valued chiefly as they afford the means for the further exercise of his taste: in short, the life he lives in the flesh is one of pleasantness and peace. The tyro who has befitting sense knows how to envy such an existence. It is doubtless owing to this philosophic spirit that the greatest men in art have lived to so good an old age. The fact is too well known to need that examples should be mentioned; yet it is pleasant to think of Titian keeping his “warmth divine,” as Pope called it, to within one year of an entire century: and Michael Angelo, like a gnarled oak, defying decay, kept alive by his energy—the active form his philosophy assumed: then comes to our memory a crowd of others, white-headed or bald—Fuseli reading Homer to the last, and Flaxman clear and pure in his expression as a boy. Let the reader turn to Pilkington; he will there find the remaining sages of architecture, engraving, painting, and sculpture. A story told of Lawrence happily aids the supposition that in his mind also the love of his art was paramount. At some fashionable party he was observed to be unusually abstracted; he was asked if illness was the cause, or if anything had happened to discompose his spirits: he replied, “How can I help my thoughts wandering, conscious as I am that my Witch is on the seas?”—He was, in fact, expecting the arrival of a fine copy from

one of Michael Angelo's sybils ; his mind was tossing on the ocean—that treasure which the good ship William Thompson was bearing to him was more precious in his estimation than the ancient argosies to the Venetian merchant. What absorbing reverie must that have been which surrounded with the brightness of a vision the single spot of anxiety in his mind!—there was more of thinking than of sorrow in his countenance ; imagination had flitted to Rome—the glories of the Vatican—the Capella Sistina and its awful forms were painted on his brain ; he saw not the throng around him, but it was a golden opportunity for those present to view the President

—————“ dans un de ces moments de jouissance,
Egoïste, exclusive, suprême, ou l'artiste ne voit dans le monde,
Que l'art, et voit le monde dans l'art.”

ECHION.

SONNETS

TO THE AUTHOR OF “PARACELSUS.”

I.

THY brow is calm, young Poet—pale and clear
As a moon-lighted statue. I might deem
I but behold thy pictured semblance near,—
And yet I did behold thee in no dream !
Unmoved, unheeding as thine eyes appear,
Quiet and shaded like an unsunned stream,
Those very eyes may often flash and beam
With thought intense, or melt in feeling's tear,
As genius lights them with a ray divine.
Methinks, when in deep solitude I pore
Over the wonders of thy mind's rich store,
That I am glad thou didst not smile and speak
With common smiles and words, and rudely break
The Poet's image in my Fancy's shrine.

II.

He hath the quiet and calm look of one,
Who is assured in genius too intense
For doubt of its own power,—yet with the sense
Of youth, not weakness,—like green fruits in Spring
Telling rich Autumn's promise :—tempering
All thoughts of pride, he knows what he hath done,
Compared with the dim thrill of what shall be
When glorious visions find reality,
Is like an echo gone before,—a tone
When instruments would prove their harmony
Before the strain begins,—a rain-drop lone
From the storm-laden cloud. Unconsciously,
Perchance, his musing spirit is the guest
Of future ages, who shall prize him best.

AERONAUTICS, REAL AND FABULOUS.

THE balloon, by the help of fashionable encouragement and the intrepid frequency of the ascents of Messrs. and Mesdames Green and Graham, appears to be again hovering on the borders of a little improvement. There is a talk of its being made use of for the purpose of surveying land. The only practical account it was ever turned to, was of this sort—a survey of the field of battle at Fleurus; where the French prevented a surprise by means of it. Ascents have been made, indeed, for scientific experiments, but not with any particular result.

Should you like, dear reader, to go up in a balloon?

Some Readers. Very much indeed.

Others. Can't exactly say. Must reflect a little.

If these latter wish to have a friend to stand by them in their hesitation, I, for one, must own myself of the same mind. It would take much to make me undergo so practical a lift to the imagination. I can imagine it, "methinks," well enough as I am,—on terra firma.

"Suave Vauxhall Gardens, turbantibus æthera throatis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare baloonem."

"'Tis sweet, when at Vauxhall throats tear the skies,
To see in his balloon *another* rise."

I cannot withhold my admiration from those who go up; otherwise, perhaps, to spite them for my sense of the advantage they have over me, I would; nor can I say how immense my own valour might become, and how independent of the necessity for some prodigious cause or principle, if, instead of these sedentary turnings of paragraphs, I could grow young again, and go through a course of horseback, felicity, and the Fives' Court. But meantime, as a king of Naples once, climbing up a tree, told the courtiers who assisted him that he "found he had an antipathy to the buffalo;" so I find my antipathy is to height. I could shudder now this moment to recollect, that when I was a youth I once walked to the edge of Shakspeare's Cliff, (higher then than at present,) and looked over; though even then, I was fain to stretch myself along the ground, while the friend who was with me nobly kept his legs. I should have more respect for this infirmity, if I could persuade myself that it was unavoidable by the imaginative; but Rousseau was famous for his love of these altitudes; nor is the reverse courage to be attributed to a destitution of thought for others: for the late admirable writer and most kind human being, Charles Lamb, one of the most considerate of kinsmen, and highly imaginative also in his way, could run (as he once actually did) along the top of a high parapet wall in the Temple,—so much to the terror of Hazlitt, that the latter cried out, in a sort of rage and cruel transport of sympathy, "Lamb, if you don't come down, I shall push you over." On the other hand, that I may not be supposed to be indulging myself in the lowest of all egotisms, that of parading a weakness, or the want of some common quality, I beg leave to say that I trust I could do any sort of duty, if required of me, as well as most men, even to the walking on the edge of a precipice; though I should beg leave to be permitted to do it with a

pale face. I should want that sort of courage, which removes peril by feeling none; and which, when it does not arise from having no thought at all, (though the last instance forms a perplexing exception,) seems to originate in some exquisite, healthy balancing of the faculties, bodily and mental;—a thing admirable, and which I envy to the last degree. I sometimes fancy I have it, when I have been taking vigorous exercise; but the emotion of a single morning's work over my writing-table puts it to flight. I attribute the change in myself (with regard to the power of enduring height), to a long illness I had, during which, happening to read of a similar infirmity, the impression it made upon me, when I again looked down from a high place, was tremendous; and I have never since been able to avoid thinking of it, on the like occasions. When I was in Italy, I tried to get rid of it by pedestrian experiments on mountainous places, upon Alps and Apennines; but it would not do. I only mortified myself to no purpose. (I find I am getting egotistical, after all; and must beg the reader to excuse me. I would gladly hear as much about himself, or from any man.)

Hail then, gallant Greens and Grahams! and gallant Captain Currie! and thou, Marquis of Clanricarde, worthy of thine ancestry! It is not easy to know how far mud and matter are duly mixed up in any given aeronaut; but the gallant Marquis, issuing from his house of legislation, where he has speech as well as a voice, taketh me mightily; and though Captains are bound by office to be both gallant and gallant, it is not every one of them that would have the poetical enthusiasm to exclaim, when up in the clouds, "Oh, Mrs. Graham! let us *never return to earth!*" We, envious fixtures to the ground, may smile at the exclamation; but the critic who thought he was bantering it the other day in the newspapers, felt himself in his candour obliged to give up the laugh, and allow that the occasion justified the outbreak. I confess, I think the Captain could not have said a better thing. On all occasions, there is some one thing to be said which is better than all others: and this appears to me to have been the very one for the present. It combines the smile of a pleasantry with the seriousness of a deep feeling. The clouds were looking gorgeous; the scene was new and heavenly; the world, with all its cares, was under their feet; the thought naturally arose,—“Why cannot we quit all care, and live in some new and heavenly place, such as this seems to lead to? Let us do it:—let us ‘*never return to earth!*’” On turning to the narrative, I find the words to be still better put,—with more of will in them, justified by the excess of beauty:—

The range of clouds, Mrs. Graham tells us, were at this minute “forming an indescribable extensive circle around, in one *part* resembling the immense ocean, the darker clouds having the appearance of snow-clad mountains, the tops of which looked like frosted silver, from the effects of the glorious beams of the great luminary of the day. Captain Currie was so delighted with the grandeur of the scene, that in the moment of extacy, he suddenly exclaimed, “Oh! how awfully beautiful—how enchanting.—Oh, Mrs. Graham! *we will never return to the earth again!*” He had made up his mind.

They had at this time “obtained an altitude of above three miles and a half, having surmounted the highest strata of clouds.” What a place for two human beings to find themselves in, looking upon sights never

beheld but by the sun and moon, and by eyes spiritual! Who is to wonder, at any enthusiasm excited by them? It seems to me, that if I had been there, I should have felt as if I had no business in such a region till disembodied; life and death would have seemed to meet together, and their united wonders oppressed me beyond endurance. But there is no knowing. Imagination itself familiarizes us to spectacles of things which are too much for the mechanical. It is the body which is in fault, when the mind is overborne in its own business. Again, I like Mrs. Graham's committal of herself about Pope. The scene, she says, was one which, she is "convinced, would have given an energetic impetus to the ideas of the *immortal Pope himself*, to have given an adequate description." She betrays, to be sure, the extent of her reading; and though Pope is an immortal, one is accustomed to confine the epithet to immortals greater than he; but what could she do better than resort to the utmost limits of her book-knowledge, to show the height of her sensations? Poetry itself may be glad of any compliment paid it, at an elevation of three miles and a half above *terra firma*!

It is not improbable, that they who feel apprehensive at the idea of ascending in a balloon, would feel less so when fairly up in the air, especially at a great height. There is something in the air itself at those altitudes, which supports and delights. I remember I used to have less of the feeling I have been speaking of, when standing on the greatest mountainous precipices, than on the top of a house. I have looked from a platform of the maritime Apennines, down upon the gulf of Genoa, where the towns on the opposite coast appeared like toys in a shop window, at a less distance from the edge of the mountain than I could have borne at a far less elevation. Extremes meet. It seemed so idle to contest a point, or to have a will not in unison, with so many thousand feet, that the counter idea itself mitigated the fascination of its terror. Besides, there is a tendency in the pure air to put the bodily feelings into a state of tranquillity. It seemed as if the great, good-natured elements themselves would have supported me.

"Ye gentle gales, upon my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below."

Perhaps they might really do so, if one had a good cloak on, or some such expanding piece of drapery! There was a marvellous paragraph the other day in the newspapers, stating that a young lady at Odessa had ascended in a balloon made of *paper*, which burst at a great height, and dismissed her to the earth, where she landed, nevertheless, in safety! The winds must have been conveniently opposed to her, and her garments have formed an extempore parachute, after the fashion of the hoop-petticoat described in the "Spectator." But does it not seem a shame for men to have a thought of danger, while ladies can go up in paper balloons, or in any balloons at all? One is forced, in self-defence, to conclude, that these fair aerial voyagers cannot, at all events, superabound in imagination. They would hardly irritate a perverse husband with an excess of the gentle. Not that they may not be very good-humoured either; nor are they bound to be masculine, in an ill sense. The truth is, they stand a chance of being either very pleasant, or very unpleasant people—pleasant, if their courage arises from good health, or confidence in science, and a willingness to go where their husbands go; and the reverse, in all conscience, if it be sheer want of fancy, and

abundance of will. I confess, if I were seeking a wife, that, on the face of the matter, I should not be desirous to fetch—

“E'en from the golden chariot of balloon,
A fearless dame, who touch'd a golden fee;”

and yet circumstances might render even that circumstance a touching proof of her womanhood; and I might fare worse, on the score of the truly feminine, with a screamer at a frog.

Poets go up in the air without balloons, and arrive at sensations which others must ascend in actual cars to experience. The Psalmist takes “the wings of the morning” (how beautiful!), and remains “in the uttermost parts of the sea.” Goethe heard the sun rolling in thunder round the throne of God; and young Milton anticipated the grandeur of his epic poem, and saw the thunders themselves lying in cloudy piles and mountains of sullen snow. Milton, in his nineteenth year, seems to have meditated a poem on some aerial subject, like the “Extasy,” subsequently published by his contemporary Cowley, whom he is known to have highly admired, in spite of his conceits. There is even a dash of Cowley's mixture of great and little things (the taste of the day) in the following lines, which, however, are a true announcement of the future Milton:—

“I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's cars.
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use;
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound;
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in,”

(How well pitched is the pause here!)

“and see each blissful deity,
How he *before the thund'rous throne* does lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, *and lofts of piled thunder*,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves.”

Cowley's “Extasy” is a very curious poem, provoking for its excessive mixture of mean and grand ideas. Had Cowley and Milton, instead of being kept apart by difference of political opinion, had the luck to become friends, they might have done one another great service. Milton might have saved Cowley's taste from the homely drawbacks to which good nature rendered it liable, and the highly rational amiableness of Cowley's heart might have softened the sternness of Milton, and saved it from degenerating into puritanical sourness. The opening of this poem might serve for an aëronaut when quitting the ground; but

how ludicrous is the misplaced waiving of ceremony in the second line, especially after the mighty universality of the first!—

"I leave mortality and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
 Farewell to ye all in haste,
 For I am call'd to go.
 A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
 Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
 And lo! I mount, and lo!
 How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title show!
 "Where shall I find the noble British land?
 Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
 Which in the sea does lie,
 And seems a grain o' the sand!
 For this will any sin or bleed?
 Of civil wars is this the meed?
 And is it this, alas! which we"—

(Here comes a fine line),

"*Oh, irony of words!—do call Great Britannie?*"

He then seems to be imitating the lines of his contemporary, but in a very inferior strain. The third and fourth lines are in laughably bad taste:—

"I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
 Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold.
 Without affright or wonder,
 I meet clouds charg'd with thunder;
 And lightnings on my way,
 Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples play."

I pass two stanzas to come to a most noble line—

"*Where am I now? ANGELS AND GOD IS HERE.*"

I know nothing finer than the use of this word *is* instead of *are*, making the idea of the presence of God swallow up that of the angels, and yet leaving a sense of them too. It is a feeling of this sort, which appears to me as if it would be overwhelming, up in that unaccustomed region of silence and vastness. This transport, in spite of some quaintness of expression, is not unworthily followed up in the succeeding lines, though in the concluding one the poet falls plump down into familiar inanity—

"Where am I now? Angels and God is here;
 An unexhausted ocean of delight
 Swallows my senses quite,
 And drowns all what, or how, or where.
 Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
 And this great world's Columbus was,
 The *tyrannous pleasure* can express."

That's fine; but look at the next!

"*O! 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less! I'*"

The next stanza is worth repeating, if only for the excessive comedy of the concluding verse:—

"The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
 That second man who leap'd the ditch where all

The rest of mankind fall,
 And went not downwards to the sky.
 With much of pomp and show
 (As conqu'ring kings in triumph go)
 Did he to heaven approach ;
And wond'rous was his way, and wond'rous was his COACH ! !

The word "coach," it must be confessed, was not in quite such undignified repute then, as now ; but still the poet had no business with it. He proceeds however to make good his words, by a refinement on Ovid's description of Phaeton's :—

" 'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part :
 Of essences, and gems, and spirit of gold," &c.

There is something not so bad in "spirit of gold ;" but he goes on to tell us how it was not only with "moonbeams silver'd bright," but

"Double-gilt with the sun's light !"

Enough, however, of the vagaries of dear, noble-hearted, genial Cowley, who was among the Tories what Thomson was among the Whigs—one of the best specimens of hearty British nature, and only liable to want of selectness in his taste, because he had a love for everything. My volume of Shelley happens to be lent at this moment, otherwise I could quote some fine things out of his ethereal pages ; nor am I lucky enough to have by me that of Mr. Southey, in which he gives us his beautiful fiction of the Glendoveer with his heavenly boat.

Poetry and matter of fact meet oftener than is supposed. The first hints of aërostation may be truly said to be lost in the clouds of antiquity ; but real and fabulous things of all kinds are naturally so confounded in those obscure periods of time, that it is not improbable there was some foundation in fact for the stories of Abaris, Dædalus, and others, beyond even the supposed solution of the difficulty by means of a ship. Sciences have been lost and recovered. The Chinese had been in possession, for many centuries, of inventions supposed to be original to Europe. Should there have been no art of printing, the fact of the Channel's having been crossed by men in balloons, and of the fate of poor Pilâtre de Rozier, might, in the course of time, become stories of no greater credibility than that of Dædalus and his son. Immortal poetry, at all events, keeps the tradition alive in some shape or other, not omitting those verisimilitudes which enable all stories, real or fabulous, to be true to the human heart. With what pretty pathos does Ovid describe little Icarus enjoying his father's manufacture of the wings, unconscious of the death they were to give him !

"Puer Icarus una

Stabat ; et ignarus sua se tractare pericla,
 Ore renidenti, modo quas vaga moverat aura
 Captabat plumas ; flavam modo pollice ceram
 Mollibat ; lusuque suo mirabile patris
 Impediebat opus."

Metam. lib. viii.

"Young Icarus stood by, who little thought
 That with his death he play'd ; and, smiling, caught
 The feathers, tossed by the wandering air ;
 Now chafes the yellow wax with busy care,
 And interrupts his sire."

Sandys.

"But for men to flye is impossible" (says this fine old translator

in his notes, where he thinks to make up for his natural credulity by an occasional peremptory standing out for some matter of fact); "although," continues he, "I am not ignorant that the like is reported of Simon Magus; which others, by the breaking of their necks, have as miserably, as foolishly, attempted. Nero exhibited this spectacle to the Romanes in their amphitheater; the poor youth fell not far from his throne, whose blood, to upbraid his cruell pastime, besprinkled his garments." Contemporary with Sandys, however, arose a learned divine, Bishop Wilkins, who was of opinion that men might not only fly, but fly to the moon. After contending for points which are now admitted (such as that the moon is a separate planet, has probably sea and land, &c.), and the supposed absurdity of which at former periods helps to give his remaining propositions a less air of the ridiculous, he gives the three following answers to the objection as to ascending above the sphere of the earth's attraction:—

"1. It is not perhaps impossible, that a man may be able to flye by the application of wings to his owne body; as angels are pictured, and as Mercury and Dædalus are fained, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates. 2. If there be such a great *Ruck* in *Madagascar*, as Marcus Polus the Venetian mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve foot long, which can swoope up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites doe a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymed does upon an eagle. 3. Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I doe seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot; in which a man may sit, and give such a motion into it, as shall convey him through the aire. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffique. It is not the bignesse of any thing in this kind, that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swim as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the aire as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle. I conceive it were no difficult matter if a man had leisure, to shew more particularly the meanes of composing it. The perfecting of such an invention would be of such excellent use, that it were enough, not only to inake a man, but the age also wherein he lives. For besides the strange discoveries that it might occasion in this other world, it would be also of inconceivable advantage for travelling, above any other conveyance that is now in use. So that, notwithstanding all these seeming impossibilities, 'tis likely enough, that there may be a meanes invented, of journeying to the moone. And how happy shall they be, that are first successful in this attempt?

"Fœlicesque animæ, quas nubila supra
Et turpes fumos, plenumque vaporibus orbem
Inserit Cœlo sancti scintilla Promethei!"

"Having thus finished this discourse, I chanced upon a late fancy to this purpose, under the feigned name of Domingo Gonzales, written by a late reverend and learned Bishop (Godwin); in which (besides sundry particulars, wherein this latter chapter did unwittingly agree with it)

there is delivered a very pleasant and well contrived fancy concerning a voyage to this other world*."

The Bishop, however, has here overlooked the still more formidable objection as to the power of breathing at so great an altitude. He seems to have forgotten that a man above a certain limit of the atmosphere is like a fish out of water. I have not his book at hand to see whether he notices this dilemma; though, doubtless, he would get over it with his usual vivacity. It is not a little that can stop a man who has taken his first step towards the moon. And yet the banter of the most confident of us may be balked by observing that, two years after the publication of this book, he sent forth another, "tending to prove that it is *probable* our earth is one of the planets." The man is laughed at now who ventures to think such an established tenet improbable. The "flying chariot" has been realized since Wilkins's time, in the car of the balloon; but the only persons that have succeeded in getting to the moon are Cyrano de Bergerac, Domingo Gonzales, and Ariosto's hero, Astolfo.

The first undoubted succeeders in raising a man into the air, and enabling him to continue there, were the brothers Stephen and Joseph de Montgolfier, paper-makers at Lyons: the first person who so rose, but in a balloon secured to the earth by ropes, was M. Pilâtre de Rozier; and the first persons who quitted the earth entirely were the same De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes. They went up together. The following is the interesting *procès verbal*, giving an account of this ascent, and signed, among others, by the illustrious Franklin, who was then commissioner in France, from the new American government:—

"To-day, November 21, 1783, at the Château de la Muette, took place the experiment with the *aërostatic* machine of M. de Montgolfier. The sky was partly clouded, wind N.W. At eight minutes after noon, a mortar gave notice that the machine was about to be filled. In eight minutes, notwithstanding the wind, it was ready to set off, the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier being in the car. It was at first intended to retain the machine awhile with ropes, to judge what weight it would bear, and see that all was right. But the wind prevented it from rising vertically, and directed it towards one of the garden walks: the ropes made several rents in it, one of six feet long. It was brought down again, and in two hours was set right. Having been filled again, it set off at fifty-four minutes past one, carrying the same persons. It rose in the most majestic manner, and when it was about 270 feet high the intrepid voyagers took off their hats and saluted the spectators. No one could help feeling a mingled sentiment of fear and admiration. The voyagers were soon undistinguishable; but the machine, hovering upon the horizon, and displaying the most beautiful figure, rose at least 3000 feet high, and remained visible all the time. It crossed the Seine below the barrier of la Conférence; and passing thence between the Ecole Militaire and the Hôtel des Invalides, was in view of all Paris. The voyagers, satisfied with their experiment, and not wishing to travel farther, agreed to descend; but seeing that the wind was carrying them upon the houses of the Rue de Sève, Faubourg St. Germain, they preserved their presence of mind, increased the fire, and continued their course through the air, till they had crossed Paris. They then descended

* Biographical Dictionary, Art. Wilkins.

quietly on the plain, beyond the new boulevard, opposite the mill of Croulebarbe, without having felt the slightest inconvenience, and having in the car two-thirds of their fuel. They could then, if they had wished, have gone three times as far as they did go, which was 5000 toises, done in from 20 to 25 minutes. The machine was 70 feet high, 46 feet in diameter; it contained 60,000 cubic feet, and carried a weight of from 1600 to 1700 pounds. Given at the Château de La Muette, at five in the afternoon. Signed, Duc de Polignac, Duc de Guisnes, Comte de Polastron, Comte de Vaudreuil, D'Hunaud, Benjamin Franklin, Faujas de St. Fond, de Lisle, le Roy, of the Academy of Sciences."

This *procès verbal* is taken from an excellent summary on the balloon in the "Penny Cyclopædia," where it is followed by the ensuing extract from a letter of the Marquis d'Arlandes, who, after stating that he had obtained permission from M. Montgolfier to ascend alone, but that, by the advice of the latter, M. de Rozier was associated with him the evening before the ascent, he proceeds thus:—"We set off at 54 minutes past one. The balloon was so placed that M. de Rozier was on the West, and I on the East. The machine, says the public, rose with majesty. I think few of them saw that, at the moment when it passed the hedge, it made a half turn, and we changed our positions, which, thus altered, we retained to the end. I was astonished at the smallness of the noise or motion occasioned by our departure among the spectators. I thought they might be astonished and frightened, and might stand in need of encouragement," (a beautiful trait of coolness from the man in the balloon to those on *terra firma*.) "I waved my arm with little success; I then drew out and shook my handkerchief, and immediately perceived a great movement in the garden. It seemed as if the spectators all formed one mass, which rushed, by an involuntary motion, towards the wall, which it seemed to consider as the only obstacle between us. At this moment M. de Rozier called out, 'You are doing nothing, and we do not rise.' I begged his pardon, took some straw, moved the fire, and turned again quickly; but I could not find la Muette. In astonishment, I followed the river with my eye, and at last found where the Oise joined it. Here then, was Conflans; nearest to them, I repeated, Poissy, St. Germain, St. Denis, Sève, then I am still at Poissy, or at Chaillot. Accordingly, looking down through the car, I saw the Visitation de Chaillot. M. Pilâtre said to me at this moment, 'Here is the river, and we are descending.' 'Well, my friend,' said I, 'more fire;' and we set to work. But, instead of crossing the river, as our course towards the Invalides seemed to indicate, we went along the Ile des Cygnes, entered the principal bed again, and went up the stream till we were above the Barrier la Conférence. I said to my brave associate, 'Here is a river, which is very difficult to cross.' 'I think so,' said he; 'you are doing nothing.' 'I am not so strong as you,' I answered; 'and we are well as we are.' I stirred the fire, and seized a bundle of straw, which, being too much pressed, did not light well. I shook it over the flame, and the instant after I felt as if I had been seized under the arms, and I said to my friend, 'We are rising now, however.' 'Yes, we are rising,' he answered, coming from the interior, where he had been seeing all was right. At this moment I heard a noise high up in the balloon, which made me fear it had burst. I looked up, and saw nothing; but as I had my eyes fixed on the ma-

chine I felt a shock, the first I had experienced. The shock was upwards, and I cried out, 'What are you doing,—are you dancing?' 'I am not stirring.' 'So much the better,' I said; 'this must be a new current, which will, I hope, take us off the river.' Accordingly, I turned to see where we were, and found myself between the Ecole Militaire and the Invalides, which we had passed by about 400 toises, M. Pilâtre said, 'We are in the plain.' 'Yes,' I said, 'we are getting on.' 'Let us set to work,' he replied. I heard a noise in the machine, which I thought came from the breaking of a cord. I looked in and saw that the southern part was full of round holes, several of them large. I said, 'We must get down.' 'Why?' 'Look,' said I. At the same time, I took my sponge, (pyrotechnical term,) and easily extinguished the fire, which was enlarging such of the holes as I could reach; but on trying if the balloon was fast to the lower circle, I found it easily came off. I repeated to my companion, 'We must descend.' He looked round him, and said, 'We are over Paris.' Having looked to the safety of the cords, I said, 'We can cross Paris.' We were now coming near the roofs: we raised the fire, and rose again with great ease. I looked under me and saw the Missions Etrangères, and it seemed as if we were going towards the towers of St. Sulpice, which I could see. Raising ourselves, a current turned us south. I saw on my left a wood, which I thought was the Luxembourg. We passed the Boulevard; and I called out, 'Pied à terre.' We stopped the fire, but the brave Pilâtre, who did not lose his self possession, thought we were coming upon mills, and warned me. . . . We alighted at the Butte aux Cailles, between the mill Des Merveilles and the Moulin Vieux. The moment we touched land I held by the car with my two hands; I felt the balloon press my head lightly. I pushed it off, and leaped out. Turning towards the balloon, which I expected to find full, to my great astonishment it was perfectly empty and flattened."

The second balloon voyage was that of Messrs. Charles and Robert, at sunset, from the Tuileries, Dec. 1, 1783. M. Charles re-ascended immediately afterwards, alone, to the height of nearly two miles, and *saw the sun rise again*. "I was the only illuminated object," he says; "all the rest of nature being plunged in shadow."

M. de Rozier ascended for the third time, in the third voyage, in company with Joseph Montgolfier, and six other persons. The balloon was "intended for six only, and these were found too many, but no one could be induced to give up his place. The instant after the ropes had been cut, a seventh person jumped in. A rent in the balloon caused it to descend with great velocity, but no one was hurt."

February 22, 1784, a small balloon, launched by itself, from Sandwich, crossed the Channel.

March 2, 1784, M. Blanchard made his first ascent from Paris, carrying a parachute in case of need.

April 25, 1784, Messrs. de Morveau and Bertrand ascended 13,000 English feet, at Dijon, and thought they found some effect produced by the use of oars.

May 20, 1784, ladies first went up, four of them with two gentlemen, but in a balloon secured by ropes. Madame Thible, however, ascended on the 4th June, with one other person, in a free balloon.

September 15, 1784, the first voyage in England was made by Vin-

cenzo Lunardi, who took with him a dog, a cat, and a pigeon. He rose from the Artillery-ground, and landed at Standon, near Wars, in Hertfordshire.

January 7, 1785, M. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies crossed the Channel.

June 15, 1785, M. Pilâtre de Rozier and M. Romain ascended from Boulogne, with the intention of crossing the Channel, when the balloon took fire, and the gallant De Rozier, the *first aëronaut*, together with his unfortunate companion, fell from a height of a thousand yards, and was killed on the spot.

July 22, General Money ascended at Norwich, and the balloon dropped in the water, where the voyager remained six hours before he was rescued.

In 1807, M. Garnerin ascended from Paris, and landed at, or rather "was dashed against Mount Tonnerre, 300 miles from that place, after running very great risks."

September 21, 1802, M. Garnerin descended from a balloon by means of a parachute, near the Small-Pox Hospital, at St. Pancras. I remember seeing him, frightfully swung about at first, but afterwards coming down steadily, to the great relief of an enormous multitude, whose sudden gathering together in the fields almost astonished me as much as the parachute.

Several ascents have been made for the purposes of scientific experiments; among others—one by M. Gay Lussac, at Paris, to the height of 23,000 feet.

"In 1806, Carlo Brioschi, astronomer royal at Naples, ascended with Signor Andreani, who had been the first Italian aëronaut. Trying to rise higher than M. Gay Lussac, they got into an atmosphere so rarified as to burst the balloon. Its remnants checked the velocity of their descent; and this, with their falling on an open space, saved their lives; but Brioschi contracted a complaint, which brought him to his grave."

Since this period many ascents have been made, both in France and England, by a variety of aëronauts, one of whom, in the latter country, generally keeps possession of the public curiosity for a certain time, and makes the balloon a sort of profession. It is said in the publication above quoted, that the balloon is now a "toy, in which ascents are sometimes made to amuse a crowd," and that what "was honourable risk, so long as anything could be gained to science, is now mere foolhardiness, and will continue to be so until some definite object be proposed, and some probable means suggested of attaining it." But this is surely too harsh a judgment. Amusement is worth something for its own sake, and courage too; and by familiarity with the machine, gradual improvements in its construction must be acquired, and its safety made greater, for greater purposes. It is a long time since any catastrophe has happened to a balloon made of the ordinary materials.

The greatest fault to be found with aerial voyagers is the dullness of the narratives which they put forth. One would expect from their strange experiences more lively and copious accounts; but whether it is that they are not gifted with too much observation themselves, or have less to observe than might be supposed,—whether they are not imaginative or well-informed enough, or the air is for the most part as

barren of sights as the ocean, nothing can be more barren or brief than their narratives in general. All which the traveller tells us is—that he rose to a certain height, and went to a certain distance; that the spectacle around him was very imposing, or grand, or magnificent; that he saw Kensington Gardens distinctly, or the London Docks; that the trees looked like hedges; and that he alighted safely at such and such a place, where he was treated with great hospitality by Mr. Jenkins; after which, he and his balloon returned to town the same evening by a post-chaise. Truth is certainly not “more wondrous than fiction” here. Ariosto’s hippogriff and Mr. Southey’s aerial boat are abundantly more entertaining.

In the first navigations of this kind, allowance is to be made for the fluttered feelings of the voyagers, which, indeed, are a zest of themselves. And perhaps the same allowance is to be made now, especially as there is still a tendency in the parties to compliment one another upon their courage. The thing to be desired, however, (besides going up in more picturesque and varied countries—mountainous, in particular,) is, that they would tell us *all* they feel or see, giving us the minutest details, scenery, sensation, experiment, disappointment, everything. It is hard if the results would not be more interesting than at present. Why does not Lord Clanricarde favour us with an account? Or Captain Currie? It would be curious to see the characters of the different minds, and of the impressions made upon them. By and by, people would be going up to record their experiences; and being on the watch for observation, new appearances would be noticed. How should *you* feel, reader, up in the sky? What should you say or do? Do you think you should be inclined to be merry or grave? or timid or bold?—or neither? Should you think most of the third heaven, or of Piccadilly?

Horace is of opinion that the man who first went to sea must have had a heart triple hooped with brass. What would he have said to the first aëronaut? He has anticipated without knowing it, in the same ode :—

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

Our folly strives to reach the heavens themselves.

It is thought a fearful thing at sea to have only a plank between you and death; but you have a comparatively kindly element to fall into, something more substantial, and which gives you a chance. You can struggle with it, swim, cry out, get upon a piece of wood or a hen-coop. Being a swimmer myself, I never feel as if I should be lost in water, as long as I had only myself to attend to. But think of a plank’s being between you and a distance of three miles and a half,—all sheer emptiness! Down you go, precipitate, chucked out; a dreg at once tragical and ridiculous; a fluttering bit of humanity, no securer than a lump of lead, no stronger than a feather. To be sure, there are instances of being saved; but who could think of them at the moment of ejaculation?

Should a time, however, arrive, when balloons shall be equally safe and guidable, steerable against the wind, &c., (and who, in this age of science and steam-engines, shall say there will not?) it is very pleasant to fancy oneself *keeping one’s balloon*, like a carriage, ordering it *hither and thither*, visiting one’s friends over the house-tops, and “looking

in," not at the street door, but at the drawing-room window, &c. The poet wishes that he could fly; so that when pleasure flagged in the East, he might

"Order his wings, and be off to the West."

This undoubtedly would be pleasanter; more convenient, and not so expensive. But he might have both; and wings, compared with a balloon, would be like horse-keeping, compared with a carriage. Beaux, instead of cantering beside barouches, would then flutter three miles high, by the side of a car; and a hero in a novel would gloriously catch his mistress in his arms, if her balloon burst, and convey her safely to earth, as Mercury did Psyche. People would then be accused, not of running, but of flying, after the girls; and we should see an air-lounger fifty feet above Regent-street, pursuing some maid servant, or pretty milliner, in and out the chimnies.

But war! What a horrible thing to be shot in a balloon! To "fall gloriously," *that way*, in battle!

"There was *mounting* 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they 'rose' and they ran."

Think of two armies, or navies rather, meeting over Salisbury Plain, and commencing their broadsides! What a tumbling forth of bodies and cocked hats; of mid-balloon-men, and admirals of the sky-blue! "Sky-scraper" would then indeed be a proper term for the top of a vessel; and "Pegasus," and "Bellcrophon," names to some purpose. But war must go out, as nations advance, whether they arrive at these altitudes or not. Peaceful railroads will supersede hostile inroads (as old Fuller would have said): nations will no more go to war, when they become such close neighbours, and their interests are so bound up together, than Middlesex will fight with Surrey, or tradesmen with their employers.

L. H.*

SONNET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

HAIL to the Christian! Bold is he to stand
On danger's rock, undaunted to pursue
The paths of right. What power shall him subdue?
Not thou, all lone Misfortune, though thy hand
Waves the keen edge of hunger as a brand;
Nor thou, Prosperity, whose magic dew
Melts iced rock to water. He shall view
Th' elect of God, with them walk hand in hand.
His emblem is the mountain capp'd with snow,
And garled with forests; by th' electric fire
Above scourg'd vainly, and assail'd below
By ocean's vainly storm-conflicting ire;
Th' eternal mountain! that, while tides shall flow,
Will commune with the stars, and bid his pines aspire.

* Since this article was written, an ascent has been made by Mrs. Graham and the Duke of Brunswick, which terminated in a dangerous accident to the lady, owing, it seems, to her anxiety in behalf of her fellow-voyager. The circumstance does honour to her, as a woman; and everybody anxiously hopes that her danger will be got over.

THE CRITICISM OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

It must be a very universal maxim to suit all circumstances, and yet there is one which may be applied on all occasions—"Judge not" is the general motto. Take the actions of our nearest friends, and how little do we know of the hopes that instigated, or of the fears that prevailed! We sometimes cannot avoid owning that we ourselves have committed a fault, but how we gloss it over—how we take temperament and temptation into account, till at length it appears to be a thing inevitable—redeemed by the regret it has occasioned, and the lesson it has given. Not so do we reason for others—then we look to the isolated fact, not to the causes: the error shuts out the excuse. The truth is, we know nothing of each other excepting by the aid of philosophy and of poetry; philosophy, that analyzes our thoughts, and poetry that expresses our feelings. Little of the examination of the one, or of the tenderness of the other, enters into our daily opinions, and yet by them we alone know the hidden heart within. "Judge not" is the first great rule of the moral world; it is equally applicable to the literary one. Yesterday is constantly reversing the decree of to-day; our notion of our contemporaries is biassed in many ways—vanities, envyings, and prejudices, are things

"All taking many shapes, and bearing many names;"

but all alike shutting out the light. Time is the great leveller, but he is also the sanctifier and the beautifier. If our judgment, then, of our own literature be liable to so many objections, what must it be when we attempt to decide on that of a foreign nation; the maxim, "Judge not," must indeed be the first principle laid down. No stranger can enter into one great charm thrown around the poetry of every country—namely, that of association. Unconsciously to ourselves, we connect with our favourite writers the emotions which first made us seek in them for expression, and with the scenes amid which we turned their pages. Did we read them in summer, under the silver shiver of the aspen?—they have gathered to themselves the sunshine raining through the leaves, and the freshness on the open air. Were they our companions by the hearth-side on a long winter evening?—they are linked with pleasant memories of comfort and of home: It is impossible for a stranger to share these subtle sympathies, and yet their atmosphere is around the literature of every nation. But literary, like all other commerce, has its incalculable advantages: the merchant brings with him not only wealth, but knowledge. Communication is in itself civilization; we wear away our own prejudices only by contact with those of others. We are forced into making allowances, by seeing how much we need that they should be made for ourselves.

Chateaubriand says, in an admirable spirit of candour, "In living literature no person is a competent judge but of works written in his own language. I have expressed my opinion concerning a number of English writers; it is very possible that I may be mistaken, that my admiration and my censure may be equally misplaced, and that my conclusions may appear impertinent and ridiculous on the other side of the Channel." They can appear neither ridiculous nor impertinent; we

may, and we do differ from many of these conclusions, but we feel that they have been drawn by a clever man, and drawn, too, in a spirit of candour. If any man be entitled to form a judgment, that man is Chateaubriand. A poet himself, his whole life has been a poet's education, and he has studied our literature next to his own. But there is something in the French and the English character so essentially opposed, that it is impossible for them to understand each other. Now a nation's character is in its literature. Some writer says, "The great difference of the two nations is, that the one lives out of doors and the other in; the one thinks of the people that are looking at him, and the other thinks of himself." This principle will account for the frequent self-reference in these pages, which, however, has more the appearance than the reality of vanity. An Englishman is timid of drawing attention to himself—he is afraid of being laughed at; a Frenchman, on the contrary, relies on your indulgence. Chateaubriand believes that genius is a moral problem, which it is matter of general attraction to solve; and he submits rather than advances his pretensions to the public, with a quiet conviction of their interest, which an English writer, however successful, would be too well aware of his and our national characteristics, to adventure. The style of the author of "*Atala*" has no parallel in our literature—it is what supplies in France the place of blank verse; it is redundant in epithet and simile, many of which appear to us grandiloquent: for example, Shakspeare is called "the young butcher of Strafford." Again, speaking of our writers among the lower classes, he says, "At the present day it is a blacksmith that shines—Vulcan was the son of Jupiter:" the illustration is rather magnificent. By-the-by, to what blacksmith does he allude?—we must confess our ignorance. There is a curious little instance of the mistakes inevitable to foreign critics: Chateaubriand quotes, as a charming specimen of our simple ballad poetry, a stanza of a song:—

"Where tarries my love,
Where tarries my love,
Where tarries my true love from me?
Come hither my dove,
I will write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee."

He appears perfectly ignorant that the song is a burlesque. The lover receives the letter, but

"The generous youth,
Full of valour and truth,
Had not eaten a morsel that day;
So the pigeon he roasted,
His true love he toasted,
And mounted and gallop'd away."

A singular sample of the tender melancholy which marks our lyrics!

Chateaubriand's life has been that of a poet; a life, however, an exception to the general rule. He has known his share of toil and of trouble—he has been poor, proscribed, and imprisoned; still he is among those who,

"All their wand'ring past,
Have safe return'd to die at home at last."

There are few, very few, whose later years of a poetical career are spent

under the shadow of their own laurels ; yet what strange contrasts will his memoirs present ! Now a wanderer in the deserts of the East—then comparing the empire of yesterday with the progress of to-day in the United States—now in the midst of the classical mania which caricatured the horrors of the French revolution—next meditating on their realities amid the ruins of Rome. First an impoverished exile in England, and in the course of a few years an ambassador at our Court. The genius of Chateaubriand is best characterized by the word—picturesque. In the North, he dwells with delight on the massive cathedrals, where painted windows shed

“ A dim, religious light ;”

and on the fallen castles, where the ivy is now the only banner. In the South, he is impressed with the cedar rising like a natural temple, and with the stately relics of

“ The marble wastes of Tadmor.”

He was the first who introduced into French literature that feeling for the beauty of nature, and that tendency to reverie, which are of Scandinavian origin. But we shall give the more accurate idea of a very remarkable work, by selecting portions for examination. We shall therefore pass in review the observations on Luther, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron.

LUTHER.—The characteristic of our author's mind which we have called picturesque is essentially opposed to a just appreciation of Luther. He clings with regret to the golden chalices and fragrant incense of Catholicism. He forms, in his mind's eye, the picture of a monk after one Guido's head, “ pale, penetrating, and spiritual ;” and “ Christ, at once a pontiff and a victim, lived in celibacy, and quitted the earth at the close of his youth.” Such is the ideal, but it is the ideal only. Neither is the following image more accurate:—“ Like Socrates, Protestantism may be said to have called minds into existence ; but, unfortunately, the intelligences which it has ushered into life are only beautiful slaves.” Are such minds as those of Bacon and of Locke only “ beautiful slaves ?” and can the many channels of inquiry thrown open by the Reformation be considered other than as conduits to truth ? We are quite prepared to admit that we do not do justice to the beneficial influence exercised by the Catholic church on the darker ages. It was the republic of the time, supported by democratic talent. The man of ability found in the church his theatre of action ; all other avenues to power or to distinction were barred by the sword, which was given as a birthright to the noble. But in the ranks of the Catholic faith the equality, or rather the superiority of intellect was asserted ; and when king and chief knelt at the chair of St. Peter, it was the triumph of thought over strength—it was the weak mind subjugated by the strong. But, as usual, the authority outlived its necessity—other influences began their activity ; and again, as usual, one of those men arose who embody their epoch, and carry its spirit into action. That man was Luther. He was an enthusiast—enthusiasm is needed for action ; calculation never acts—it is a passive principle. He was fierce, angry, and governed by impulse ; but we must remember the old Greek proverb, “ Motives are from man, but impulse is from Heaven.” These qualities only the better fitted the instrument to its purpose. It is touching

to note the tender feelings of the man running in a soft under-current beneath the violence of the fanatic preacher: speaking of his children he says, "What must have been Abraham's feelings, when he consented to sacrifice and slaughter his only son? Assuredly he never said a word on the subject to Sarah."

Again, while deploring the death of his infant daughter:—"Elizabeth, my little girl, is dead. Strange to say, her loss has left me a sick heart, a woman's heart—so intense is my sorrow. I never could have imagined that a father could feel so much tenderness for his child. Her features, her words, her gestures, during life and on her death-bed, are deeply engraven in my heart. Oh, my obedient and dutiful daughter! the very death of Christ (and what in comparison are all other deaths!) cannot, as it should, drive her from my memory."

Chateaubriand appears to us to attach too much importance to Henry VIII. He influenced nothing but the present, of whose circumstances he was at once the toy and the tyrant. He left nothing but a warning as to how power was again entrusted to one hand. He was the last feudal king—and was the type of a system that expired with himself. Brave, magnificent, and courteous, he was cruel, profuse, and uncertain. In the meantime England was in a state of progression; then were first sown the seeds of those great principles which led to the revolution. Henry carried the vices of feudalism to excess, and it is the excess that leads to the remedy. The reign of force was yielding to the reign of opinion, and to this day the struggle is carried on by an engine thus characterized by Luther—"The press is the last and the supreme gift—the *summum et postremum donum*, by means of which the Almighty promotes the things of the Gospel. It is the last blaze that bursts forth before the extinction of the world. Thanks be to God, we at last behold its splendour."

SHAKESPEARE.—The great fault of Chateaubriand's remarks on Shakspeare is, that they address themselves to a by-gone school of criticism; Dr. Johnson's is very far from being the national opinion; and the alterations and adaptations made in Charles the Second's time are held anything but orthodox in the present day. But we shall not enter into the question of preference between the rival queens of the French and the English stage: the foreign critic does not and cannot understand us. But what does our author mean by saying that "all Shakspeare's young female characters are formed on one model?" He might as well say that the rose and the violet resemble each other because they are both sweet. Take, for example, two placed in similar situations—namely, disguised in male attire; and yet what can be more essentially different than the characters of Rosalind and Viola? The last, whose heart

"Tender thought clothes like a dove,
With the wings of care,"

dreaming, devoted, silent, but dying of her silence. The first, on the contrary, is "a gay creature of the element;" a coquette, who delights in teasing the lover, whose danger yet sends the blood from her cheek—witty, sarcastic, with her deeper feelings shrouded as it were in sunshine. What have she and Viola in common?

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But Shakspeare has always been a point for dispute between ours and foreign critics. We confess that the present article appears to us a complete Border-land of debatable questions. But what shall we say of the opinion on the sonnets?—"There is more of poetry, imagination and melancholy, than sensibility, passion and depth. Shakspeare loved; but he believed no more in love than he believed in any thing else. A woman was to him a bird, a zephyr, a flower which charms and passes away."

We will not enter on the spirit of the sonnets, because this has already been done in so masterly a manner, in the pages of this very Magazine, that we need only to refer to the articles of last year, on the 'Sonnets of Shakspeare,'—a series of papers eloquent and complete, and bringing out the truth by the light of the imagination. But we protest against the light assertion that "Shakspeare no more believed in love, than he believed in anything else!" Why, the very element of poetry is faith—faith in the beautiful, the divine, and the true. No one was ever great in any pursuit without earnestness,—and who can be in earnest without belief? It was from his own heart that Shakspeare drew his glorious and his touching creations, of which all nature attest the truth. Doubt never was and never will be the atmosphere of genius. He had the true poet's generous reliance on futurity when he wrote

"Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

And again,

"Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse live ever young."

MILTON.—To this subject Chateaubriand has brought all his enthusiasm; and his estimate of Milton is infinitely more English—we might say more true, than his estimate of Shakspeare. We should say this arises from having no standard of comparison by which to try the merits of "Paradise Lost." There is nothing like it in French literature, and the critic has no preconceived notions to whose test the foreign work must submit. In speaking of the drama, he is fettered by early associations of admiration, links as slight as those charmed threads Monimia wound the hands of Thalaba, and as impossible to break. But in reading Milton, he is "fancy free," and has to make the rules by which he judges. Moreover, Milton is less national than Shakspeare; he belongs more to that apart world of imagination, solemn and stately, which is to be entered by the ideal faculty alone. Thus has been produced a fine and elaborate criticism, written in the noblest spirit of appreciation.

SCOTT.—We confess that we are not surprised to find that Chateaubriand does not appreciate Walter Scott. Never were two minds more dissimilar. But the reason that he gives is very strange:—"I speak on this subject with some vexation, because I, who have described, loved, sung, and extolled so much the old Christian temples, am dying of spleen from hearing them so constantly depreciated. There was left me a last illusion—a cathedral: it has been taken from me by storm."

This seems a most extraordinary complaint to make against the

poet of Melrose Abbey; but we may safely leave Scott's reputation to its own security. As was said of the royal power, in the celebrated vote of the Commons in George the Third's time—"It has increased, is increasing, and will increase."

BYRON.—Little is said about the author of "Lara," excepting Chateaubriand's surprise that he should not ever have been mentioned by the English poet. We do not remember any French writer named by Byron but Madame de Staël, and that was the result of personal acquaintance. Byron wanted one element of greatness—that of appreciation. We refer this to his social education; and there never was a period of worse taste, of falser affectations, and of less generous feeling, than the epoch to which he belonged. But to discuss the influence of society on Byron's genius would be too complicated a subject. We must bring our observations to a close with the most remarkable page in Chateaubriand's two volumes. The following is an encouraging literary picture:—

Calamities of Genius.—"Milton, proscribed and poor, descended in utter blindness to the tomb. Dryden, towards the close of his life, was compelled to sell his talents piece-meal to support existence. 'Little cause have I,' said he, 'to bless my stars for being born an Englishman. It is quite enough for one century, that it should have neglected a Cowley, and seen Butler starved to death.' Otway, at a later period, choked himself with a piece of bread thrown to him to relieve his hunger. What were not the sufferings of Savage, composing at street corners, writing his verses on scraps of paper picked out of the kennel, expiring in a prison, and leaving his corpse to the pity of a gaoler, who defrayed the expense of his interment! Chatterton, after being many days without food, destroyed himself by poison."

No one can deny—no one would think of denying—the vast benefit which literature has conferred on mankind; and with what ingratitude has it ever been received! "The late remorse of love," the monody and the monument, have been, and still are, its guerdon. The most successful author pays too dear a price for success. We do not believe, in the present day, that there is a single popular writer who does not bitterly regret the hour he took pen in hand. The fame is far off, and like sunshine seen in the distance, while only the cold wind is felt on the actual path. The wider circle think but little of all you have done for their gratification, until it is too late to think at all. The nearer circle of intimates and acquaintances never forgive the distinction which separates you from themselves. But genius will at last learn the bitter lesson of all experience: like everything else in the present day, it will be taught to calculate. Its gifted ones will at length

"compress
The god within them!"

Fame is but a beautiful classic delusion. The inspiration of the poet is like the inspiration of the Delphic oracles: what was once held divine is now confessed the promptings of an evil spirit mocking the votaries of whom it made victims. We firmly believe that the time is fast approaching when no more books will be written. The once writers will say—"Why should we sacrifice our whole existence to obtain a vain praise, which, after all, never comes sufficiently home to us to be enjoyed? Why should we devote, to this most barren pursuit, industry

and talent, which, in any other line, would be certain of that worldly success, which, as we live in the world, is the only success to be desired?" Even poets must at last learn wisdom. The bitterness and the hollowness of praise will be perceived; and then who will be at the trouble of writing a book? Again we repeat, the time is fast approaching when no more books will be written.

NOTE.—The list of "literary calamities" is far from being exhausted even in the present day. We quote the following letter addressed by Comte D'Orsay to the "Court Journal," as a practical illustration of the above theory:—

"SIR,—By a judgment of the *Cour Royale* of Paris, a tedious and expensive lawsuit, in which M. Paul de Kock was, in the first instance, successful, has been unexpectedly decided against him; and that celebrated author is not only reduced to sudden destitution by the costs of the award, but, in being forbidden the right to publish a complete collection of his numerous works, deprived of the hope to repair his loss from the resources of his own industry and genius.

"Under circumstances so cruel and unforeseen, and in the full reliance both on the generosity of the British public, and the sympathy which unites the cultivators of literature in either country, it is proposed to open a subscription at Messrs. Ransoms', Pall Mall East, on behalf of the Smollett of France.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient Servant,

"A. CTE. D'ORSAY."

This letter is written in a generous and enlightened spirit: its appeal is made in behalf of poverty and talent. In our time, can such an appeal be made in vain?

L. E. L.

OUR COTTAGE.

SOME few of us, children and grown, possess
A cottage, far remov'd. 'Tis in a glade,
Where the sun harbours; and one side of it
Listens to bees, another to a brook.
Lovers, that have just parted for the night,
Dream of such spots, when they have said their pray'rs,—
Or some tir'd parent, holding by the hand
A child, and walking tow'rs the setting sun.

No news comes here; no scandal; no routine
Of morning visit; not a postman's knock,—
That double thrust of the long staff of care.
We are as distant from the world, in spirit
If not in place, as though in Crusoe's isle,
And please ourselves with being ignorant
Ev'n of the country some five miles beyond.
Our wood's our world, with some few hills and dales,
And many an alley green, with poppies edg'd
And flowery brakes, where sails the long blue fly,

Whom we pronounce a fairy ; and 'twould go
Hard with us to be certain he's not one,
Such willing children are we of the possible :
Hence all our walks have names ; some of the Fairies,
And some of Nymphs, (where the brook makes a bath
In a green chamber, and the turf's half violets,)
And some of Grim Old Men that live alone,
And may not be seen safely. Pan has one
Down in a beech-dell ; and Apollo another,
Where sunset in the trees makes strawy fires.

You might suppose the place pick'd out of books.
The nightingales, in the cold blooms, are there
Fullest of heart, hushing our open'd windows ;
The cuckoo ripest in the warmed thicks,
Autumn, the princely season, purple-rob'd
And liberal-handed, brings no gloom to us,
But, rich in its own self, gives us rich hope
Of winter-time ; and when the winter comes,
We burn old wood, and read old books, that wall
Our biggest room, and take our heartiest walks
On the good, hard, glad ground ; or when it rains
And the rich dells are mire, make much and long
Of a small bin we have of good old wine ;
And talk of, perhaps entertain, some friend,
Whom, old or young, we gift with the same grace
Of ancient epithet : for love is time
With us ; youth old as love, and age as young ;
And stars, affections, hopes, roll all alike
Immortal rounds, in heaven when not on earth.
Therefore the very youngest of us all
Do we call old,—“ old Vincent,” or “ old Jule,”
Or “ old Jacintha ;” and they count us young,
And at a very playfellow time of life,
As in good truth we are : witness the nuts
We seek, to pelt with, in thy trampled leaves,
November ; and the merry Christmas ring,
Hot-fac'd and loud with too much fire and food,—
The rare excess, loving the generous gods.

Custom itself is an old friend with us ;
Though change we make a friend, too, if it come
To better custom ; nay, to bury him,
Provided soul be gone, and it be done.
Rev'rently and kindly ; and we then install
His son, or set a new one in his place ;
For all good honest customs, from all lands,
Find welcome here,—seats built up in old elms
From France ; and evening dances on the green ;
And servants (home's inhabiting strangers) turn'd
To zealous friends ; and gipsy meals, whose smoke
Warms houseless glades ; and the good bout Chinese
At pen and ink, in rhyming summer bow'rs,
Temper'd with pleasant penalties of wine.
The villagers love us ; and on Sabbath-days,
(Such luck is ours, and round harmonious life)
In an old, ivied church (which God preserve,
And make a mark for ever of the love
That by mild acquiescence bears all change
And keeps all better'd good !) no priest like ours

Utters such Christian lore, so final sweet,
 So fit for audience in those flowery dells.
 Not a young heart feels strange, nor old misgives :
 You scarcely can help thinking, that the sound
 Must pierce with sweetness to the very graves.

But mark—not the whole week do we pass thus,—
 No, nor whole day. Heav'n, for ease'-sake, forbid !
 Half of the day (and half of that might serve,
 Were all the world active and just as we)
 Is mix'd with the great throng, playing its part
 Of toil and pain ; we could not relish else
 Our absolute comfort ; nay, should almost fear
 Heav'n counted us not worthy to partake
 The common load with its great hopes for all,
 But held us flimsy triflers—gnats i' the sun—
 Made but for play, and so to die, unheav'n'd.
 Oh, hard we work, and carefully we think,
 And much we suffer ! but the line being drawn]
 'Twixt work and our earth's heav'n, well do we draw it,
 Sudden, and sharp, and sweet ; and in an instant
 Are borne away, like knights to fairy isles,
 And close our gates behind us on the world.

“ And where (cries some one) is this blessed spot ?
 May I behold it ? May I gain admittance ? ”

Yes, *with a thought ;—as we do.*

“ Woe is me !

Then no such place exists ! ”

None such to us,

Except in thought ; but *that*—

“ Is true as fiction ? ”

Aye, true as tears or smiles that fiction makes,
 Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes ;—
 True as effect to cause ;—true as the hours
 You spend in joy while sitting at a play.
 Is there no truth in those ? Or was your heart
 Happier before you went there ? Oh, if rich
 In what you deem life's only solid goods,
 Think what unjoyous blanks ev'n those would be,
 Were fancy's light smitten from out your world,
 With all its colourings of your prides, your gains,
 Your very tays and tea-cups,—nothing left
 But what *you touch*, and not what *touches you*.

Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
 The poor man's piecer-out ; the art of nature,
 Painting her landscapes twice ; the spirit of fact,
 As matter is the body ; the pure gift
 Of heav'n to poet and to child ; which he
 Who retains most in manhood, being a man
 In all things fitting else, is most a man ;
 Because he wants no human faculty,
 Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.

LEIGH HUNT.

LES ENFANS TROUVÉS.

THE world has been growing, of late years, so wondrously philosophical and investigatory, that those idlers upon the surface of the earth, who go simply through life with their ears and eyes open, basking in the sunshine and luxuriating in the shade, are too often and too roughly required to render an account of the tears they are prone to shed, and the smiles they are apt to smile. The work-a-day world would appear to be a mere sampler for the cross-stitch sewing of pattern-ladies, experimentalists in political economy; while the world of dreams is dismissed, *sans cérémonie*, as "the baseless fabric of a vision," by the domineering utilitarians of the day. For the rationalist, as well as the schoolmaster, is abroad—the rationalist, who rules with his iron ferule, circumscribes our wanderings, chastises our emotions, and deals out our joys and sorrows as per omniscient rules of algebraic science.

"The primrose on a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more!"

A grove of horse-chestnuts, with its prodigal redundancy of delicate blossoms, is a superfluous mass of unprofitable timber in his sight; nay, even the cradle-crowded wards of the objects of our present writing—the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*—is a mere hot-bed of corruption—the source, as well as the evidence, of national delinquency!

The rationalist may be right, or, thank Heaven, *we*, at least, are not called upon to wrestle with his arguments. Fate, which has stuck so many thorns into our side, spares us the black necessity of legislating for the crimes or frailties of the human kind. No penal code—no system of prison discipline—taxes our frivolous pen with labour and sorrow; and it may consequently subscribe to the canonization of St. Vincent de Paul, the patron of the destitute orphans of France, without a single scruple of conscience! We leave it to Dr. Martineau and Miss Tuckerman—we beg their respective pardons, we would say, Dr. Tuckerman and Miss Martineau—to descant upon this unhappy branch of the anti-Malthusian system. Be it ours to stand beside the *crèche* of the *Hospice*, and rejoice in the smiles of the hundreds of worse than fatherless and motherless infants, warmed and fed in the bosom of charity, and succoured for the love of mercy?

The huge, rambling, airy hospital of the Rue d'Enfer, which has been, for nearly fifty years past, devoted by the French government to the use of deserted foundlings, was formerly a nest of lazy monks, known by the name of *Les Pères de l'Oratoire*—the *Enfants Trouvés* being, at that time, housed in a miserable dwelling hired of the chapter of Notre Dame, adjoining the cathedral, where a cradle, containing one of the little foundlings, was constantly exposed, to excite the commiseration of the benevolent. A widow lady, residing in the neighbourhood, touched by their neglected condition, chose to receive them into her own habitation; and it was there that the virtuous St. Vincent discovered the little innocents to have been made an article of infamous traffic by the servants of their pseudo benefactress, grown weary of their gratuitous attendance. In 1683, therefore, he petitioned Government for a safer domicile, and engaged the Sisters of Charity to bestow their care upon the unhappy babes. Funds were still wanting for the support of the establishment; and so many were the applicants, that it came at length to be decided by lot, which should be received into the new hospital, and which cast forth to perish! Again did St. Vincent de Paul preach to the city in their behalf, and petition the Court; and the repulses encountered by the philanthropist in his attempts served only to stimulate his zeal. He obtained for the hospital a small annuity,

gradually increased with the increasing number of foundlings; and from the original allowance of 200*l.* sterling per annum, the grant was eventually augmented to 1000*l.*, while various asylums were successively awarded to their use. Soon after the Revolution, and the abolition of religious orders, the celebrated abbey of Port Royal des Champs was at last converted into a lying-in hospital, and the adjoining convent of L'Oratoire bestowed upon the *Enfants Trouvés*; and it is there that nearly ten of the fifty thousand foundlings annually protected by public charity throughout the kingdom of France are at present secured from misery and destitution. Received at all hours of the day and night, and superintended by the pious sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, with scarcely less than motherly tenderness, the infants are reared by wet nurses from the provinces, who, after a week's residence in the *hospice*, withdraw, with several babes under their charge, to the country, where they are visited at intervals by the *préposés*, or agents of the establishment. Ailing and weakly children, however, are retained in the infirmary of the hospital, for the benefit of medical advice; and at twelve years of age, each child is apprenticed to a trade, or consigned to the Orphan Asylum.

Such is the order of the establishment. Its *aspect* how touchingly mournful! You enter the grating of the *parloir*, and find one or two Sisters of Charity engaged with needle-work or a pious book, constantly on the watch for the turning of the machine containing the cushion on which the deserted children are deposited; and rarely does an hour elapse, but the feeble wail of an infant is heard in that tranquil chamber. The announcing-bell rings, the nuns lay aside their work, open a little oven-like door in the wall, and, proud to examine the new-comer, inscribe it in the register of the *hospice*, with dates of day and hour, and a particular description; sometimes even with the name affixed to its dress, whether that dress may be the purple and fine linen, betraying some child of shame despatched from some noble mansion, under a midwife's charge, or the coarse or ragged vestments still moist with the tears of a half-starved mother, forced to alienate her last-born from her bosom, that she may have leisure and strength to labour for the rest. Not unfrequently, a young father and mother are seen to enter the *parloir*, and openly resign their helpless offspring to the care of the nuns, with the avowal of their name and misfortunes, and the expression of a hope that they may claim back, in happier times, the child they are forced to abandon;—not unfrequently, some unhappy mother who has consigned her infant to the turning cradle, and watched its admission into the *hospice*, forces her way after it into the *parloir*, to take another look—another kiss—and breathe upon the forehead of the innocent one last, one final prayer, that the world may deal less hardly with it than with the authors of its being. Others, more hardened, or perhaps more miserable, fling from them with a curse the helpless burden on which their vices have entailed the stigma of shame, turning away from the receiving-box without a pang—without a shudder; and these, but for the benign intervention of St. Vincent de Paul, these wretches would probably have become guilty of infanticide!

In a corridor opening from the chief entrance of the hospital, stands a marble statue of that most Christian of all modern saints, its patron and benefactor, holding in his arms a rescued infant, while another lies ready to perish at his feet—a picture worthily preparing the mind for the inspection of the dormitories above, with their rows of cradles, each with a sleeping babe cozily nestled in warmth and comfort between the snow-white sheets. Laundries, kitchens, wardrobes, infirmaries—all are airily distributed and actively attended by the vigilant and tender-hearted nuns; and it is curious to note the womanliness of nature breaking forth in each kind Sister, as she points out to the visitor some especial darling—some little one with bluer eyes or deeper dimples than the rest—some favourite, who has been won by her endearments to smile upon her from between its white curtains as she passes, or even to put forth its tiny hand in token of recognition. So should

it have smiled upon her who bore it—so should it have caressed the mother whose blood flows in its veins; but *she* is away—*she* is labouring or grieving afar off, happy that her infant has found a second mother on whom it can lavish its first outpourings of tenderness. In general, too, the hospital boasts one universal pet—some little toddling thing which has been preserved through desperate sickness, or undergone some severe accident, till the *révérende mère*, or *sœur supérieure* obtains from the directors a permission, often renewed, to retain it at the *hospice* for a time, instead of sending it back to country nursing. What a fate!—to be the foundling of some twenty mothers! Every kiss disputed—every word watched as a miracle by those whose attention were otherwise devoted to the unmeaning cries of the newly-born, or the murmurs of the sick and fretful!

There was one such idol there, when last we visited the wards of the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*,—a lovely, little, fair-haired prattler of two years old, crawling at the feet of a group of the Sisters, as they sat engaged in the wardrobe, mending and making baby-clothes for the establishment; and a singular contrast did her sportiveness afford to the subdued demeanour of the nuns in their gowns of black serge, and starched and snowy hoods. Each, peeping from her work, had a smile to bestow on the gambols of little Rosalie; for Rosalie had been rescued, in a half-dying state, from the hands of a cruel nurse, whose malefactions were brought to light by the *préposés* in the course of their domiciliary visits; and when recovering from the fever of inanition, which had been expected to end in a deep decline, was found so much endeared to her kind protectresses, that she could not easily be parted with. Rosalie was voted, in short, too delicate to be entrusted to ordinary nursing; and pretexts were again and again found for delay, sanctioned, with a smile, by the benevolent registrar and his assistants.

"*Elle est si gentille—si gentille!*" pleaded the Sister who accompanied us in our survey; "*et puis cette pauvre petite, elle a tant soufferte; et puis elle nous aime tant! Ce serait son arrêt de mort de l'éloigner de l'hospice; et pour nous autres, je ne sais plus ce que nous deviendrions sans notre petite Rosalie!*" And it must be admitted that the infantine beauty of the child was of rare perfection,—

"Making a sunshine in that shady place."

"But yonder little fellow,"—said one of our party, pointing out to our sober-suited companion, a sturdy boy of about five years old, seated demurely on a little stool, to watch, with apparent awe, the industry of the Sisters and the sports of his fair fellow-foundling,—"*does not appear to have suffered from ill health or ill treatment; yet he has considerably passed the age for remaining here. Is he, too, a favourite?*"

"The boy arrived only last night from the country," observed the nun; "and the peasant-woman you noticed in the courtyard, as so sad-looking and dispirited, is his nurse. Every hour we expect his parents here to take him away; for Alphonse has been claimed, and the poor soul who nursed him is ready to break her heart at the notion of parting."

"The child has been claimed?—He is, then, the offspring of wealthy parents, for whom the motive which induced the concealment of his birth no longer exists?"

"By no means!" resumed the Sister. "It has been noted among us, that the children of the great—those whom we distinguish, on their arrival, by the fineness of their cambric, by some shred of rich lace, or even a costly trinket placed among the clothes, as if for the very purpose of insuring future recognition—are never sought again! It may perhaps be the intention of the young and criminal mother, in whose heart the first cry of her child has just awakened the mighty consciousness of maternity, to seek it at some more auspicious moment; but with such people, the world and its conventions are all in all. Every day, every hour, serves to weaken early impressions and the impulses of nature; and the sacrifice, at first deferred to

a more convenient season, is at length wholly laid aside as romantic and unachievable. 'The child is now too old, and must have grown familiarized with low society and degrading habits. Its sphere, degraded by circumstances, has become second nature; it would be cruel to alter its condition!' argue the noble or the opulent who have been tempted to abandon their babes to our fonder care."

"And Alphonse is happier, then, than to have been nobly born?"

"Far happier; for his parents are willing to profit by the first glimpse of sunshine visiting their destiny, to reknit the broken ties of outraged nature. I myself was the Sister who happened to receive that boy in the *parloir*, on his first admittance. I remember it well—a raw night in November; and, even close beside the stove allowed us to sit up by during the winter, the coldness of the night air was hard to bear. And when the ringing of the bell announced to me that a babe was deposited, and I rose to receive the poor little bantling into my arms, so distinctly did I hear the sobs and wailing of the woman who had brought it to the *hospice*, and who stood loitering and bemoaning herself beneath the window, that somehow or other I could not but ask leave from the porter to open the gate (though contrary to all our rules and regulations), and admit her into the *parloir*. Poor soul! chilly and bleak as was the weather, she had but the thinnest and scantiest rags to cover her;—it was plain that she had bestowed the best of her wardrobe upon the child! And down she went on her knees to thank me for allowing her to look upon its little face again, begging only permission to pass the remainder of the night with me in my watch—the last night it would be given her to bestow her tending upon her babe!"

"Poor creature!—Poor and miserable mother!"

"Poor and miserable, indeed!—I protest to you that it chilled the very heart within me to see her skinny hands outspread to caress the little rosy urchin which God and nature had nourished; and when, with the tears rolling down her wasted cheeks, she asked leave (on seeing me prepare food for the infant) to try and bestow on it once more the blessing of its mother's milk, I fed the half-starved woman with the simple nutriment prepared for our foundlings, and almost trembled when I saw her devour it like one who had well nigh forgotten the taste of food!—"But for this," said she, "but that I have no longer nourishment to give my child, God be my witness, I would never have abandoned it. I could not see it die!" You may believe, Sir, that I strove to reconcile her to the resolution she had taken!"

"And to re-assure her as to the treatment awaiting her babe. And yet, I doubt whether you can have found words to reply to all the questions she must have asked, or satisfy the misgivings that disturbed a mother's mind?"

"You may well say so! Long as was that dreary winter's night, it scarcely sufficed for me to listen to all her charges—all her entreaties. And when morning began to dawn and it became necessary to prepare for removing the little creature into a vacant cradle in the dormitory, the kisses bestowed by that unhappy woman on the cheeks, forehead, hands, feet, of her own and only, would have melted a heart of iron. She seemed as if admiring its beauties for the first time; coned over its little limbs as if impressing its image indelibly in her mind; pressed it to her wasted breast, clung to it, clasped it, till I was fain to force her to quit the *hospice*, before the superiors were astir, from whom I might have experienced a severe rebuke for the unauthorized indulgence I had granted her."

"They could not have found the heart to rebuke such an exercise of Christian mercy! How could you have acted otherwise?"

"The regulations of our house are peremptory," replied the nun. "Every infringement is an error. For that time, however, I escaped without chastisement; and merely submitted myself to the voluntary penance of rising two hours earlier than usual for thirty following mornings, as an expiation of my faults."

"Faults!" we irresistibly exclaimed.

But at that moment a young *sœur converse* entering the warbrobe, with a light step and joyous countenance, whispered something to our conductress, and taking little Alphonse by the hand, was about to lead him away.

"Stay a little, *Sœur Agnes*," interposed my pious companion; and the eager parting embraces which Rosalie rushed forward to bestow on her companion, favoured the project of delay. "Have the young couple affixed their signature to the registers in the Chancery?—have all the necessary forms been completed?"

"All; they are waiting impatiently for a sight of the boy."

"In a minute! I could wish that poor Manon his nurse were present at the meeting, in order to reconcile her to the loss of her nursing. She would see at once that, dearly as she has loved him, no love is like a mother's love. I, too, plead my right to witness their first interview. So return, *ma chère sœur*, and persuade them to await the child a minute in the garden; and from the windows of the refectory, this gentleman, as well as myself, may experience the gratification of beholding their joy without imposing a restraint on their presence."

It was not, however, joy unmixed we were called upon to witness. Alphonse, in his progress towards the shady avenue of embowering chestnut trees adjoining the *hospice* where his parents were invited by *Sœur Agnes* to wait his coming, had unluckily stumbled on his Norman nurse, from whom he had been that morning parted for the first time. To talk to him of father or mother, at such a moment, was like prating of kings or queens! To *him*, the name of parents was an empty sound—for he had been an abandoned child—a *foundling*. Manon—his good Manon—his dear Manon—his *Maman* Manon,—was all in all to Alphonse; and, attaching himself to her apron, he stoutly refused to be separated from her, or to follow the guidance of Sister Agnes. There was but one remedy; Manon herself must become his conductress, and force him towards his parents! But this interesting altercation had unluckily passed sufficiently near them for the whole truth to become painfully apparent. The tender heart of the agitated mother was convulsed to anguish. Her disappointment was too great for her to bear; and ere her husband could step forward to her support, she rolled on the sand at his feet, with the blood gushing from her lips and nostrils!

It now became our sad task to assist in bearing the unhappy woman into the *hospice*; nor was it till after the lapse of an hour, and the most active and skilful aid on the part of the terrified sisterhood, that her senses were completely restored. To *us* the whole scene was singularly striking. It was the first time we had chanced to see the lancets wielded by a female hand; and the grave but benign demeanour of the Sisters of Charity formed a curious contrast with the voluble distress of the poor bright-faced, rude-handed, loud-voiced Norman peasant—the innocent authoress of the mischief. At our suggestion, however, the good woman withdrew from the chamber before the opening eyes of the distressed mother began to search around for her son; and Alphonse, whose little heart had been moved by the reproach of the nuns that he had inflicted pain upon his mother, no less than by the sight of her sufferings, crept towards her, and locked his hand in hers, as it hung half-lifeless from the bed on which she had been deposited.

Fortunately our carriage was in waiting at the gates of the *hospice*, and afforded a pretext of aiding in the transportation of the enfeebled woman to her own home, by which we were enabled to obtain a further insight into her strange eventful history. The road from the Rue d'Enfer to the environs of the Faubourg du Temple proved sufficiently long to give leisure for assurances of sympathy and interest, which eventually served to secure in return the confidence of the young couple. We were invited to a repetition of our accidental visit; admitted to offer advice touching the most advisable mode of winning the affections of the little foundling without inducing a sentiment of ingratitude towards the good Manon; and became, in short, part and

parcel of the family council ;—a post of honour enabling us to offer, confidentially, to our readers, the following particulars of “an over true tale” of human suffering.

Florentine Raulain was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer of Lower Brittany, and shared with one brother, a few years older than herself, the doating affection of her parents. The hereditary farm of old Raulain, situated in one of the pastoral districts of the province, was of no very considerable extent. But although it was his pleasure and pride to reside in the old rambling dwelling-houses of Franchetour, with its ill-built offices and inconvenient distribution, his chief revenues were derived from the cultivation of extensive lands, belonging to the noble house of La Tour Clairval, whose magnificent château stood within a league of the farm. It constituted, indeed, a curious characteristic in the old farmer, that the self-importance with which he announced himself to belong to one of the most ancient and independent families in the province, was scarcely secondary to that with which he manifested his subjection to the suzerainty of the Comte de Clairval ; he was as proud of declaring himself the chief tenant of the great loyalist lord of that part of the country, as of being the proprietor of Franchetour. It was true he had many motives for triumph in his servitude and its results. At the period of the first Revolution, Victor Raulain, then a stout young man of five-and-twenty, and possessed of considerable influence in the neighbourhood, had done much to preserve the Château de Clairval from pillage and destruction ; and after the execution of the old Count, and the emigration of his family, had even become a sort of *fidei-commis*, the ostensible purchaser of the Clairval estates, when they were confiscated and sold as national property ; and the manner in which this delicate trust had been executed, and eventually given up on the erasure of the family name from the list of proscription, created the strongest bonds of mutual confidence between master and tenant. For it was well known that the farmer of Franchetour had not been debarred by want of means from becoming the *bonâ fide* lord of the castle and its dependencies ; and that he would have regarded it as little less than sacrilege to have trenched a single acre upon the proprietorship of ground so hallowed. The sentiment of loyalty and vassalship, supposed to be peculiar to his native province, was, in fact, remarkably developed in Raulain, although affording little distinction in the neighbourhood of Franchetour, where the Almighty in the Heavens—a Bourbon on the throne—and a Clairval at the Château La Tour,—formed, in the estimation of that simple peasantry, only progressive demonstrations of the same all-ruling Power. There Vendée-ism partook of a more than fanatic spirit. It will easily be understood that the population of such a district entertained at best but a hollow allegiance to the Imperial sway. Raulain and his wife, indeed, submitted themselves with comparative cheerfulness to the rule of one who had been the means of restoring to them the beloved Clairval family, driven forth to exile by the misrule of the Republic ; but they rejoiced to see the lords of that noble line hold themselves aloof from the court of the Tuileries, not only because it secured their residence in their native province, but as affording encouragement to the staunchness of their own Bourbonism. Nevertheless, the natural vanity of the Frenchman prevailed at times even over the loyalty of the Breton ; and there were moments when the columns of the “*Moniteur*” caused the old man’s eyes to glisten with delight while noting the lawless progress of the armies of his country over the trampled fields of foreign lands. A different view of the case presented itself, indeed, from the moment that Victor, his only son, attained the age to be included in the Imperial conscription. Not that Raulain of Franchetour lacked the means of redemption or the inclination to apply them to the purchase of a substitute ; but available *remplaçants* were becoming every day more scarce, and young Victor unluckily displayed every disposition to profit by the first opportunity that might present itself to exchange the ploughshare for the lance ; for Victor was, in fact, *un enfant de la Révolution*—born at

the moment of the great conflict between ancient abuses and moral enlightenment, so as to enjoy the benefit of its results, without having witnessed the fearful crimes accompanying the struggle; and opening his eyes for the first time to the progress of public events, at a time when the names of Marengo and Austerlitz shed a meteoric light over the history of his native country, dazzling the young, and misleading the unwary. Over the mind of the young aspirant, accordingly, the supremacy of the Château de Clairval, and the influence of the family obtained but limited consideration; and it was a blind reliance on the part of the old farmer which induced him to hope that, in the event of an unlucky number falling to the share of his boy, the remonstrances of the Comte de Clairval would suffice to induce Victor's acceptance of a *remplaçant* at a cost severely injurious to the interests of his family.

Victor, on the contrary, had long been weary of the monotonous obscurity of his destinies, and impatient of the abject subjection of his parents to the magnet of the district; for the Comte de Clairval, one of the emptiest and vainest of mankind, blindly unconscious of the progress of intellectual enlightenment operating around him, continued to exact from his tenants the same Helot-like homage as from his domestic servants, and from his domestic servants the sycophantic servility of slaves. Even over the Raulains, who, although occupants of a portion of his lands, were wholly independent, he affected to exercise the authority of the *ancien seigneur de village*; and Victor's heart swelled indignantly within him when at length he beheld the unmeaning arrogance of the Count aped by his sons and daughters—when he found himself treated as a clod of the valley by Count Amédée, a youth of his own age—or saw his pretty sister, Florentine, exposed to the cold derision of the daughters of the house of La Tour Clairval.

The results of this irritation of spirit were more natural than commendable. Victor, who for once had submitted to the decree of his father, and having been drawn a conscript, accepted a substitute, would not hear of a second pecuniary sacrifice when, three years afterwards, a black number fell once more to his lot. "There is a fate in this!" was his involuntary exclamation when the result of the *tirage* was declared. "My fortunes evidently lie in the field of battle—the vicissitudes of a soldier's career will better suit this impetuous spirit of mine than the monotonous dronery of rural life; and many are the things which convince me that, should I remain at Franchetour, serious altercations might arise betwixt myself and my father;—this time, therefore, be the chance upon my head!" And without periling the resolution he had taken, by an interview with his family, or so much as obeying the commands of the Count de la Tour Clairval, that he would instantly repair to the château to be lectured, hectorred, and reprimanded, away went Victor Raulain—staff in hand, and a cockade in his cap, to attend the general muster at the *chef lieu* of the department; and, lo! within three months of the day productive of so many tears at Franchetour, and such an outbreak of indignation at the château, Victor received his first wound on the banks of the "dark-rolling Danube!"

Meanwhile, of those whom he had left behind, Florentine was the most to be pitied. His father and mother were greatly incensed by his departure; more especially on account of the insubordination that had been evinced by the young conscript against the authority of the descendant of the patron of his forefathers, but his sister was afflicted by his absence. He was, in fact, her friend—her sole solace and companion. Victor not only possessed an intelligent and aspiring frame of mind, but had been permitted by his father to acquire some smattering of scholarship at the *Lycée* of Rennes, (in order to conduct the business of the farm on a more regular system than old Raulain's ignorance had hitherto introduced,) where he had contrived to turn his time sufficiently to account, to overstep the vulgar limits of knowledge tacitly assigned him by his parents. He was even enabled, on his return to Franchetour, to extend to his young sister some portion of his

recent acquirements, and Florentine, hitherto restricted to the domestic avocations which had formed the business of her mother's life of drudgery—the dairy-work, and spinning and bleaching of the farm—had the happiness of owing her first rudiments of education to the brother whom she loved. Nor were the old people jealous of the time she bestowed on her books, and which she took care they should have no reason to miss from the execution of her customary tasks. But now the indulgent preceptor, the kind companion, was gone; and Florentine was left alone to her apprehensions for his safety—to the murmurs of her parents against his unfilial wilfulness, as well as to the contumely of the family of Clairval; for it soon appeared that the Countess and her two daughters were as much disposed to resent the presumption of their farmer's daughter in learning to read and write, as the baseness of Victor Raulain in devoting his services to the government of Napoleon Buonaparte.

It afforded at least some comfort to the dispirited girl, that her brother did not devote them without effect. In the course of his first campaign, young Raulain had an opportunity of distinguishing himself under the eye of the Emperor; in the second, he had the happy fortune of obtaining *la croix des braves*; and Florentine felt herself armed against the cold looks and haughty interrogations of the ladies of the château, when they visited the farm to bargain for fresh honeycomb, and demand what news of the conscript. Other vexations, however, were in store for her. A son of the house-steward of the Comte de Clairval, smitten perhaps no less with her excellent qualifications as a thrifty housewife than with her pretty face and promised dower, thought proper to demand her hand in marriage; and as the Clairval family deigned to support his suit, the old farmer gave a conditional assent to the proposals of Prosper Anguié. But Florentine happened to entertain strong prejudices against this pretender to her hand. Previous to Victor's departure, her brother had repeatedly pointed him out to her abhorrence, as dissolute, violent, and vindictive; and there was a betrayal of ferocity in the glances of his eye, which overpowered her timid nature with vague apprehensions. It was unnecessary to disguise from parents so kind, either her aversion, or its motives; but old Raulain, unwilling to offend his patrons at the château by an absolute rejection of their protégé, contented himself with pleading Florentine's youth and general objections to matrimony; granting permission, meanwhile, to Prosper to attempt the courtship, on condition that if, within a twelvemonth, he did not succeed in overcoming her repugnance, he would quietly abjure his pretensions.

Prosper Anguié, his father and friends, smiled while they listened to these terms; for the young man was, without question, the gayest, best-looking, best-dressed, and best-mannered suitor likely to fall to the share of the fastidious damsel of Franchetour; and none of them doubted, and least of all the hero of the romance, but that within the given period Florentine Raulain would surrender herself at discretion to be the bride of her self-sufficient admirer.

Circumstances, indeed, appeared to favour their view of the case. Prosper, aware how much his chance of securing the hand of the co-heiress of the wealthy Breton farmer depended on the steadiness of his conduct and mildness of his demeanour during his year of probation, assumed a virtue where he had it not; laid aside, or seemed to lay aside, his habits of dissipation and impetuosities of temper, and, instead of being heard of at *fêtes* and fairs as a brawler in wine-houses, or dicer in booths, was found seated, evening after evening during the winter, within the vast chimney-corner of Franchetour; or, during the summer, amused himself with pruning the luxuriant shoots of the vines overhanging the trellice of a garden-seat known by the name of Florentine's bower. All this was flattering enough; and the fair object of his worship began to fear that she should no longer find reasonable objections to a suitor who, she knew not why, still remained personally distasteful to her. But when Prosper, finding his sighs and glances,

his courtesies and attentions, insufficient to achieve the conquest to which he had devoted himself, he wisely hit upon a last resource, which succeeded beyond his utmost expectations. He made it the business of his life to procure the earliest and most ample information concerning the movements of the grand army, more especially concerning the detachment in which Victor Raulain was serving; and scarcely a week passed but he contrived to bring tidings to the farm, gratifying to the pride, or soothing to the terrors of Florentine and her family.

Nevertheless, his evil genius still prevailed. He could not bring himself to record *all* the good he heard of the character and conduct of a man whose enmity towards himself he suspected, and with reason, to be the origin of the protraction of his suit; and very seldom could he be induced to win the heartfelt thanks and glowing smile of Florentine for his tidings of the prowess of her beloved brother, without attempting to dim the lustre of Victor's feats by anecdotes of the superior heroism of one of his brother soldiers, a certain Alphonse Déricourt—the very Bayard of worsted-lace—on whom the Emperor had bestowed, on the field of battle, a decoration taken from his own breast. But though Florentine listened grudgingly to these recitals of the valour of a stranger placed in envious comparison with that of her beloved brother, she was grateful for circumstantial details which she could not otherwise obtain. She loved to hear of the marchings and countermarchings of the division in which Victor was included—of the renown of the generals under whom he served—of the position assigned them in the ranks of the *grande armée*—till at length she began to forgive the said Alphonse Déricourt the fame which seemed to be in some measure shared by her brother; and to feel gratefully and almost affectionately inclined towards the bringer of glad tidings.

She taught herself to smile upon Prosper in return for his intelligence, and began to rejoice whenever she caught a glimpse of his person entering the arched gateway of the farm.

This gradual change of feeling towards him did not, however, operate advantageously on the conduct of one whose character was still unaltered. Already weary of the self-denial he had imposed on himself, young Anguier returned to his original habits of libertinism; at first secretly and with measure, but not without the usual evil consequences attendant on such relapses. His idle companions, pleased to win him back after a pitiful or simulated reformation, exerted themselves to the utmost to render his former ways, ways of added pleasantness, involved him in a thousand follies, and soon inspired him with new vices and wilder wickedness. Still, through all his indiscretions, Prosper was cautious to keep up appearances at the farm: however his nights might pass, he was careful that a portion of every day should be devoted, as usual, to Florentine and Franchetour; and that his misdemeanour should be perpetrated only in presence of those who entertained no connexion with the Raulain family. He knew it to be the interest of many of his associates to whom he owed considerable sums of money, to guard from the suspicions of his future father-in-law the fact that he was a gambler, a drunkard, and a brawler, and doubted not that his personal influence was now sufficiently established to secure his prosperous marriage; part of Florentine's dowry being already devoted to the payment of his debts, and speculations being entertained among the ruffians, his companions, concerning the remaining moiety of old Raulain's property, which the chances of war were so likely to throw into the hands of her husband. For the disasters of the imperial army were now, in spite of the deceptions bulletins of government, becoming generally discussed; and the calamities of the Russian campaign had for some time past driven sleep from the pillow of Florentine Raulain, and peace from the hearthside of Franchetour. At length, from bad to worse, the *very* worst brought consolation: the imperial eagle fell to the earth—lost, though not dishonoured. And the last tidings of the army brought by Prosper to the farm announced Napoleon to be a

captive, the allies to be triumphant in the capital, and the family of Clairval off to the Pas de Calais, to welcome back the Bourbons to the throne of France. It was a mingled yarn, but good seemed to preponderate; for Victor might now be expected home again, and a letter in his own handwriting soon certified the fact that his furlough was obtained, and that he might shortly be expected in Bretagne. From that moment, half poor Florentine's days were passed on a green hill-side overlooking the high road, from whence she hoped to be the first to note the arrival of her brother.

And the first she was! Hers was the first ear that caught the well-known tones of his manly voice, measuring his footsteps on the causeway by the refrain of a military air; while, with his knapsack on his shoulder, and his *bonnet de police* stuck gallantly on his head, he took his way towards Franchetour from the *Croix de St. Marthe*, where he had been deposited by the diligence de Rennes. But she was amazed to perceive that Victor was not alone; although superior in fortune and condition to the majority of his comrades, she knew he was the last man on earth to affect the enervate appendage of a serving-man; nor was the figure by which he was accompanied by any means characteristic of a degree inferior to his own. But she gave herself no time to ponder on the case; with the swiftness of a roe, Florentine fled down the hill-side, and amid mutual exclamations of "My sister!" "My dear brother!" was locked in the arms of Victor. At last came the moment of explanation, and "My friend Alphonse Déricourt, who has come to pass a month with us at the old farm," served as sufficient interpretation of the mystery.

Who now so happy as the family at Franchetour? Even the old farmer was willing to pardon the former petulance of his boy, while he listened to the recitals of the two young soldiers, and began to fancy that the eagle might have formed as exciting a national emblem as the *fleur de lis* and the *drapeau blanc*; more particularly when young Victor half assented to his proposition that, should the peace prove permanent, his discharge should be purchased by a substitute, that he might return to settle at once in the bosom of his family. For Victor Raulain, amid the perils and hazards, the crosses and vexations of a soldier's life, had almost forgotten the minor annoyance derivable from the influence of the Clairval family; and had so long been comparatively independent, as scarcely to apprehend that his thriving and happy family could still remain subjected to little less than feudal tyranny.

It was not till the return of evening brought the arrival of Prosper Anguié; and a single glance of the eyes, now habituated to scan and scrutinize the ways of man and woman, assured Victor that the son of the Clairval *maître d'hôtel* came not only as a lover, but as a lover was received, and a cloud gathered upon the brow of the young soldier. He had cherished other hopes—other views for his sister; had more than once whispered to Alphonse in the hour of cheer succeeding the hour of danger, "Thou, and thou only, shalt be the husband of Florentine;" nor could he now refrain from seizing the earliest opportunity to take her apart and question her how it had chanced that, after all his warnings, she should have ventured to pledge her affections to a libertine such as Anguié? Prosper, too, could not have been seen in a less favourable light than on the evening in question. To behold a stranger—a young and handsome stranger, installed under Raulain's roof, was naturally irritating to his feelings; but the discovery that the interloper was none other than the Alphonse Déricourt, so often the subject of his enthusiastic encomiums, filled him with distrust and consternation. Already he discerned a rival, and a rival favoured by Victor, in the fine, frank, open-hearted hussar; and turned aside, gloomy and unrejoicing, when he saw all beside gladsome and gay at Franchetour.

There is nothing so difficult, so impossible, as for the ungenerous and artful to enter into the impulses of an honourable and ingenuous nature;

Had Prosper, on discovering the unabated dislike of his future brother-in-law, addressed him with spirit and candour, saying, "Such and such I was when you quitted the country; but time has wrought a change in my character, and should I be so happy as to become the husband of Florentine all shall be well in our household, and orderly in our career. Give me your hand, Victor, and think better of your future brother,"—the prejudices of young Raulain would have given way before the frankness of the appeal; but Prosper was deeply conscious that time had wrought no revolution in his character, and, dreading the clear-sighted investigations of a brother's love, chose to envelop his intentions in sullen silence, where he could not hope to win by conciliation.

The morrow came, and even the devoted vassal was disgusted by the airs of disdain with which the household of the Comte de la Tour-Clairval saw fit to mark their consciousness of the return of his son. He felt that Victor was covered with the scars of honourable wounds received in the defence of his country; and for a moment rose so far superior to his prejudices, as to assert that it mattered little under what ensign of victory the distinction had been achieved. He even turned a deaf, or scornful ear to the inquiry of the elder Anguié—the grey-headed steward—whether it was his intention to convert Franchetour into a barrack for the invalided minions of the Corsican; and on the query being reiterated, sternly replied that "Alphonse Déricourt was neither an invalid nor a minion, but a gallant soldier, the chosen friend of his only son."

"And it may be the future husband of your only daughter," sneered the intendant.

"That's as she herself decides!" replied the old man, unblenchingly. But although he did not choose the arrogant Anguié to discern the discomfiture which such an insinuation had produced in his mind, it must be owned that, on that day, he regarded with less than his usual complaisance the handsome friend of Victor seated beside his domestic board. He said not a word, however, indicative of so inhospitable a sentiment; and if moved to reply with petulance to certain comments hazarded by Alphonse on the shark-like eagerness of the Clairval family in following the vessel of the state, now that a share of its pelf and provisions was likely to be appropriated to their rapacity, he did not avoid, even to himself, the motive of his ill-humour. He might have been as discourteous as he chose, and Alphonse would have heeded it not; for he felt that already Florentine smiled upon him; already saw in him all she had dreamed of as most attractive in a lover—most endearing in a husband. He was Victor himself, Victor, less rough, less irritable; he was Victor's friend too, her father's guest, and soon her own infatuated adorer. To avow his attachment, even to her brother, however, was out of the question; for old Raulain made no secret of his engagements with Prosper Anguié; and as Florentine had at present uttered no declaration of her intentions to profit by her father's sanction, and discard, at the close of the twelve months of probation, the suitor who, in the course of the first six months, had undoubtedly made some advances in her favour, delicacy sealed the lips of all parties concerned. The farmer, meanwhile, did not interfere to prevent his daughter accompanying the two friends when they proceeded on their fishing expeditions by the side of those bright brooks intersecting the shady pastures of the neighbourhood of Franchetour; and Florentine and Alphonse often sat together under the hazel-bushes, listening to the thrush and blackbird, or watching the silent progress of the blossomy summer hours, while Victor reckoned, with triumphant pride, the weight of his basket of trout or grayling, apparently satisfied that his friend was reciting the hair-breadth 'scapes of their mutual campaigns, and his sister (like the gentle lady wedded to the Moor), seriously inclining her ear to listen. And when, on their return homewards, between the green thickets of the *bocage*, the lovers lingered together, behind, and out of Victor's sight, he did not trouble himself to turn and seek them, but pa-

tiently awaited their coming up to join him; concluding that they were amusing themselves gathering from the thorn bushes the tufts of wool left there by his father's flock on their road to the pastures; or pulling down branches of pale wild honeysuckle, to adorn the brows of the lovely Florentine.

Need it be recorded that, while in the course of similar expeditions, the friendship of the three daily strengthened and increased, the hatred of the all but defeated Prosper Anguié grew darker and more vindictive. At first he attempted to mingle in their sports and pleasures, but soon found himself utterly repulsed by the indifference of their demeanour; and the fourth of a *partie quarrée*, of which three members alone are congenial to each other, has assuredly a part to play, far beyond the patience of a man unaccustomed to control his irregularities of temper. At the farm, and under the sanction of the elder Raulain, he enjoyed greater advantages; and, still treated by the father and mother as the affianced lover of their daughter, sometimes ventured on words and looks addressed to Florentine, which provoked against himself words and looks of a far less gentle nature on the part of Alphonse Déricourt.

It was in the course of one of these evening re-unions, when one or two neighbours had been united at Franchetour in commemoration of the Vigil of St. Roch, a popular patron of that part of the country, whose fête was to be duly celebrated in the little town of Beauchâtel, at two leagues distance from the farm, on the following day, that old Raulain happened to let fall a word or two expressive of his reliance on the completion of his daughter's engagements with Anguié's son, at the close of the year; Prosper himself was not present at the moment of this startling declaration, which was doubtless intended as a word of warning to the presumptuous young soldier, who, in spite of his frank avowals of poverty, was evidently beginning to cherish hopes of obtaining the hand and affections of Florentine. Not a word, however, did Alphonse hazard expressive of surprise or disappointment; but, though waiting a calmer hour to appeal to the friendship of Victor, and the tender mercies of his father, his vexation found vent in a different channel. Above the baseness of breathing an insinuation against the absent Prosper, he took upon himself a soldier's privilege of pledging a health to the Captain of Elba, of deriding Bourbons and Bourbonists; and, above all, of including in his sneers the house of La Tour-Clairval, and its magnifico of a steward. Heated by the convivialities of the evening, no less than by the unexpected hint of old Raulain, he was not to be silenced by the remonstrances of Victor, the entreaties of Florentine, or the angry gestures of the guests. Even when the farmer harshly commanded him to silence, and bade him remember in whose presence he was standing, it was not till still more angry words had passed between himself and Victor (who felt compelled to stand forth the champion of his father), that the intemperate lover could be induced to hold his peace.

The scene was a painful one to all parties. But on the following morning the two friends were to set forth together, to the town of Beauchâtel, to assist in the celebration of the fête; and, before their departure, Victor voluntarily pledged himself to his father and mother, and above all, to Florentine, that he would profit by their excursion, to hold a conversation with Déricourt likely to preclude all possibility of a recurrence of his offence. The bright sun of an early autumnal morning shone upon the two friends as they issued forth together from the farm; and Florentine and her mother stood at the gate, nodding and greeting till they were out of sight.

Towards evening both stood there again, looking out smilingly and confidently for their return; for the mother and daughter having declined taking part in the day's amusements, the two young men had mutually agreed to rest contented with the enjoyment of the morning's diversions, a *fête sur l'eau* on the Loire, foot-races, *mâts de cocagne*, and similar pastimes, without absenting themselves from Franchetour for the sake of

the evening dance. But it seemed that their resolutions had been ill-
 fortified; for twilight came, and yet they lingered; and night closed in, and
 still they were away. Florentine grew uneasy, but said nothing; while old
 Raulain, without experiencing a moment's uneasiness, found much to say;
 blaming his son for his love of idle dissipation, and blaming Alphonse as
 the misleader of his son. It was in vain that Florentine kept protesting the
 next, the *very* next, would bring them back. The usual hour of rest ar-
 rived, but no revellers from the fair of Beauchâtel; and Raulain, as he
 passed into his bed-room for the night, turned towards his daughter, to
 observe, with significant petulance,—“So much as you have always found to
 urge against Prosper Anguié's love of wassailing, admire now this soldier,
 for whom you would desert him; he is at heart a greater libertine!”
 And Florentine found not a word to utter in reply; for she was weeping
 bitterly.

The next morning, before daybreak, she was again at the gate, peering
 out with swollen eyes through the dim twilight; for still were the truants
 absent from the farm. Not a soul, however, was visible on the deserted
 road, nor was there a foot-print on the untrodden dust. She looked again
 and again, till her eyes were strained to blindness, but again and again in
 vain; when at last she discerned the sound of coming voices on the air, and
 saw at a distance the shadow of advancing figures; but not, alas! the two
 she watched for, nor any twain were there. It was a crowd, a trampling and
 dense multitude that approached the farm—some talking, others weeping;
 and four among the throng, four strong men in the midst, bearing forward a
 dark and heavy object. The young girl closed those eyes so long overstrained
 to watch;—she dreaded, she knew not what;—she trembled, she knew not
 why;—grew faint, and clung, she knew not where;—and, at length, faltered
 a wild inquiry for explanation, she knew not unto whom.

But the words uttered in reply were equally incoherent, equally incon-
 clusive in her ears; for, although they distinctly asseverated, “Behold, we
 bring home the body of Victor thy brother, who has been slain on the hill-
 side; and Alphonse Déricourt, the murderer, is in custody for the crime.”
 Florentine had no belief for assertions so extravagant.

Why linger out the tale of horror? The mangled body of the dead had
 been already examined by the officers of justice; and Alphonse, on strong
 grounds of suspicion was about to be consigned to the dungeons of Rennes.
 It was subsequently proved that, in the presence of several witnesses, a
 quarrel had arisen, the preceding evening, between the parties. It was ad-
 mitted by the afflicted parents that Victor had expressed, on quitting home,
 an intention to address to his comrade, in the course of the day, the strongest
 remonstrances upon his conduct; and finally avouched by several strangers
 who had borne them company at the fête, that, at the very moment of leaving
 Beauchâtel, an altercation had been heard to arise,—Victor being disposed
 to remain, and join in the dance, Alphonse angrily reminding him of his
 engagements with his mother and sister. Yet even these differences scarcely
 seemed to afford sufficient motive for a deed so deadly. Who else, however,
 was taxable with the crime? Victor was beloved of all—had never incurred
 the ill-will of mortal man; and scarcely a moment's attention was given to
 the declarations of Alphonse, on being taken into custody near the fatal
 spot, that himself and his friend were traversing a straggling thicket of
 maple-trees the preceding night, about half-way between Beauchâtel and
 the farm, when, being nearly fifty yards in the rear, he was alarmed by a
 sudden outcry; and on pushing forwards to the spot, discerned Victor strug-
 gling with a strange antagonist, whose person the darkness of the night did
 not permit him to reconnoitre; that, at the same moment, a sudden blow
 felled him to the earth, where he lay, stunned and insensible, till within a
 few minutes of the arrival of those stragglers from the fête of Beauchâtel,
 who, returning home after their revels, had been the first to discover the
 assassination, and summon to the spot the officers of justice.

"And have you no suspicion," inquired the *chef de gendarmerie* by whom the *procès verbal* of these details was taken down, "concerning the person whom you state to have been guilty of the assault on the deceased?"

"A strong suspicion," replied Alphonse. "But mere suspicion warrants me not in proclaiming the name of a man who, after all, may be innocent as myself of the crime imputed."

"Nevertheless," argued the gendarme, "the mere avowal of your suspicions would do nothing to criminate an innocent person; and, for the satisfaction of the family of the deceased—of his father, mother, sister—no less than to forward the ends of justice, it becomes your duty to make a clear confession. An *alibi* were easily proved by any man *really* unengaged in the transaction. Speak, therefore, for innocence and conscience sake.—Whom do you suspect as the perpetrator of the crime of which you stand accused?"

"I suspect Prosper Anguié, son to the intendant of the Comte de Clairval, and a pretender to the hand of the sister of the deceased," replied the prisoner, in a firm voice.

"Say, rather, the affianced husband of Florentine Raulain," cried several voices from the crowd.

"I say a *pretender* to her hand," persisted Alphonse.

"A pretender who will shortly be her bridegroom," retorted the same voices.

"Never!" replied the prisoner, in an indignant, but solemn tone.

"Nevertheless, I am advised that the trothplight of the young people has been sanctioned by old Raulain and his wife," resumed the officer, who had inducements of his own for wishing to probe the feelings of the accused; "and, in spite of your recent denunciations, the cowardly assassination which has rendered Florentine Raulain sole heiress to the lands of Franchetour may serve to postpone, but will not impede, the marriage."

"Not if there be faith on earth, or trust in Heaven!" exclaimed Déricourt, tormented beyond his power of self-restraint; "since Florentine is already my wife, by all but legal ties."

"Say you so?" retorted the man in office, with a triumphant smile. "Then yourself, and yourself only, could be interested in devising the death of her brother. Out of your own mouth have I convicted you!"

And, handcuffed as a malefactor, and pursued by the hootings of the crowd, Alphonse Déricourt was now carried off to Rennes by a troop of gendarmerie; while the body of the victim so treacherously cut off was consigned to an untimely grave, mourned by the whole population of the district; for they felt that the young, the brave, the gladsome Victor should either have survived to fill his father's place among them, or have fallen, in all honour, upon one of those mighty fields of victory, where his foot was so firm in the stirrup, and his arm so strong in the defence of his country.

Few, however, among the sympathizing neighbours ventured to draw near to Franchetour, and condole with the bereaved parents; for it was already rumoured that the Raulains were undergoing other afflictions, in addition to the loss of their son, and that the farmer had been heard to say he would far rather have been doomed to lay the head of Florentine beside that of her brother in the grave, than learn of her all he had learned, or anticipate for her all he was forced to anticipate.

Meanwhile the epoch for Déricourt's trial approached; and—none knew how or wherefore—in proportion as the day drew near, a report gathered strength in the country that Prosper Anguié, on the night of the murder, had been traced to the vicinity of the fatal spot, and been seen quitting it at an early hour of the morning, with ghastly looks and disordered attire; for, from the moment it had become known at Beauchâtel that Florentine had declared to her parents a determination to stand by her engagement to the prisoner of Rennes, and her conviction of his innocence, the ruffian associates of the intendant's son made no scruple of attacking him with

taunts and menaces, which soon rendered it clear that his only chance of safety lay in precipitate departure from the country. With this view he had already reached Nantes, intending to take his passage in the first outward-bound merchant-vessel. But the mischief was already done: a public inquiry had followed his furtive departure; and the fugitive was arrested under circumstances adding fearfully to the amount of suspicion already amassed against him.

Now, therefore, for the first time, it was judged necessary, by his family and friends, to acquaint the Comte de la Tour-Clairval with the catastrophe which had occurred upon his estate, and its still impending results; and however unimportant the doughty suzerain might have considered the annihilation of a clod of his native valley arrayed in the livery of the usurper, or even the execution of a fellow-malignant—at once his comrade and assassin—the Count thought proper to interfere, now that one of the retainers of his own household was implicated in the accusation. Engrossed as he was by his paramount duties of courtiership at the Tuileries, he took post immediately for Bretagne; made it his business to solicit the suffrage of the judges of the criminal tribunal at Rennes, as if the matter were one of avowed favour, rather than of evidence and conviction; and succeeded in procuring the promise of old Raulain to appear in court as witness for the prosecution against Alphonse Déricourt, against whom the old man now entertained, on other grounds, feelings of the most deadly enmity.

With Florentine, however, the Comte de Clairval was less successful: neither his threats, his insults, nor his cajolements availed to shake her conviction of Déricourt's innocence, or her determination to become his wife, should his life be spared. However the fair fame of her lover might be tarnished,—however harshly her father might eject her from his roof, or alienate from her his inheritance,—she determined that no earthly consideration should deter her from bestowing her hand where she had already bestowed her heart, and more, alas! than her heart. On the day, therefore, when, arrayed in all his pomp, and sanctified by that odour of favouritism which, in the Bourbonized city of a thrice Bourbonized province, breathed its pernicious influence even over the purple of the church and the ermined mantle of the law, the Comte de la Tour-Clairval scrupled not to come forward in support of the crimes of his servant's son, without regard to the fate awaiting a fellow-creature, whose innocence lacked only the illustration of similar protection to become manifest,—the sister of the murdered man came forward, in humble widow's weeds, sole witness in favour of the accused, to attest the enmity existing between Prosper Anguic and her brother, and the repeated warnings given her by the latter against the vindictive character of the pretender to her hand. And when, in spite of all her asseverations, and of evidence which, in less prejudiced cases, would have sounded trumpet-tongued in favour of Alphonse and condemnation of Anguic, the soldier of Napoleon's wars was condemned to twelve hours of the exposure of the *carcan*, and seven years' hard labour at the galleys, Florentine—unsubdued, unabashed—made known her intention to follow the victim in his fortunes, and to atone, by her staunch affection, for the injustice of man, and the severity of Divine Providence. Already she had attained her majority; her parents could only close their doors and hearts against her, and cast her off for ever. And while the beloved of her soul, the brother in arms of her lost Victor, stood beneath the branding iron, exposed to the derision of multitudes, on a public scaffold, the unhappy girl was ever in his sight, cheering him from afar off with her mild voice; till, at every word of endearment, the tones grew fainter and fainter; and at length she was borne senseless into a guardhouse, from the crowded market-place of Rennes.

And this was Florentine of Franchetour,—so young, so fair, so delicate—so tenderly cared for in her household home—so guarded round, from her youth upwards, with love and watchfulness! But she had hazarded all upon

the tie of that first and unalterable attachment; had periled more than the whole world could repay; had broken, for the sake of Alphonse, all earthly bonds—all human considerations; and now she must abide by the issue—must follow him to infamy—must labour for him, and watch and wait, to supply him with those assuagements of his bitter sentence which she soon beheld the wives—ay, and the mistresses—of his fellow-convicts supply, at stated intervals, to the chain-bound malefactors of the gauleys.

She *did* labour—she did watch—she did wait;—only when the period arrived for the birth of her child—her child of sorrow and shame—she obeyed the injunctions of the *galérien*, and made her way to the abode of his poor parents in the capital, so that his babe might see the light under the roof which had sheltered his birth, and find protection in case of her falling a sacrifice to protracted wretchedness and long privation.

And it was on the very eve of Florentine's return to Brest that she had wandered forth, in utter despair, to commit her child to the guardianship of the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*! She had not found courage, amid all her fortitude, to see it grow up to consciousness among the vile and degraded beings with whom she had compelled herself to associate, and in anguish of spirit had torn herself from the child; in patient humility submitted to the coldness, and even reproaches, of a family who regarded her as in some measure the cause of the misfortunes of their son; and at length begged her way back to Brest, prepared to linger out with him, in shame and destitution, the remaining period of his condemnation. To her parents she had already sued in vain for pardon and pity. The old people hardened their hearts against a castaway who clung to the bosom of one whom they believed to be the assassin of their son; and though smiles never visited their furrowed faces, nor the sound of joy their desolate abode, plenty was at their board, and warmth by their fireside; while Florentine was ready to perish for lack of fire and food.

Meanwhile, Prosper Anguié, promoted by the interest of the family of Clairval, obtained an official appointment on the northern frontier of France, and was heard of at distant intervals in the neighbourhood of Beauchâtel, as not only prosperous, but reclaimed from the evil courses of his youth. By some strange vicissitude, the funds amassed by his father had suddenly disappeared about the period of the trial of Alphonse Déricourt, and many hinted that they had been sacrificed to the suborning of witnesses; while some asserted that they had been simply melted away by old Anguié in the conscientious discharge of debts incurred by a libertine son. Certain it was that the old man died poor—a pensioner on the bounties of the Count; but Prosper was otherwise provided for, and soon became the founder of fortunes of his own. His utmost thriving, however, remained unenvied of Alphonse and Florentine, convinced, as they were, that the stain of blood was upon his hand, and that God, in his own good time, would deal upon the offender the vengeance of repayment.

Nor was their confidence misplaced in the eternal justice of the Judge of judges! About a year previous to the expiration of Déricourt's term of sentence, the attention of the tribunals of Arras was directed to the deposition of two strangers against their long-respected *chef d'octroi-municipal*, Monsieur Anguié,—a deposition of so serious a nature, as to necessitate his being committed to prison to take his trial for *murder*! On *this* occasion, conclusive evidence was not wanting; nor were the ends of justice frustrated by an overweening local influence. It appeared that two of the former wild associates of the intendant's son—the confidants, if not the accomplices, of his offences, having at length outworn even the prodigality with which he was compelled to bribe their silence, had visited him at Arras, and out-taunted his patience; till Anguié, considering himself secure in the good name he had established, and the length of time which had elapsed since the condemnation of Déricourt, ventured on open defiance.

A quarrel ensued; witnesses of the affray unhappily rushed in; when enough transpired to necessitate a second trial, and ensure the eventual condemnation of the real offender.

Alphonse and the devoted Florentine now reaped the full reward of their sufferings, in the joy with which they were welcomed back to the scene of their former humiliations. Her parents were still alive;—her former associates faithful to the memory of her early excellence. The second—the *legal*—marriage of the young couple was solemnized in presence of half the families of the district; and when, at the age of seven-and-twenty, Florentine Déricourt knelt down before her grey-headed father, to ask his benediction upon her union, the little foundling of the *Rue d'Enfer*, who was hiding his face in his mother's gown, with one glance of his bright but tearful eyes obtained old Raulain's pardon for the disobedience of his exemplary daughter.

All now is happiness at Franchetour. But when her familiar friends pause, amid the convivialities of some cheerful evening, to congratulate Madame Déricourt on the beauty of the younger babes, now springing up around her, and the vigilance of her maternal care, Florentine is heard to reply, with a soft glance towards her devoted husband, "They are, indeed, healthful and lovely; but, believe me, they have not more careful tending than is bestowed upon the poor orphans reared for the love of mercy in the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés*."

C. F. G.

PORTRAITS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS.—NO. III.

THE ANTI-PUNSTER.

THE man who would scruple to make a pun would not hesitate to commit a burglary. Why we think so, we don't know; but we have just as much right to our opinion that there is a direct connexion between a dislike of puns and a taste for burglaries, as Dr. Johnson had to his, when he chose, most arbitrarily and alliteratively, to confound a pun perpetrated with a pocket to be picked.

The anti-punster is the incarnation of the spirit of intolerance. His aversion knows no cold medium. He has no mercy for the man who differs from him—on the point of a pun. He is a man of one idea, and that, though an odd one certainly, is no joke. His singleness of apprehension cannot stand the shock of a double-meaning. One is as much as he can manage to comprehend; and he can no more stand up against the force and confusion of two, than he could brave the discharge of a double-barrelled gun at his head. Besides, he regards a pun as a most reckless and extravagant waste of meaning. He would rather you used a word that meant nothing. "True no-meaning" does not puzzle him more than wit; and a passage that leads to nothing, affords him more profit and recreation than an insane attempt to walk in two paths at a time—

"Like to a man on double business bound,
Who both neglects."

He would infinitely prefer a stroll in the dark through grounds beset with traps and spring-guns, to joining in conversation with a punster. He resents an unprovoked quibble as a personal insult. He never called anybody out on this score, because, in his opinion, a man once convicted

of a premeditated pun has forfeited all claim to be treated as a gentleman; but he never fails to kick the offender down-stairs with his mind's foot, *Horatio*. Having discovered that his eldest son had called the cock an ornithological Cerberus—three birds at once, his throat being a swallow, and his voice a crow—he threatened to cut the culprit off with a shilling; and ascertaining that the young wag had remarked upon the difficulty of “cutting off” a son with a shilling—a shilling being undeniably “blunt”—he put his threat into execution. He sneers at *Shakspeare* as an inspired idiot; and condemns as vicious, not only in taste but in morals, the final exit of *Mercutio*, who is sent into purgatory with a pun in his mouth. You increase his disgust if you tell him that the same thing has happened on the real stage of life—that *Elliston's* ending was even as that of *Mercutio*, whom he had so often represented—that when, an hour or two before the parting of soul and body, the patient's head was raised on his pillow, and, to seduce him into taking one more hopeless spoonful of medicine, he was told that “he should wash it down with half a glass of his brown sherry”—that even then the actor's glazed eye brightened under the influence of the ruling passion, as he articulated with almost moveless lips, “*Bri-be-ry—and—Cor-rup-tion!*”

Nothing incenses the anti-punster so much, as detecting in a distaste to puns an incapacity for making them. Charge him with that, and he will immediately prove himself incapable by offering proof of capacity. He can neither make a genuine good pun, which is a good thing—nor a shocking bad one, which is a better. Whatever he hazards is bad, to be sure—but not bad enough; it is a wretched, dull piece of impotence, wholly innocent of drollery. He has no soul for a villanous quibble—he cannot for his life make it vile enough to succeed; he has not the grasp of mind requisite to gather up two remote meanings, and compress them into a single word, which the eye rather than the tongue italicizes to the apprehension. In short, he is unconscious that the excellent and the execrable meet together upon a point which genius alone can reach; and that in the art of punning, to be good enough and bad enough are the same thing—the difficulty being as great, and the glory as unequivocal. In his attempt, therefore, he tries hard at working out a good one, and consequently fails to arrive at the proper pitch of badness. The anti-punster is an incapable; all he can do is, to take his hat because he can't take a joke. He breaks up a party, because somebody breaks a jest. He thinks he shows his sense by not relishing nonsense; and seeks credit for profound thought, by abhorring a play upon words. He carries a sneer on his lip for want of a smile.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

The penny-a-liner, like *Pope*, is “known by his style.” His fine Roman hand once seen may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling *Pope*, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is. He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style,

and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it, to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet-phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application. Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the "feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described." If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying that "they may be imagined but cannot be depicted." In reporting an incident illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the "vital spark is extinct," and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by "a monster in the human form." A thunder-storm is described as having "visited" the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the "electric fluid." A new actress "surpasses the most sanguine expectations" of the public, and exhibits talents "that have seldom been equalled, never excelled." A new book is not simply published, it "emanates from the press." On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand "open as day to melting charity," and that "take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be "far as the poles asunder;" although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase "as it were," which is an especial favourite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of title, for palpable reasons; as when he reports that "Yesterday the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, dined with," &c. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hailstones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reckoning up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the "devouring element," the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit always a hit; a good thing remains good for ever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt, he introduces in his quotations. To these he often gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally, by accident, he improves upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a specimen—

"'Tis not in mortals to *deserve* success;
But we'll do more Sempronius, we'll *command* it."

THE CREDITOR.

It has been remarked by a living writer, a moralist as well as a wit, that it is most absurdly the custom among all ranks to designate the debtor, the "poor debtor," and the "unfortunate debtor;" while, by equally general consent, the creditor is styled the "grasping," the "hard-hearted," and the "relentless." We gratefully pay in an instant to the stock of proof, that the creditor is herein infamously libelled, whether the debtor be rightfully designated or not.

We have seen many creditors; we have met them often in life—by accident; seldom by appointment, for appointments with creditors are rarely kept. And of them all, without exception, we can honestly declare that they were fellows truly worthy of giving credit—kind, sensible, polite souls, whose books it was quite a pleasure to remain in. It is really a pity to pay such people—you deprive them thereby of so many opportunities of showing their excellent qualities, and their continued claims upon your custom. Payment can only be completely justified by being coupled with a condition that you immediately run a much larger score, and take longer time. To offer them ready money is to narrow their chances of doing that which they were expressly sent into the world to do.

Such creditors have we seen, and few of any other class. Now and then you *may* find a "hard-hearted creditor," one whom a long course of prosperity has petrified—whom singular good fortune in collecting his debts easily has rendered impatient to the exception; you *may* stumble occasionally on a "relentless" creditor—one who would rather receive a small part of his account than fifty excuses—who has no taste for ingenious evasions—who actually expects you not merely to make a promise, but to keep it—who stupidly supposes that you are to pay him because the money is due, and who then proceeds to what he calls proceedings against you. But, depend upon it, if you ever come into collision with such a burlesque of a man of business, you will find him young in trade, inexperienced in the art of dunning, and unused to giving credit. He knows nothing of the duties of a creditor, and your best plan will be to pay him at once, and have done with him—getting his receipt, and having it framed and glazed—unless you like to keep out of his way until he gets more versed in his calling, and sees the absurdity of his applications.

But out of the way of the creditor who knows himself, and who deserves the distinction of having a round of debtors, you never can have occasion to get. Never avoid him if you wish to spare him the trouble of writing a receipt. Perhaps you, like Romeo—

"—do remember an apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells."

But is that a reason why you should skulk past his door on the other side of the way, or dive down a turning to evade him, instead of nodding at him as you pass, as though you knew his worth and put trust in him as an honest fellow? If you see your creditor at a distance, walk boldly up to him, and as you go by, hope his rheumatism is better; if he be about to stop you, seem to stop him, and, before he can remind you that you faithfully promised to pay him three weeks ago, hint to him that he has neglected sending in your account, and that you *must* have

it by the twenty-fifth of next month. Tell him to call for the amount on that day. You need not be not at home, for he won't come. We have said that appointments with creditors are seldom kept;—it is the fault—we do not hesitate to say so, it is the fault of the creditor—he thinks it hardly worth while to attend. Some years ago punctuality was exceedingly prevalent amongst all classes of duns—they knocked as the clock struck; you were sure of their visit if they promised to call. But the system has changed with the times; and you may now desire your tailor to call at twelve on Tuesday, with a perfect reliance on his non-attendance, unless you want, not to diminish, but to lengthen his account, by another order. People used to feel quite happy when they discovered a creditor who was content with calling once a day—a patient, civil creature, who was satisfied with knocking till he was tired—a fine fellow of the come-again school; but now, in such a case, your thoughts would recur to a horsewhip, or the police; the most moderate course you could take would be to address a letter of complaint to the “Morning Herald.”

Lest it should be thought by somebody who has happened to meet with a hard-hearted suitor once in his life, that compassionate creditors are scarce, we shall establish the existence of this class, by introducing a specimen of a set still further removed from the “grasping” and “relentless” few. Our specimen is the most diffident and gentle-minded creature living—he is therefore marked out for a creditor; and he is one, in fifty places which he scrupulously avoids. He takes a thousand times more pains to get out of the way of a debtor, than some people foolishly take to escape the glance of a creditor. He would not meet a man who owes him money for the world—lest it should be voluntarily tendered, or he should be supposed capable of asking for it. Twice only has he been wrought upon to do this—we played the lever in both cases. In the first, knowing his timid and irresolute character, we urged him to apply for payment of a considerable sum which had been long due, and only wanted asking for. To call would be better than to write—but he would write. One morning he astonished us by a specific and decided announcement—we could hardly believe him. “Well, I’ve written to Tomlinson.” He received in return thousands of compliments and congratulations on his nerve and resolution—he had done wonders, and the thing seemed settled. But three weeks after this, we were again startled by the same announcement—“Well, I’ve written to Tomlinson!” “Written! Why you said you had written three weeks ago.” “Yes,” was the explanation, “Yes, I know, and so I did—but I didn’t send the letter!” To write that letter was a giant effort; to put it into the post required three weeks’ thought, self-communion, composure, and deliberation.

Pen and ink applications were evidently hopeless. He must be screwed up, for once at any rate, to a personal visit; and on another debtor of his, one not likely to pay unsolicited, we boldly determined he should call—yes, actually knock at the door, enter the family apartment, and ask for his money. Well, he *would* call—next week. No, he must resolve on going at once. Well, he *would* go—the next day, or the day after. No, he must start that very morning, nay, that very moment. His hat and gloves were brought, and go he must. “By heavens!” he muttered, as he felt his resolution forming under the influence of a will not his own, and

his limbs obeying the impulse of a mind quite made up, but not belonging to him, "by heavens, B——, you're a fiend!" But he was moved slowly forward—coaxed one half of the way, and dragged the other half. Still he *did* go on. The point of destination is in sight—yes, that is the street; but to get him to turn down it is a task exquisitely delicate, and difficult exceedingly. Compared with him, a pig is the most tractable of creatures. At last, however, the corner is turned—the house is before us—and with a step the most faltering and reluctant he advances towards that "debtor's door," as though a rope were round his neck and eternity awaited him on the threshold. Fifty excuses are offered and rejected, fifty reasons why writing would be better. He will pledge himself to dispatch a letter before he dines—he will be quite peremptory in his tone, and absolutely request payment whenever it may be perfectly convenient. But he is not to be so let off, when on the very verge of the door-step. One effort more and his foot is upon it. We relieve him from the task of knocking; a loud rap shakes his soul, and he feels as though his fetters are being knocked off—that his time has come. Conscious that he cannot now escape, we leave him to his fate, and retire to a print-shop window a little way off, to wait the issue of his first "stand and deliver" to a debtor. Short was the interval allowed us for speculation upon the result. We turned round to see that he had safely entered, and perceived him just descending the steps with a face lit up with satisfaction and a sense of having discharged his duty. Another moment, and down the street he came with elasticity in his tread, and pleasure in the very palms of his hands as he rubbed them together. What could this portend? "It's all right," he cried, as he approached. All right?—Could he have asked for the three hundred pounds, and received the sum, or even a promise, in that brief space of time? it could not be possible. "It's all right," he repeated. "What's all right? Have you got the money?" "No," exclaimed the happy, the more, oh! far more than contented creditor, "it's all right—he's out of town!"

Sceptical reader, there is even such a creditor as this in the world; and millions of others, we doubt not, worthy of associating with him, people this world of trust. Before you revile the creditor, and defame him as hard-hearted, think upon what you owe him, how long it has been due, how much he may want it, and how seldom he has asked. Look around you, and say if you do not see among your acquaintances many in whom the repugnance to ask for what is due to them is almost unconquerable; who could almost beg, who have been known to borrow, rather than assume the mean, cold character of a dun. The unwilling to ask is quite as numerous a class as the unwilling to pay. Inquire of that man who traces what he calls his irretrievable ruin to the obstinate folly or the revengeful persecution of his creditors, whether the mischief did not originate in the spite or stupidity of one, and whether he had not experienced lenity and good-nature from the rest. The creditor is an injured angel, let ingratitude *per-contra* the account as it may. The three grand virtues are his in turn; he commences in faith; that gone, he rests long in hope; and that departed, he is content to have been a dispenser of charity. His life is spent in paying compliments to human nature, that pays not him in return. He gives his fellow-creatures credit for honesty; let them give him credit—for generosity.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Theatrical Clubs and their Frequenters—*C. Bannister, Bensley*.—Convivial clubs have ceased to be; punchbowls, ladles, and "every thing that pretty bin" connected therewith have disappeared. Those who have lived in the olden times complain that the banishment of these enjoyments has given a drab-coloured appearance to society in general. Making all due allowances for my own failure in the power of receiving enjoyment, I must say that London is less jovial than it was wont to be. If my subject did not confine me to clubs connected with the drama, I think some reminiscences of the follies of fifty years since might be made entertaining; but it is with two or three theatrical clubs I have now to do. Some ——— years gone-by, Finch (who afterwards kept the celebrated O. P. & P. S.) had a house in Orange-court, Leicester-fields: there all the jolly dogs of the drama spent their afternoons; there the merits of dramatists, actors and composers were duly discussed, and something like a school of taste created; there was no excess, the bottle did its work of exhilaration and not of inebriation. At half past 5 (we dined at 1 or 2 then), those actors who played that evening took their departure, returning when their duties permitted, to unbend for the remainder of the evening; a cheering song from Bannister, Suett, Townshend or Bowman, imitations by Caulfield and Rees, aided in making merry moments; and the interdiction of religious or political discussions prevented brawls or annoyance. In this room Charles Bannister sang the last song he ever gave utterance to,—this was in the early part of 1804. How often before had that room rung with the plaudits he elicited! How often had his flashes of merriment set the table in a roar! He was now (1804) an emaciated old man, with his chin bending forwards to his chest, and so shaken that the waiter or a friend always held the glass to his lips whilst he imbibed the beverage (madeira, and latterly with a small addition of water). He sang on the night of his last visit "The Lads of the Village," and was then assisted from the room, shortly to go forth on the long journey where he was indeed "the first in the throng."

Bannister and Bensley.—Bensley had been in the army, and when he thought proper to unbend from his dignified stateliness was prone to the relation of his moving accidents by flood and field. Whenever the name of any foreign station occurred in conversation, Bensley would exclaim, "I was there in ——— such a year, and served under (such a General) as Lieutenant, &c. &c." C. Bannister (against whose punning propensities Bensley waged war) had noted down all these assertions for many months, and on one particular evening, after a coolness for some days between the tragedian and himself, proposed his health in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I rise to drink the health of one who has sought the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth; who, quitting the field of fame, bespoke her trumpet to bray forth his eulogies in the path of the drama. The *scenic* powers of my friend Mr. Bensley you all know, you all appreciate; (loud plaudits, and Bensley, overcome by gratitude, fervently squeezing Bannister's hand:) but, Gentlemen," continued the relentless humorist, "it is as a defender of his country that I rise to drink his health; he has fought, he has bled for Old England! — (tremendous applause, and Bensley bowing his acknowledgments). He was a Captain in the ——— Regiment at Calcutta—in ———. He was at ——— in ———. He led the forlorn hope at ——— in 17—. (Here B. enumerated all the places Bensley had ever mentioned in his moments of exhilaration, to the tragedian's dismay.) "Gentlemen," concluded Charles, "my friend's age is but 46, he has been 20 years on the stage—I find, therefore, by accurate calculation, that he must have carried a pair of colours when only 18 months old—an instance of precocity, power, and courage, un-

exampled in the history of the world." Poor Bensley took this exposé so much to heart that he never afterwards appeared in the room.

Mathews.—A club existed about the time of poor Bannister's death, the name of which I have forgotten, (having only been admitted as a visitor,) but of which Mathews and H. Johnston were members. At the early part of their introduction to the society, a stranger one night demanded admittance; he was uninvited, and H. Johnston left the room for the purpose of kicking the intruder down stairs. A tremendous altercation ensued, and presently Harry and the stranger burst open the door, and the latter fairly fought his way into the middle of the room,—the company were justly indignant, and the more so when the fellow in a rich brogue declared, "We were broths of boys; that he'd never leave us; and we should all live and die together." The veteran chairman (with ill-suppressed emotion) peremptorily desired the gentleman to withdraw. "Indeed I won't," said the Hibernian; "haven't I come to enjoy myself among you, and sure we'll have a night on't." There is a point beyond which patience ceases to be a virtue; so thought the president, who left his chair, and seizing the delinquent by the collar, attempted to eject him; long did they struggle, loudly did they swear. "You have no right here, and out you shall go." "I won't,—I won't—I've as much right here as any of you;" and dexterously flinging off his wig and spectacles, Charles Mathews stood forth, their lately elected member. This assumption was the more extraordinary, as his auditors were all actors or persons connected with the theatres, and were all alike deceived, except H. Johnston, who, of course, was a partner in the plot. (Riley, in his "Itinerant," tells a story of Mathews imitating an intimate acquaintance of Downton's so admirably, as to deceive that excellent comedian, and urge him, by his expressions, to an act of violence.)

Elliston and a Bill-broker.—Elliston had too often occasion to apply to money-lenders for assistance, and, like the majority of those who seek such relief, did not scruple at railing unmercifully against them as extortionists. He was one day bantering F. the bill-broker (whose father had been a perfumer), on his "usances," F. defended his profession, and said he should not amass in his trade as much as his (F.'s) father had done by his. "Perhaps," said Elliston, contemptuously, "it is difficult to say whether the father or son has taken most per scent."

Origin of Private Boxes.—During the O. P. war the number of private boxes was reckoned a great source of grievance. Incledon attempted to defend their existence, but failing in his argument, he at last exclaimed, "My dear boy—d—n me, antiquity, Sir, antiquity; there have been private boxes these 3000 years." "Where? When?" burst simultaneously from all the company—"At the deluge, Sir, when, to the exclusion of the public, Noah,—d—n me,—had a private box for himself and family."

Manners and Money.—Powell, a provincial manager, was about "to take a town;" that is to say, enter it with his histrionic corps, but lacking the one thing needful, applied to a friend for a loan to enable him to put a good face upon the thing. "Oh! my dear Sir," said the unwilling friend, "you'll not need any money; you know a *specious* appearance does so much." "Yes," replied P., "but I also know that the *appearance of specie* does more."

Plagiarism.—A modern dramatist produced a piece with some success, the plot, incidents, and even some of the dialogue of which were taken from an unsuccessful and early drama by Mr. R—. The latter, considerably annoyed at this unacknowledged plagiarism, complained to a mutual friend, who defended the borrower, saying, "He has taken your old drama, it is true, but then, my dear Sir, see how he has improved it." "Yes, but d—n it, Sir," replied R., "if a fellow steals my old boots it's no answer to the charge of felony that he afterwards got them soled and heeled."

Simmons and Cooke.—George Frederick Cooke was, in one of his mad moods, annoyed by a drunken soldier, who professed to have been Cooke's comrade when he (C.) was in the army. George, who was always grandiloquent when in liquor, ordered him to be quiet, and added a threat of knocking him down if he disobeyed; the soldier was not quiet, and down he went. Poor Cooke was hauled off to the guard-room, and little Simmons ran to tell Mr. Harris that the tragedian was in custody. "In custody! What for?" cried H. "Keeping a *private still*, Sir," replied Simmons.

Bannister shooting.—Bannister lost one of his fingers and had his hand severely shattered whilst on a shooting excursion; on the 1st of September following he and Cherry went out. B., having the recollection of his accident before his eyes, was exceedingly cautious: "Take care, Andrew," he cried, "there may be spring guns." "No, no!" replied the dramatist, "*spring guns* are out of season in September."

Curious Play-Bill—comparison of Prices.—Where Denzell-street, Clare Market, now stands, formerly stood Gibbons' Tennis Court, where Davenant's company acted until 1663, when they removed to Old Drury (which was itself built on the site of Queen Elizabeth's cockpit). A play-bill is now in the possession of a collector, in the vicinity of the market, of the opening night at Drury, 8th of April, 1663, the Play—The Humorous Lieutenant: there was no afterpiece; the performances to commence at *three o'clock* exactly. Boxes 4s. Pit 2s. 6d. Lower Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. It is curious that in 1836 (173 years afterwards), the prices to Covent-Garden theatre should be considerably lower than they were in the reign of Charles the Second.

Mathews—Anecdotes by.—Mathews, whose powers in conversation and whose flow of anecdote in private life transcended even his public efforts, told a variety of tales of the Kingswood colliers (Kingswood is near Bristol), in one of which he represented an old collier looking for some of the implements of his trade, exclaiming, "Jan, what's thee mother done with the new coal sacks?" "Made pillow-cases on 'em," replied the son. "Confound her *proud heart*!" rejoins the collier, "why couldn't she take *t'ould ones*?"

A lawyer's clerk, having occasion to serve a writ upon one of these worthies, was frightened from the attempt by the threats of the collier. He made an affidavit of the facts in order to induce the Court to dispense with the personal service of the process; one portion of this asseveration ran as follows—"the said defendant, on seeing the writ, produced a blunderbuss and threatened to blow this deponent to hell. And this deponent verily believes he would have done so."

G. F. Cooke on absenteeism.—An Irish absentee, defending his conduct to Cooke, urged that in France he got his brandy at 5s. per gallon, &c. &c. "Sir!" said Cooke, "you are a domestic smuggler—such absentees are *revenue* vampires under another name; the amount you save in impost is what you ought to pay as an absentee tax."

Benevolence.—Conversation turned upon a well-known litterateur, who though he received large sums for his productions, was always in embarrassments; one attributed it to extravagance, another to gaming. R. the dramatist, who really knew the man, generously said—"No, Sir, he is neither a gambler nor a spendthrift; and he would be rich, but that he always lets his *heart* keep the key of his cash-box."

Dowton on Fops.—Whilst Dowton was at Brighton, Russell introduced him to a gentleman well-known in the fashionable world, but whose manner was peculiarly foppish and effeminate; Dowton was disgusted. After the gentleman had departed, Russell explained to D. that under that frivolous manner he concealed first-rate talents; and was proceeding with "He is a

clever writer—he is a good speaker——” “He, Sir,” interrupted Dowton, “what do you mean by *he*? *It, Sir, it.*”

Dowton on love.—A certain old bachelor, who was almost in his dotage, suddenly became a Benedict; everybody expressed their surprise but Dowton, who observed, “Love!—love is like the small-pox; if you don’t take it naturally early in life, you’re never safe from its infection to your latest day.”

Amid the pantomimic fraternity is a Mr. F. who, though generally a steady man, did upon one occasion, after taking potatoes pottle-deep, enact the part of Malvoglio in ‘The Tale of Mystery.’ A gentleman who has devoted his life to throwing *somersaults*, and his energies to the due abstraction of edibles and such small deer in the character of clown, is not generally the best fitted to render the dialogue of a character felicitously, and Mr. F., being actuated on this occasion equally by his love of strong-beer and his contempt for Lindley Murray, said and did things that poor Holcroft never dreamt of when he wrote the drama. A shower of hisses and roars of laughter assailed the pantomimist, who, staggering to the footlights, thus addressed the assembled multitude: “Ladies and Gentlemen, I’m reg’lar stunned at this here conduct of *your’n*—my abilities is insulted—(loud laughter); I’ve play’d Clown, Pantaloon, and Dusty Bob, for the last five-and-twenty years *afore* you, and never was *laugh’d* at till now. (And then suddenly changing to a tone of indignant reproof.) But I see who has *comorted* this here rumpus—Mr. Charles Walbourn, Esquire, and there he *sets*.” [And darting a look of fury at the original Dusty Bob, he staggered off.]

Two Remarkable Clubs.—A club existed, forty years since, at the Globe, called “*You should have been here before* ;” it consisted of an equal number of theatrical and literary persons, originally but four, ultimately upwards of fifty. A new member was added every week; no ceremony was gone through of making the members, which is customary in other clubs, but the new comer partook of a splendid dinner, &c., and when the party were about breaking up, and the bill called for, it was handed over to him, the president bidding him to pay it. “I?” the stranger would generally exclaim; “why should *I* pay all?” To this was replied, “You are the last among us—*you should have been here before!*” This was the inauguration. Merry was, I believe, the last member; his bill amounted to nearly 100*l.*, and it was then agreed that the whole affair was rather too keen a joke, and “*You should have been here before*” was changed into “*We’ll never go there again.*”

“I now come to the most extraordinary club I was ever admitted to: it was held at Norwich, under the title of the Everlastings, and the grand principle of the society was, that day and night, at any and all times, the room should have a member in it. When the numbers became reduced, the last comer was bound to remain until a fresh arrival, (often a dozen hours.) This extraordinary and health-destroying club, composed of cathedral and theatrical singers, actors, merchants and tradesmen, lasted several months.

Liston.—The great peculiarity of Liston’s humour on and off the stage is its gravity; *what* he says is less remarkable than the way in which he says it. A fellow-performer, who adds to the defect of stuttering a love of telling long and tedious stories, was speaking of some person who had gone abroad, and endeavouring to recollect the place:—“He has gone to — to — let’s see; it wasn’t Pennsylvania—no, no.” “Perhaps, Sir,” said Liston, without moving a muscle, “perhaps it was Pentonville.”

On another occasion, a performer, at the close of the season, gave Mr. Liston the gratuitous information that he was going to Plymouth. “I have a friend there,” said Liston, “and, perhaps you will do me the favour to take a *bag of salt water* to him from me.”

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Sketches of English Literature. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand.
2 vols.

The Viscount Chateaubriand, by a peculiarly felicitous illustration, has compared the changeable character of the French genius to the alternate leaps from black to white, taken by the knight in a game of chess. His own general style is one of the best imaginable illustrations of the metaphor; and in his work devoted to English literature, the leaps are indeed puzzling and unconnected to a marvellous degree. Images apposite and incongruous, reflections frivolous and profound, the grave and the gay, the false and the true, the sublime and the ridiculous, present such equal claims to our notice, that it is impossible to say which predominates, or indeed, in many instances, to decide, amidst the war of inconsistencies and contradictions he sets before us, what the author's real sentiments may be; what positions he intends to deny, or what to establish. To the English reader we cannot imagine a richer fund of entertainment than this singular digest of criticism upon the literature of his own country, interspersed with digressions upon the manners of the middle ages, and the politics of the nineteenth century: episodic attacks on Martin Luther and the Reformation, and digressions in favour of both: comparisons between the English Commonwealth and the French Republic of 1792, with reflections of every imaginable shade and colour of singularity, for which we can at present find neither space nor time to enumerate. Whatever the genius of French literature may be, it has at least the merit (always excepting its tragedies) of disowning dullness as one of its characteristics. Accordingly, the Viscount Chateaubriand's work, although exhibiting a great deal of what is startling and bizarre; much that we are induced to smile at, and now and then that which we are obliged to condemn, does not contain a single uninteresting page from beginning to end; and we are greatly mistaken if he, who commences its perusal, will be tempted to discontinue it until he has made himself master of the mine of amusement that it will be found to afford.

The preliminary chapters, which relate to the state of British literature prior to the time of Elizabeth, are distinguished for nothing very remarkable, except as they are indicative of a far more intimate acquaintance with the language of Gower and Chaucer than nine-tenths even of the well educated people of this country would be found to possess. The first point of general interest at which the author of 'Atala' will be certain of attracting an attentive British audience, is presented by the genius of Shakspeare, a rock on which the critics of France are as certain of splitting, as the ships upon the mountain of magnets, in the Arabian legend. Chateaubriand begins his observations, of course, by asserting, or rather tacitly assuming as conceded, the superiority of the Greek tragedians, and "par consequence" that of the author of 'Merope' and his companions in the same school, over the *drunken savage and monster* whom we are accustomed to exalt as the undisputed monarch of dramatic writers; and, perhaps, in the present age of reason, it is as well not to contest the point any longer; for who, it may be asked, would now think of comparing the well regulated taste, perfect conformity to order, polished versification, and obedience to the manners of good society exhibited in the French drama, with the barbarous simplicity of diction, and mere delineation of nature, for which the poet of Avon has hitherto been considered remarkable? Surely we do not now visit the theatre for a display of unsophisticated humanity; this may be seen amidst our daily intercourse with each other in our streets and highways. But to the French drama must be conceded the prerogative and the praise of exhibiting nature, not as she is, but as she ought to be. It may be as well also to allow, in accordance with the Viscount Chateaubriand's views, that Shakspeare had no conception whatever of female character, and that, in this

respect, he must at once yield the palm to Corneille and Racine; in fact, there is not a single woman, we are informed, throughout his work, who deserves to be compared with the Esther of the latter poet; and we begin to be convinced that Shakspeare's females are all alike,—another discovery which the Viscount has made before us.

To an unpractised eye, perhaps, Imogen and Lady Macbeth, Queen Catherine and Juliet, Goneril and Cordelia, Beatrice and Desdemona, Volumentia and the Bride of Petruccio, Cleopatra and Isabel, might appear to afford something of difference very nearly approaching to contrast. A skilful judgment will, however, at once discover that it is but a change of name and circumstance which constitutes the difference, and that one and the same personage, like Mr. Mathews in his monypolylogues, is all the while deceiving us under a mere alteration of exterior. Thus far we fully concede the point at issue to the Viscount. We are even inclined to go farther. As some compensation for the severity of his criticism he has quoted a passage from Richard III. as worthy of the highest admiration, which, as all our readers may not remember it, we take the liberty of quoting for their information. The words are those of Margaret of Anjou:—

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

* * * * *

Farewell York's wife and Queen of sad mischance.

"This is tragedy," says the Viscount, "the sublimest point of tragedy."

Now, we really must not allow the politeness of our friends on the other side of the Channel to be carried to an extent detrimental to the interests of truth, and although we are well aware of their wish to discover beauties in our dramatic literature wherever they present themselves, we are obliged, in the present instance, from a regard to common honesty, to protest that we do not consider the above three lines as the sublimest point of tragedy, or near it; nay, that we have never yet heard them quoted as anything extraordinary. We are therefore perfectly willing to let them take their chance with all the other obsolete absurdities which distinguish the "monstrous farces, miscalled tragedies," of him whom, in the days of our ignorance, we presumed to place by the side of Crebillon, or even of Voltaire.

Chateaubriand's character of Milton is drawn with a steadier hand than be has shown in depicting Shakspeare. His appreciation of many of his beauties is remarkably just; in fact, the subjects and style of Epic poetry are much more within the province of French genius than the writings of a man who stands unrivalled and unapproachable in his own peculiar department. He has also the good sense to admire Milton's prose works, and the passages he has extracted from them show both taste and judgment in their selection. We are rather surprised that he should have overlooked the richly varied beauties of Comus. From the writers of the Republic, we pass through English literature under the last two Stuarts; and from them, of course, to the school of Pope and Addison, and the authors of our own day. There is not, however, so much to interest an English reader in this portion of the work, as in the matter which precedes it. Chateaubriand's principal force is expended on Shakspeare and Milton; yet, in his sketches of the men of the French Revolution, there are numerous striking and characteristic touches. The portrait of Mirabeau is impressive, although slightly marked by absurdity; and the same commendation and censure may be passed upon the description of the Revolutionary Club, with Danton at its head, in the hall of the Cordeliers. Among the author's recollections of his own sojourn among us may be found some clever notices of English society at that period, as well as of our orators in the days of Pitt and Fox; yet he surely might have found sufficient in the talents of these worthies and their compeers to occupy something more than four pages.

Towards the end of the second volume subjects crowd upon us in rapid,

although not very connected succession, Scott, Mangoni, Lord Byron, Captain Ross, Jacquemont, Lamartine, Lord Dorset, Beranger, the Lake poets, and the works of Elliott, whom the Viscount mistakes for a blacksmith, are scarcely the subjects of a sometimes just, and always original, comment. We are much tempted to enlarge on the Viscount's observations with respect to these in several instances; but the limits of an ordinary notice are already exceeded. The established reputation of the "*Génie du Christianisme*" will in itself be sufficient to attract the regards of the great body of readers to these volumes devoted to our literature; but, independently of the name under which they are introduced to our notice, there is quite enough in the appearance of a French work upon the writings of English poets to make it at once the subject of general inquiry and animated discussion. There is ample matter for both in the singular production we have been considering. That it is a work of genius no one will deny, although that genius is of a rather remarkable order; and although it will have but little effect in altering the tastes, either of French or English, it at least exhibits the contrast between them in a light worth studying, besides presenting us with various striking reflections upon men and manners by an individual, whom neither the vicissitudes of fortune he has experienced, nor the natural talent he possesses, will ever allow to be considered an inefficient authority, or a writer undeserving of respect and attention.

The Violin. By George Dubourg.

"The brisk entrancing viol" has at length found an able eulogist, and a faithful historian, in Mr. George Dubourg. Every kind of interesting information, every characteristic anecdote, relative to this prince of instruments, or those who have elicited the applauses of the world by the language drawn from its strings, have been collected, digested, and arranged, in a manner which leaves a member of either of the classes of society into which Mr. Dubourg divides the human race, namely, "those who play the violin, and those who do not," nothing further to wish for or require.

The following enumeration of the heads into which the subject is divided will give some idea of the extent of the entertainment which Mr. Dubourg has provided for his readers:—Origin and Early History of the Violin—Italian School—Paganini—French School—German School—English School—Amateurs—Female Performers—On the Construction of the Violin—Miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. The style in which all this information is preserved resembles in variety and compass the music of the instrument to which Mr. Dubourg has devoted his very clever treatise. It is rich in lively yet sensible remarks, and sparkles in every page with an Attic point and accompanying flow of humour, which render it anything but a dull and unvaried record of dates and facts relative to the "jocund rebel" and its congeners. The only peril to be apprehended is, that it will increase the number of amateurs (a class of performers of whose execution Mr. Dubourg does not seem to possess the highest opinion) twofold. Those, however, who wish to know how Tartini composed, and Geminiani executed; how Viotti, like a second Orpheus, and with scarcely less display of ability, drew the nobility and fashion of Paris to concerts given in a fifth floor; and that great master, the incomparable Paganini, evoked the rapturous thunders of pit, box, and gallery in London; who wish to be furnished with the excellent material for distinguishing critically between the majesty of Corelli, the brilliancy of Giornovichi, the fire of Kreutzer, the neatness of Giardini, the elegance of Boccherini, the sweetness of Rode, and the delicacy of Spohr, will do well, with all convenient speed, to make themselves the possessors of Mr. Dubourg's book. We will not promise that those who follow our advice shall not be able even to distinguish Steiner from a Cremona, but allowing them still to remain ignorant of what those instruments really are, we will at least take upon ourselves to pronounce that they shall no longer be unenlightened as to what they ought to be, and that upon all matters with which

a violinist should be acquainted, so far as the history of his art is concerned, they will find themselves presented with as much instruction as can be comprised within two hundred and seventy-six pages; and far more wit, originality, and illustrative tact, than is usually found in a score of volumes of the same compass.

Berkeley Castle. By the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, M.P. 3 vols.

“ Je suis seigneur d’une lieue à la ronde,
Et le château de Plinville est le plus beau du monde.”

Such might have been the motto of these volumes; and few readers but what will admit that if Berkeley Castle be not altogether “le plus beau du monde,” it is among the most admirably calculated for the purposes of romance. Its first associations, when the heiress of the sea-king wedded with the Norman chief, belong to a period singularly stirring and imaginative. That royal tragedy, which has been a subject for more than one of our poets, the death of Edward II., was enacted in its gloomy security. Gray, in his magnificent ode, makes his bard

“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright;
The shrieks of death through Berkeley’s roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king.”

Whether in the fierce wars of the Roses, or in the nobler struggle of the Commonwealth, its barons have been linked with the many changes of our land. One married that very daughter to whom Lord Hunsford, Queen Elizabeth’s maternal uncle, so touchingly alludes in “*Kentworth*”; another (writing from memory, we cannot give the individual names) nearly shared Sir Cloudesley Shovel’s shipwreck—his vessel, the *St. George*, having struck on the same rock, though it afterwards floated. We remember, too, the name as that of the admiral who achieved one of our earliest naval victories, off Milford Haven, when the French king sent assistance to Owen Glendower. There was another also held a command at Flodden Field. Here is certainly “ample space and verge enough” for the romancer. Mr. Berkeley has chosen the period of Edward IV.: we do not think that he has selected the era best suited to his powers. True, that on a vivid picture he has grafted an attractive story; but its very merit is, in some sort, a fault. It is too real—too modern; the knowledge—acute, various, and lively—which he displays of society, belongs to to-day. The writer of a work like the present will assuredly continue (he, indeed, himself holds out the promise), and there is a period to which we must address his attention—let him lay the scenes of his next fiction in the times of Charles II.; he will be quite at home there. His acquaintance with those

“ thick solitudes,
Call’d social, where all crime and hatred are,”

will then avail him. The time is sufficiently far back for

“ Distance to lend enchantment to the view.”

and yet sufficiently resembling our own to enable the knowledge of the present to depict the past. The love-story is essentially unelusive: it wants the poetry—the earnestness which is to be found in the gorgeous page of Froissart, or the stately devotion in that of Surrey. It belongs to a time of which Cowley writes,—

“ Not as too deep loving any;
But very much and very many.”

Mr. Berkeley would be quite at home in that careless and brilliant epoch, of which wit was the element and the memory. The sparkles yet dazzle that linger around, they have never yet been effectually concentrated—we recommend the attempt to the writer now before us. We cannot detail the

progress of the narrative, nor do more than allude to the merit of many single scenes. The hero, Herbert Reardon, has that air of reality which sometimes rivets the attention in a picture gallery. It is a portrait by its air of reality, with all the freshness of actual life in its colours. We have not often met with so brilliant and true a sketch of youth—youth, buoyant and believing, fancying; that it can shape its own way; flinging itself on its emotions, as the rider flings himself on his horse, with morning around and the goal before him. He will find that morning passes away, but the goal is ungained,—that goal, which takes one glittering shape after another, and which, at last, we find to be the grave. But Herbert Reardon belongs to the early and bright period. As yet life seems

“As it should gild be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety.”

He puts aside remorse and sorrow, by constitutional spirits, which time, and time alone, can bend and break: it is a natural and a true picture.

One great charm in these volumes, is the poetical feeling that runs throughout, and the fine perception of natural loveliness. Any painter might be proud to paint in colours such a landscape as is painted in the following words:—“There is not a prettier time of the year than the close of September and the commencement of October. At this period, still enough of summer is left to prevent any painful regret for things that have passed away; while new beauties appearing upon the prospect, fill up the vacancies that would otherwise occur, and, as in the more important passages of life, out-dazzle by their splendid novelty long-dome treated associations. Each tree or brake that bordered our path had more or less put on the blush of autumn; the hedges mantled in the ripeness of their red and purple berries; the orchards, teeming with their golden and delicious fruit, gave their fragrance to the air; while the dried sweetness of the withered leaves already fallen floated at every turn upon our senses, like gentle reminiscences of past pleasure.”

Memor of William Carey, D.D., late Missionary to Bengal; Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Fort William, Calcutta. By Eustace Carey.

This work was composed at the request of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. The subject of it was their first and principal agent, by whose talents and labours they sought to confer the blessings of Christianity upon the heathen world; never was selection more happy. Dr. Carey was designed by nature, and pre-eminently qualified by the graces and virtues of that beneficent faith which he had conscientiously embraced, for the work to which he at length devoted himself. With astonishing perseverance and industry he acquired the languages of the East; and he acquired them only for the purpose of translating into them the Holy Scriptures. Wealth he might have attained, as well as honour—but all worldly advantages he consecrated to the great object of his life. Many and severe were his early privations, which he endured with cheerful patience; and when his literary and religious labours brought around him universal admiration and applause, he was meek and unassuming, the truly humble missionary of that Divine Master who in all things lived for others, and pleased not himself. This large volume is particular in its details, even to minuteness; yet is it full and comprehensive: it is another record of character formed after the noblest model, abounding with illustrations, which render its very nature distinct and impressive. Let every literary man engaged in works of usefulness read and mark the following description:—

“He was perseveringly studious, and imperturbably regular in all his engagements; this, indeed, was the main secret of his surprising success. No novelty, or speculation, or practice, ever seduced him from the plain line of his duty or his labour. He had a calm and dignified satisfaction in the paramount interest of his

work, which arduous as it was converted it into his rest and his solace. Hence his mind could submit to the same unvaried routine every day for thirty years in succession without relaxation and without tedium. He was subject to many and various interruptions, had many unexpected, irregular, and often unprofitable calls from the learned the scientific, the curious, and the idle, yet he would suspend his engagement, whatever it might be, and attend to them, not, either with impatient aspect and with hurried gait, as though their approach was unwelcome, and their departure longed for, but with simple ease and honest courtesy. So long as anything remained to be shown them, or any question for them to propose, he was as much the gentleman of perfect leisure and remained as entirely at their command, as though to form his museum and display its subjects, and to plant his garden and describe its productions were the principal, and even sole employments of his life. But, upon the moment of their departure, he resumed his chair, and that same moment too ended the interruption. There was no alteration of mind to be corrected, for he and the proper object of his attention had never been separated, nor were any recollections or mental effort to recover either word or idea necessary, except perhaps through the dozing of his pundits who had remained firm to his seat, in static like figure during the absence of his employer, but he himself had forgotten nothing and was therefore ready at once to resume his work at the point at which his attention had been suspended.

Trials and Trials of Early Life By L. E. L.

This work is not (as some have expected) a record of the thoughts or the troubles of the highly gifted and admired author, but a collection of tales and short pieces, having reference to children as regards their feeling, dispositions, misfortunes, and virtue. It is not however a child's book, very far from it for it would be cruel, we think in our opinion, to put into the hands of the very young such melancholy views of human existence, and such hateful pictures of cold-hearted, despicable human beings as are depicted in these pages. To those who are connected with children (the parents, teachers, or friends) (and there are few who are not) this book will be alike valuable for the interest it excites and the lessons it conveys. Although willing to awaken the sympathies of children, for the pure and sorrowful inevitable to their nature we would not create in them natural disgust much less sharp or bitter sense of injury, but we are sincerely of opinion, that if people exist so negligent and heartless and ignorant of their duty as we find here, they should be compelled to look on this picture and on that tell their children of their own resemblance and take Hamlet's advice, to reform it altogether. There can be no sin greater than that of perverting the heart, and blighting the happiness of a young creature in the spring-time of its innocent joys and dreams, but we certainly have seen more suffering on the part of step-mothers, than we ever did of that of step-children and we trust, in her next volume, Miss Fandon may give this class of sufferer due consideration. Unquestionably she has the power of delineating justly, and touching most feelingly, whatever subject and whichever side of the subject she is pleased to adopt.

The stamp of genius is upon the book as upon everything, Miss Fandon does. The stories are of surpassing interest and beautifully written. They move the heart, they send back our memories to other, and, you must feel us happy to say, and we feel the almost magic influence of the pen which can give us back our youth—with its fresh joys, its light sorrows, its bounding hopes, and its soon forgotten disappointments.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club Edited by "Boz"

The existence of this original and amusing periodical can be no news to any of our readers, for it is everywhere received (in theatrical phrase) with "shouts of laughter and applause." It well deserves such a reception. "Boz" is a writer of a very uncommon cast, his genius seems to belong to a former age of English literature; his spirit is akin to that of our Fieldings and Smollets, and, among the writers of the present time,

Theodore Hook alone has trodden the walk into which he has entered, and alone exerts him in rich humour and playful yet pointed satire. "Boz," as well as Hook, is a laughing philosopher. They shoot their arrows, as it were, in sport, yet the marks which they hit are the same with those which have been often less successfully aimed at by the authors of many a graver treatise—not only the follies which make man ridiculous, but the vices which make him miserable. Hook's speculations extend into a field not entered by "Boz"—the manners of the world of rank and fashion. But Hook's fashionable sketches are by no means his happiest hits. Nor could they be so: for the manners and pleasures of the "upper classes" are (however frivolous) too elegant to be ridiculous, and too monotonous to be amusing in description; while their follies and vices, the offspring of affectation and the heartlessness engendered by unbounded indulgence, are too uniform to afford more than a scanty supply of food for satire. That little world called the great world has accordingly been long since exhausted, and a "fashionable novel" or a "fashionable tale" is become an absolute annoyance. But the truly great world—the general mass of society—in which human folly takes a thousand fantastic shapes, and human passion "shoots wild and free," affords materials to the satirist which can never be exhausted. These are the materials sought for by "Boz," and before his penetrating eye they are spread out in endless profusion.

The hint of this book (for such it is, though published in monthly numbers) seems to have been taken and improved upon from the whimsical descriptions of various clubs, consisting of humourists of different kinds, given in the "Spectator." The Pickwick Club is a felicitous creation in itself, and a convenient vehicle for an unlimited variety of satire, narrative, and description. The members of the club are a set of Cockneys, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, which they seek under the auspices of their President, the illustrious Samuel Pickwick, a great philosopher in little things, who, after having directed their researches into the wonders of Nature and Art in the regions of Hornsey, Highgate, Brixton, and Camberwell,—after having traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his theory of tithebats,—suggests to his followers the advantages which must result from carrying his speculations into a wider field. He is accordingly placed at the head of a corresponding deputation, the members of which are excellently chosen for the author's purpose. The first is Mr. Tracy Tupman—"the too susceptible Tupman, who, to the wisdom and experience of maturer years, superadded the ardour and enthusiasm of a boy in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love." Next is Mr. Snodgrass, smitten with the love of poetry; and, lastly, Mr. Winkle, the *beau idéal* of a Cockney sportsman. These worthies set out on their travels in search of knowledge; and the public is now favoured with their adventures and discoveries, extracted from the "Transactions of the Pickwick Club." It is impossible to give any idea of the variety of matter which the author has thus been enabled to introduce into his pages. The personal adventures of the travelling *quartetto* are exquisitely entertaining; and, of course, the amorous and too susceptible Mr. Tupman is the hero of some of the best of them. The whole story of his affair of the heart with the amiable spinster, Miss Rachel Wardle, is admirably worked up, and inexpressibly ludicrous. The young loves of the tender pair,—the manner in which poor Tupman is betrayed by his friend, and jilted by his mistress,—the elopement of the faithless couple,—their nocturnal pursuit by the furious papa and the chivalric Pickwick,—and the catastrophe at the old-fashioned inn in the Borough,—want nothing but a change of form to become a delightful little comedy, which, by the way, is the case with many of this author's comic tales, some of which, we believe, have already found their way to the stage.

These *facetiæ*, however, are not unmingled with graver matter. "Boz" is a great master of the pathetic; and we know few things calculated to

make a deeper impression on the feelings than "The Stroller's Tale," and "The Convict's Return"—a little narrative worthy of the now too much forgotten Henry Mackenzie. We must add that the work is prettily brought out, and that the illustrations (at first by the late Seymour, and since by Buss) are spirited and characteristic.

The Romance of Nature, or the Flower Seasons illustrated. By Louisa Ann Twamley.

This very beautiful and pre-eminently feminine volume has the twofold attractions of poetry and painting, together with a renewal of our acquaintance with those among our elder poets, who most loved, and sang of flowers, (and they were many,) and whose taste and spirit have evidently imbued the mind, and awakened the sensibilities of our fair author.

The flowers here given, in thirty-five plates, are all coloured with a truth, and drawn with a freedom of pencil, which does honour to the artist; and the poems accompanying each are full of poetical conception, and given with such variety of measure, or character, as to present everything we can desire in a volume where three seasons of the year pass before us, arrayed "in all the garniture" of floral beauty. The poems are sometimes lyrical, at others, in the ballad form, or that of the sonnet, but most frequently in blank verse, of which Miss Twamley appears more mistress than rhyme, although she has also many beautiful stanzas, not, indeed, finished with so careful a hand as that displayed in her drawings, but possessing many effective touches, and, what is better than polished diction, the exercise of poetic thought, the evidence of poetic feeling.

The title of this beautiful volume we do not exactly understand. By *romance* is implied fiction; whereas flowers are true and palpable in their use and beauty. We should call them "the poetry of nature." If Byron most happily exclaims,—“Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven,” so might Miss Twamley say, “Ye flowers, which are the poetry of Earth;” but, however they may, be allied to the romantic, and used in conjunction with it, surely the truth, beauty, and utility of flowers—their influence on the heart, and the imagination, forbid us to class them with fables.

Le Mie Confessioni.—My Confessions to Silvio Pellico. The Autobiography of Guido Sorelli.

The principal interest in this simple and unpretending volume, and its translation, will be found in the perfect candour and unsuspecting frankness with which the author lays before the reader the history of his own mind from the period of his earliest childhood, and the openness with which every imperfection in disposition, as well as every mistake in judgment, is presented for the purposes of instruction and warning. That the events of every life, however apparently undiversified, would furnish a narrative from which all might derive benefit, is a truth which philosophers have frequently asserted, and poets have delighted to exemplify. The life of Guido Sorelli has been distinguished from those of many, by diversity of incident; while it presents, in addition to this, the interesting object of a mind gradually won from the errors of the Roman Catholic Church to embrace the doctrines of the Protestant communion. To readers of religious sentiment his comparison of the tenets of that Church he has just quitted, with those of the pure faith, of which he has become a professed follower, cannot fail of producing the effect of confirming them in the principles in which they have been instructed, and inducing them to appreciate still more highly, privileges which those but recently favoured with their possession well know how to value and regard. By the avowal of his present sentiments, Signor Sorelli, perhaps, justly apprehends that he has forfeited the esteem of those dearest to him,—the affection of near relatives, and the regard of sincere friends.

We trust that in the country of his adoption, and amidst the society to which he is now united by a tie more sacred than even that of relationship itself, he will find, if not an equivalent source of satisfaction, at least a compensation in some degree for the sacrifice he has not shunk from encountering, by his open and conscientious avowal of the important change in his religious opinions. We must not forget to add, that Signor Sorelli has an additional claim to the respect of English readers, as the translator of "*Paradise Lost*," and that the indications of a mind of no ordinary powers are evident throughout his more recent work.

Madrid in 1835 2 vols.

We remember being much pleased with poor Inglish's "*Spain*;" nor had we seen any work, since its publication, presenting a correct idea of the habits and manners of this very uncivilized country. The moment we opened these volumes, we perceived that we should not have such complaint to make in future. They are full of information and amusement, conveyed in an intelligent and pleasing style, and possess the advantage of being minute yet not tedious. The description, in the second volume, of the flight from the cholera is vigorous and terribly faithful, drawn with a spirit and decision which we never remember to have met before in a book of travels.

We could indite pages in praise of these volumes, but they have already attracted the attention they so eminently deserve, and there is nothing left for us to do except to offer the author our sincere congratulations on his success.

Lessing's *Laocoon* By W. Ross.

To assign their respective limits to the sister arts of poetry and painting, to define the peculiar excellencies of each, and their several points of difference or agreement, has long been a favourite pursuit with the votaries of the fine arts as well as of polite literature. According to national peculiarities and differences in individual temperament, the subject has been viewed in a hundred different lights, and in this as well as in all other cases in which it has been appalled to in the last 1650 t, the Protean faculty of taste has been found to possess features about as well defined as the forms which imagination describes in the clouds of summer, and which assume a different shape according to the fancy of each observer. One or two principles, indeed, and those of obvious expediency, may be considered as universal and permanently established; but, in minor points of detail and expression, nothing can be more absurd than to form a set of unvarying rules to which the innate power of genius is expected to conform and model its efforts. Such a bed of Procrustes has been often attempted to be formed, but, as often as the vigour of original invention has escaped from it, the attempt and its success have met with an applause which all the dictates of criticism have been unable to silence.

Every body is acquainted with the animated picture which Virgil has left of the death of *Laocoon* and his two sons, as well as with the immortal work of Agassander and his fellow sculptors, representing the same scene. Now, it is well known that, in the poem, the terrific cries of the priest of *Apollo* form one of the most fearful additions to the description, while, in the statue, the sufferer is represented as labouring under a more subdued agony, which seems to permit but a faint groan, or a half-suppressed sigh to escape from his lips. The question among critics in the fine arts is, whether the poet or the sculptor has been more successful in his delineations; or, rather, why an addition to the effect of the scene has been made by the one, which has not been adopted by the other? As in the operations of war, the attack or defence of an apparently unimportant post has been frequently known to produce a general engagement, the simple question at issue has produced an extensive examination of the principles on which the chief power of pictorial or poetical representation depends; and the world, if not more en-

lightened as to the abstract essentials of art, has at least been presented with more learning on the subject than it could previously boast of possessing in a collected form.

Winckelmann asserts that the leading object with the sculptors of antiquity was the expression of a calm and dignified grandeur of soul, superior to the representation of beautiful nature. This position is denied by Lessing, who, in his turn, affirms that the representation of physical beauty was the ruling motive which guided the artist in the direction of his pencil or chisel. In defence of his own view of the matter, he has examined many of the rules of the two great imitative arts, and the consequence is, a treatise in which much that is original and ingenious is united with some speculations which the majority of readers will be disposed to question, and one or two which they will be inclined to reject altogether. To advocate or to contest his principles successfully would, however, require a book equal in size to his own, and, instead of entering at length upon an investigation of the matter it contains, we must content ourselves with recommending its careful perusal to all who are interested in tracing to their original sources two of the most refined springs of pleasure by which the human mind is capable of being refreshed. Even in apparent error, Lessing is worthy of consideration and respect, and lavishes on all points a profusion of erudition, which will be found extensively useful and instructive.

We cannot before closing our notice, avoid an observation respecting one of his principles. On several occasions while treating of certain licences allowable in poetry but which are forbidden to the painter, he takes occasion to refer to the *Philoctetes* and *Hercules* of Sophocles as instances in which the expression of acute physical pain is not only allowable, but an actual addition to the beauty of the description, and from this, as may be easily perceived, draws a most important conclusion. Now, we appeal to any one acquainted with these two tragedies, whether the long protracted lamentations of their heroes do not tend rather to excite a feeling of disgust, than of compassion on the part of the reader, and for this simple reason, that no display of art in the poet in any degree qualifies the aversion we all feel to the exhibition of unnobled corporeal suffering. Any one could write a long chain of broken moans and lamentations without possessing the genius of Sophocles. Thus much with respect to Lessing's original work. Of Mr. Ross's translation we have only to observe, that his work is a very pleasing specimen of forcible and elegant English, and that Lessing, if still living, might feel cause to rejoice at the exhibition of his treatise in a dress so likely to preserve its value. The original notes show a refined taste and correct judgment.

Jerusalem, or, the Inconsistent Man. 3 Vols.

The second title of this work explains its intention. To develop the character of an inconsistent man is precisely the sort of task that it would tempt an intellectual mind (we mean a mind of a very superior order of intellect) into authorship. To trace the thoughts and ways of every day persons is a comparatively easy undertaking, but to follow the crooked paths of the inconsistent—to investigate their feelings—to argue with their arguments—to delineate their motives, and continue with them to the end, is an effort both of genius and patience.

We have heard that Percy B. Shelley is the original of this well-conceived and well-executed portrait. We do not hesitate to say that its painter has done well, and we can also assure him that he may do better. We are pleased with his work, that "he does not entertain the opinions which are made to issue from the mouth of this ideal personation," because we are convinced that a few years added to those he has already numbered, will establish him in many different ones. His mind is of too excellent a quality to embrace the really cold doctrines of one of the most brilliant, yet hollow of created beings, indeed, the excellent opposite he has drawn is a happy proof to us, that he has not mistaken the shadow for the substance.

We believe this to have been a first production, and are convinced (as we have already said) that it is but the herald of better things. One of its great recommendations is, that it is out of the beaten track of novels, and well deserves a second perusal. The crowded state of this Number of our Magazine prevents our analyzing "Jerningham" more fully, but we recommend it to our readers as a work of interest and superior merit.

A Popular View of the Progress of Philosophy among the Ancients.

Although the facts contained in this volume are not of a very novel character, it has at least the merit of presenting in a popular form, and in a compendious manner, information which, although easily accessible, few general readers are likely to take the trouble to collect for themselves. It comprises the history of ancient philosophy, as contained in the lives and doctrines of its professors, from the time of Orpheus to that of the great dogmatist of Stagira. To those who are fond of contemplating the infinite forms of error to which the human mind is liable, and such a study is far from useless, as enabling us better to prize that only knowledge which the unassisted efforts of the loftiest and subtlest intellects are utterly incompetent to acquire, ample matter of reflection is afforded by such a work; and Mr. Smith's accompanying remarks are evidently the result of well cultivated powers, and a judicious course of reading. We cannot, however, at times avoid smiling at the earnestness with which, at every opportunity, he pleads the cause of his favourite study of phrenology, an acquaintance with which appears to constitute, in his opinion, the true kalon of philosophy, and the yet unapplied panacea for every existent shape of moral evil; still less at his illogical assertions with respect to the crania of the great masters of the various Grecian schools, the forms of which are quietly assumed from the known doctrines of their possessors. Of what possible use such remarks can be in forwarding the cause of phrenology, we cannot form the remotest conjecture. Surely Mr. Smith must be aware that the present condition of the science is hardly such as to warrant such an utter inversion of the Baconian system of investigation; and, while acting so far under the same spirit, he might have spared some of the blows he has so liberally bestowed upon Aristotle, however richly the peripatetic may have deserved them from other hands. We must, moreover, differ "totò cœlo" from Mr. Smith as to his doctrine respecting natural evil, as we understand it, which seems to us opposed, no less by the whole canon of scripture, than by every day's experience. In other respects his book deserves high praise as a concise and perspicuous review of the progress of moral and mental science among the schools of antiquity, a work long needed in its present efficient shape for general circulation.

Chess made Easy. By G. Walker.

Mr. Walker's works have already made him known to all amateurs of the truly royal game to which he has paid so much attention. His "Chess made Easy" contains a mine of information for those who are just entering upon the study, and will well prepare the reader for initiation into the greater mysteries of an accomplishment which is daily, and deservedly, becoming more popular; indeed, he who makes himself thoroughly master of its contents will be a somewhat formidable adversary to most players he is likely to encounter in mixed society. Although we cannot quite keep pace with Mr. Walker in his commendation of chess, as "worthy the most serious attention of the legislator, the philosopher, and the divine," we are quite willing to allow its claim to be considered the most elegant, as well as instructive, of sedentary recreations; and to feel great pleasure at the success of any attempt to render it more intelligible and attractive. We must not forget to add, that even the veteran player will find much in this pocket companion to exercise his ingenuity; and that the work is enriched with the games contested between M. de la Bourdonnais and Mr. McDonnell, with appropriate remarks.

LITERARY REPORT.

A new work of fiction, entitled "Violet; or, the Dansense," is on the eve of appearance. The story will illustrate the life of an opera-dancer, and the world of dissipation in which she moves.

A work which will excite no little attention in all circles will ere long appear—we allude to the *Memoirs of the celebrated Chevalier D'Eon*.

The Duchess of Abrantes is preparing a work entitled "The Salons of Paris, from 1789 to 1836." No living French writer, perhaps, is more competent to illustrate this subject, in all its social and political relations, than Madame Junot.

The Fourth Part of Captain Brenton's *Naval History of Great Britain* is now ready. This work eminently deserves the encouragement not merely of the naval profession, but of every reader who can interest himself in the details of the naval prowess of his country. Captain Brenton's work is one which has long been desired, and the present mode of publication, in cheap monthly parts, with numerous beautiful illustrations, must command a most extensive popularity.

Mr. King, the naturalist, who accompanied Captain Back, announces a "Narrative of the Voyage to the Shores of the Polar Sea, &c."

Mr. T. Noble has issued a prospectus of "Recollections and Reflections of a Public Writer in his sixty-fifth year."

A third edition of the "Anglo-Polish Harp, Scenes from Longinus, &c.," with emendations and improvements, will appear in the course of the present month.

Mr. B. E. Pote is preparing for publication a work entitled, "Remarks on Egyptian Antiquity," of which he claims to demonstrate the "Shepherd Kings," their language and descendants.

The Linnæan System of Botany, illustrated and explained, by T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S., will be shortly published.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Poetical Anthology of the Germans, by W. Kluwer Klattowski.

The Marquess Wellesley's Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence during his administration in India. Vol. II.

Sayings worth Hearing, and Secrets worth Knowing, illustrated by Crulshank and the late Robert Seymour.

An English Grammar, by Matthias Green, of Birmingham.

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FINE ARTS.

ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

The cause for the complaints which have so frequently been made of the inefficiency of means for conveying instruction in the Fine Arts has been within these few years, and within the last twelve months in particular, materially abated by the establishment of the "Artists' Society." This society was founded in 1830 for study from the living clothed figure, and was called originally the "Rustic Society." It subsequently changed its name, and extended its sphere of operations, and was called the "Artists' Society for the Study of Historical, Poetical, and Rustic Figures." This society held its earlier meetings in Gray's-inn-lane, but at the commencement of the present year removed to more commodious rooms, erected for the purpose, at 29, Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square. The society is governed by a president, annually chosen, and nine other members, who direct the affairs of the institution. Lectures on anatomy, connected with painting, were, during the present season, delivered by W. K. Toase, Esq., F.L.S. The object of these lectures was, as much as possible, to give the *artist* a thorough knowledge of the structure of the human frame, as immediately connected with his pursuits in design, and to demonstrate the control that the system is under, when submitted to the various passions which actuate the human soul—a subject but too frequently misunderstood or neglected. The lectures were illustrated by numerous anatomical preparations, drawings, casts from the antique, and by a living model. The chemical properties of pigments was also made a branch of instruction, the lectures being by F. G. H. Bachoffner, Esq. The society already includes among its members some of the most promising of our artists—one of its earliest founders and most indefatigable supporters is Mr. Derby.

The whole plan of the society appears to be of a highly useful character, and calculated to fill up a vacancy long a matter of complaint; and if it meets with success in proportion to its deserts, we have no doubt of its becoming a flourishing institution. It is to themselves that artists must look for help, and this society convinces us that they are their own best helpers, when it so pleases them.

PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton, R.A. No. I.

* This is the first number of a work upon the plan of that which has been eminently successful—"Engravings from the Paintings of Liversedge." We shall wait for another part or two to pass in review before us, and then give our opinion as to its claims upon the patronage of the public.

Thomas's Library Atlas.

We last month noticed "The Geography," to which this is intended as an associate. We have praised the one, and may fairly praise the other. The maps are very neatly and clearly engraved; and the little volume is put forth with much taste.

THE DRAMA.

The theatres during the past month have scarcely furnished a single topic of interest or amusement; and what renders this dull and barren foreground of the present more melancholy still, is, that the perspective is gloomy too. The approaching winter season brings little promise to the playgoer; for it is but too certain now that we are to have no change in the ministry either at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden.

While the theatres remain in such hands, what help is there for the drama, or the better class of its professors? What writers of character, beyond the two or three who are known as dramatic authors, will condescend to carry their talents to the theatre, when they are of necessity doomed to treat with such principals, and to come in contact with such mercenaries as those that crowd the dirty avenues of the dramatic temple of fame? The concocter of a ribald farce, or the translator of a wretched melo-drame, will still find a "congeniality of soul" in the management, and will still be called in to sustain the fortunes of the theatre, and to prove how strongly the public taste is set against tragedy and comedy; but if Mrs. Gore, for example, should be inclined to write a comic drama of actual life, as Butcher has already produced more than one tragic piece of high aim and full dramatic scope, she must follow his example and make up her mind to publication instead of performance. Drury-Lane is out of calculation; for thence the actor is to be banished, and singers only are to bear sway; while at Covent-Garden, although we are promised the glimpse of a fine actor now and then, it is impossible to hope for fine authors also, at least until after Christmas—when there is some chance of the theatre being relieved from the control of its present conductor. This will probably depend on the issue of certain actions now pending against Mr. Osbaldiston, and promising to render his lesseeship rather memorable. As we have more than once alluded to that person's plea, put in in answer to his late partner's pecuniary claim—a plea which established the illegality of his own performances at the Surrey theatre,—it may be worth while to remark that the said partner has commenced various actions against him to recover penalties for similar and subsequent illegal performances at Sadlers-Wells. So that the lessee, having pleaded the illegality of his acts in one court, is now put to the perplexity of proving their legality in another, or paying penalties equal in amount to the sum he saved by his plea. So much for teaching

"Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
Return to plague the inventor."

We are not sorry on other grounds that this old law, which distinctly prohibits every kind of dramatic entertainment at the minor theatres, and specifically confines them to the performances of the mime and mountebank, is to be thus dragged forward into daylight. It may have the effect of bringing the question of theatrical reform once more before the eyes and understanding of the public, who are so deeply interested in, and so strangely indifferent to it.

The only performance of the past month that calls for notice is the representation of *Ion*, at the Haymarket; and the only noticeable feature of this, unless we were to include the ingeniously bad acting of Mr. F. Vining and Miss Taylor, is the delineation of *Ion* himself by Ellen Tree. It is a performance of singular beauty, and almost realizes what it aims at. Ellen Tree's power is the feeling, not in the imagination, of the character. Her genius is always true to itself; it is hers to clothe

"———the palpable and the familiar.
With golden exhalations from the dawn—"

not to give shape and reality to the ideal creations of poetry, to the beings of the elements "that play in the plighted clouds." She can "raise a mortal to the skies," not "draw an angel down." But her *Ion* exhibited a high reach of thought, and a fine taste in following the footsteps of her masterly predecessor, without closely copying his conceptions. As regards some points of execution, it was most admirable. Her action and bearing were scarcely those of a woman, and yet were never in the least offensive. Delicacy and truth, feeling and intellectual discrimination, are the characteristics of her acting; and in this performance they were shown abundantly.

VARIETIES.

The Report of the Select Committee, appointed to inquire into the causes of the increased number of shipwrecks, has been laid before Parliament, and furnishes materials for the most serious attention, not only of those directly interested in the state of our mercantile marine, but of every member of the community. The great loss of property and life incurred by the frequent wrecks of merchant vessels has been long the subject of the most painful reflection, and therefore it behoves both the Legislature and the Government to carry into effect the suggestions of the Committee for the diminution of the evil. When it is stated that, from the evidence laid before the Committee, it appears that the loss of property in British ships wrecked or foundered, amounts to nearly *three millions* sterling per annum, and that the loss of life caused in the same manner amounts to *one thousand* persons in each year, the necessity is fully apparent, both on the score of interest and humanity, for the adoption of immediate measures for the prevention of so great a sacrifice. With respect to the principal causes of shipwreck, the Committee report—"That among the various causes of shipwreck, which appear susceptible of removal or diminution, the following appear to be the most frequent and the most generally admitted:—Defective construction of ships—Inadequacy of equipment—Imperfect state of repair—Improper or excessive loading—Inappropriateness of form—Incompetency of masters and officers—Drunkenness of officers and men—Operation of marine insurance—Want of harbours of refuge—Imperfection of charts."

Under each of these heads, the Committee expose the evils resulting from the system at present in operation, and then proceed to suggest the remedies to be applied for their prevention; the application of which remedies is to be placed under the direction of a mercantile marine board, to be constituted in London, and which is to superintend the mercantile marine of the United Kingdom. The remedies include the compilation of a maritime law, accurately defining the relative duties of shipowners, officers, and seamen, in which England at present is singularly defective; the encouragement and promotion of all manner of nautical improvement; the correct classification of ships; the due examination of officers before receiving licences of appointments to any grade in the merchant service; the establishment of saving banks for the wages of seamen, and asylums for the reception of the men and their effects; the formation of registry offices, where certificates of the character and capacity of every merchant seaman may be deposited; the establishment of nautical schools, &c.

Mail Coaches in England.—In England there are 55 four-horse, and 49 two-horse mails. In the four-horse mails the rate of travelling varies from 8 miles to 10 miles 5 furlongs per hour. There is one exception, the Devonport and Falmouth mail, which goes only 7 miles 2 furlongs per hour. The average is probably about 9 miles 2 furlongs. They all carry four inside passengers, and either three or four outside, except one which carries six outside, and two which carry eight. In the two-horse mails the rate varies from 6 miles to 9 miles 2 furlongs, and will probably average about 7 miles 6 furlongs. The passengers are almost invariably four inside, and four outside. The average speed travelled by both classes is 8 miles 7 furlongs. The average mileage for four-horse mails is 1½d. per mile; for two-horse mails, 1¾d. The rate of the London and Holyhead mail is 10 miles 1 furlong per hour; of the London and Edinburgh, 9 miles 6 furlongs. The difference of three furlongs per hour is equal to 1-26th part of the time.

By the Audit Accounts of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, it appears that a greater number of Bibles, Prayer Books, and Tracts, &c., have been distributed in the last, than in any former year. The following is the total circulation between the audits of April, 1835, and those of April, 1836:—

Bibles	100,913
Testaments	86,066
Common Prayer Books	192,082
Psalters	14,803
Other Bound Books	125,533
Small Tracts Half-Bound, &c.	1,955,780

Total 2,475,172

In addition to this encouraging statement it will not fail to be a source of congratulation to all who desire a cordial union and co-operation in the great cause of the Gospel, to learn that the British and Foreign Bible Society have presented the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge with all the translations of the Bible, used by them on the Continent of Europe.—The version of the French Bible is in progress, and the Society has also undertaken the publication of a Spanish translation of the Scriptures; and is engaged in translating the Liturgy into the Italian, Dutch, Russian, Modern Greek, and some Oriental languages.

Private and Joint-Stock Bank Circulation.—Sufficient notice hardly appears to have been yet drawn to the gradual increase of the private banking and joint stock banking circulation, which may shortly come to have important consequences, and react on the general circulation in a way to produce great inconvenience. We believe that the Bank directors look at the subject with considerable alarm, and that it has influenced them in a great degree to some of the measures they have lately taken. The return for the last quarter has just been before the public, but it is necessary to go back some time to demonstrate fully what has just been remarked. The returns since June, 1835, are annexed, and deserve careful consideration in the point of view just described:—

Circulation between the 27th June and 26th September, 1835:—

Private Banks	£7,912,587
Joint-Stock Banks	2,508,036
	<hr/>
	10,420,623

Between the 26th of September and the 26th of December, 1835:—

Private Banks	8,334,863
Joint-Stock Banks	2,799,551

11,134,414

Between the 27th of December, 1835, and the 23th of March, 1836:

Private Banks	8,353,691
Joint-Stock Banks	3,094,025

11,447,919

Between the 26th of March and the 25th June, 1836:—

Private Banks	8,614,132
Joint-Stock Banks	3,568,054

—*Times.*

12,202,196

The costs and charges of collecting the public money from five sources of revenue only, amount to 3,550,238*l.* The distribution is as follows:—Customs, 1,356,725*l.*; excise, 1,072,392*l.*; stamps, 203,815*l.*; taxes, 209,372*l.*; and post-office, 678,837*l.* The expense incurred in erecting the new General Post-office, Dublin, was 115,401*l.*, and of St. Martin's-le-Grand, 237,863*l.* There are ninety distinct Acts of Parliament which regulate these five branches of public revenue.

Fossil Fish.—A very interesting specimen of fossil fish has been found in the Carse of Gowrie, in a quarry near Inchture. It is about thirteen inches broad, and twenty-nine long; and the form is well marked. It is inclosed in the red sandstone of that district, a rock somewhat older than the Burdiehouse limestone. As fish exist in the greywacke, which is an older rock,

and the coal-measures, which are newer, there is nothing inconsistent in finding them in this red sandstone; but the rock is generally very barren of fossils, and we are not aware that one of this description has hitherto been found in it in Scotland.

It appears from a Parliamentary paper that the number of licensed brewers in England is 2099; who consume 16,412,440 bushels of malt; of victuallers 54,551, of whom 36,962 brew their own beer, and consume 9,521,797 bushels of malt. There are 36,536 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, of whom 14,840 brew their own beer, and consume 3,702,417 bushels of malt; and of the 4118 licensed sellers of beer not to be drunk on the premises, 987 who brew their own beer consume 218,616 bushels of malt. In Scotland 242 brewers consume 988,800 bushels of malt; and out of 17,026 victuallers there are 335 who brew their own beer, and consume 4,0380 bushels. In Ireland there are 245 brewers, whose consumption of malt is 1,829,587 bushels.

According to a return recently made, there are retained under 10 Geo. IV. c. 10, on permanent pay in Great Britain, 89 adjutants, as many serjeant-majors, 1243 serjeants, 61 drum-majors, and 461 drummers. Of the staff at present receiving permanent pay the numbers are 81 adjutants, 85 serjeant-majors, and 621 serjeants. In Ireland about one-third of the above force are in pay.

The English Yeomanry.—The total number of troops in Great Britain is 338, and the number of officers 1155; of men 18,210. The expense of all the corps in 1835 was 96,314*l.* 14*s.* The amount paid out of the vote for Great Britain, in aid of the gratuities granted to the reduced permanent serjeants and drummers of the Irish yeomanry, was 2,850*l.* The probable amount of outstanding demands is, for Great Britain, 1,160*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; for Ireland, 1,560*l.* Total probable charge against the vote of Parliament, 101,885*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*

Colonel Chesney's expedition to open a new line of intercourse with India by the rivers Orontes and Euphrates, after encountering many delays and dangers, experienced, on the 21st of May, a melancholy check, by the sinking of the Tigris steamer in the river Euphrates in a hurricane. The gallant leader of the expedition was himself on board of the Tigris, but happily escaped: but Mr. Lynch, Lieut. Robert Cockburn, the interpreter Ensoff Sarded, the engineer John Struthers, five artillerymen, one marine, five seamen, and five natives, in the whole twenty persons, perished. The steamer Euphrates yet remains, with which Colonel Chesney may reach India; but the numerous misadventures which have befallen the expedition seem to decide against the adoption of this line of communication with the East. Colonel Chesney's valuable papers are lost.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Artesian Wells.—M. Arago, in lately delivering a lecture on the theory of the central heat of the earth, related an operation at this time carrying on in Paris, which may be of the highest importance not only to science but to public economy. The municipality have ordered an Artesian well to be pierced near the Barrière des Martyrs; but the men employed, after getting to a depth of 900 feet without finding water, came to a stratum of chalk, so thick that the undertaking would have been given up but for the interference of men of science, who wished it to be continued, with a view to the elucidation of the above theory. According to observations made by means of a thermometer, *à maxima*, no doubt remains as to a fact which hitherto it has

not been possible to verify with any degree of precision—namely, that the temperature of the earth rises in regular proportion towards the centre; so that at the tenth degree from the surface, all known matter must be in a state of fusion. At the point to which the perforation in question has reached, M. Arago expects a spring of water will arise of a sufficient degree of heat to warm public establishments, supply baths, and serve for other purposes.

The Sound.—The number of ships, of all nations, that passed the Sound in the month of June, was 1175 from the North Sea, and 576 from the Baltic—in all 1751. Of these there were English from the North Sea 301, from the Baltic 138—in all 439, or a fourth part of the whole. There were only twenty French ships from the North Sea, and two from the Baltic.

America, England, and China.—It appears by a return received from Canton, that the quantity of teas exported to Great Britain, from the 23rd of April, 1834, to the 30th of September, 1835, amounted to 51,079,290 lbs.; and from the 1st of October, 1835, to the 31st of January, 1836, to 34,278,261 lbs. in 55 ships, with a tonnage of 27,597 register. During the first period the exports to the United States amounted to 12,969,378 lbs., and during the second to 8,859,211 lbs. The mean amount of the total exportation of teas, during the three seasons preceding 1834, amounted to 31,496,866 lbs.

Phrenology.—The Académie de Médecine has been called upon to decide the important question of phrenology. The discussion occupied four sittings. Dr. Brussals, who is at the head of the phrenological school, maintained the principles which he had laid down in his lectures. M. Gueneau de Mussy had to sum up the arguments on both sides, and in conclusion gave an opinion that the system ought not at present to be adopted. The Academy, concurring in this opinion, deferred its decision till the system was established on more solid bases.—*Paris Journal.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat harvest may now (August 22) be said to be concluded in all but the extreme northern parts of the kingdom, and, upon the whole, it must be very successfully concluded. For if some farmers in the districts where the grain ripens earliest were disposed to begin perhaps a little before the positive and perfect maturity of the ear; if either fearing, what so many believed (their wish being father to the thought), a sickle or absolutely wet harvest; if urged by the opinion supported by the ablest agriculturists, that the sample is benefited by early cutting, some commenced a little too soon, the great bulk has been got in under the most favourable circumstances. The ears were plumped by previous and light rains, so that they received the advantage without being ruffled or laid in the straw. This, it has been computed, increases the quantity in the bushel not less than one in eight. The duration of dry and sunny, though not excessively hot, weather, has been sufficient to enable the farmer to complete his stacks without a drop of rain falling upon the cut corn; and last, not least, there has been time to thatch and secure them against the future contingencies of weather. There can, then, be little doubt—notwithstanding the reports from the markets—that the bulk is harvested in the soundest and best possible condition.

Concerning the quantity, we have the opinions of very extensive observers to lead us to the belief that there is a full average. "On the strong lands the corn never stood thicker, nor ever exhibited finer and fuller ears. In such situations the crop far exceeds an average; nor is it much below on the

lighter soils. There is, however, a vast difference by places; we have seen full fifty per cent. in the same parish, and a hundred within a few miles; but these diversities always subsist, and they compensate each other. Upon the widest information we have been able to obtain from consulting the public journals and many private sources, we entertain the most complete conviction that the crop will rather exceed, than fall below it.

Another great question is set at rest by the present harvest. Being later than that of last year by a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks, the consumption of the country has been increased *pro tanto*—say one-seventeenth of the annual demand—and yet there has been no diminution of supply in the metropolitan or provincial markets; on the contrary, in spite of the prevalent anticipation of exhausted stocks, a shorter quantity at market, and a rise of price in the spring months (to leave out of the consideration the notion of a wet harvest), all these suppositions have been contradicted by the event. The stocks are so far from exhausted, that we know instances of farmers (and farmers who are also largely concerned in mill-property) who now hold three years' wheat; we know others where, within the last month, the threshing-machine has been called to aid in emptying the barn, merely to provide space for the coming crop. In the second particular (the quantity sent to market), the contradiction is not less complete, for scarcely has any month in the year shown a greater supply. There reached Mark Lane from our own coasts, in the week ending August 1, 6879 quarters of wheat; in that ending August 8, no less than 14,231; in that ending August 15, 7666 quarters, and in that ending August 22, 8382. Thus, notwithstanding the engagement of the farmer in his harvest, the supply has kept full pace with the common weekly averages of the year. Touching the last point (price), it has gone down about 3s., with the exception of fine old, which obtained 1s. 6d. per quarter advance in this day's market.

We insist strongly upon these particulars, because there is nothing so anxiously to be desired as that the landed interest, and the tenantry especially, should be taught to look at facts, and to understand their bearing upon their own interests. Now when these facts are taken in conjunction with the visible and known application of a continually augmenting capital to the agriculture of Ireland and the colonies—when the improved skill—when the introduction of new and more successful methods of cultivation and manuring, together with the pains now bestowed in collecting the various substances which are found to fertilize the soil, road-dirt, soot, bones, decayed fish, &c., besides the usual supplies of night-soil and sweepings from large towns—when all these things, we say, are taken into account, it is impossible not to perceive that the growth is likely to keep more than equal pace with the increase of population. For during the present year everything has occurred that could increase consumption: the full wages and full employment of the manufacturing districts have necessarily occasioned more generous living amongst the most numerous classes of eaters and drinkers. The labourer in agriculture has been better off by the emigration and the operation of the new poor-laws—he also has been a larger consumer; the farmer has fed his stock on the grain which used to furnish subsistence to man only, yet all has not sufficed, even with the lengthened time between the harvests, to exhaust the stocks. It seems therefore to be reduced to a moral certainty, that no cause except a season of positive dearth can be sufficient to raise wheat to a high price in England for a long time to come. This, then, is the most important of all considerations to the tenant, for it reduces to a certainty the necessity of his taking for his guide in all his contracts, that he is to look to a reduction of expense, not to an improvement of price, for his profits or even his safety. This must be his leading star in the adjustment of his future courses.

Two or three circumstances attending the harvest are worth observation. The wheat was never stacked with such rapidity, owing to two main causes—

the engagement of more hands, and the employment of the scythe upon the light lands, in lieu of the sickle. The farmer has suddenly had a new light cast upon him by the Poor-law Amendment Bill, and he has found out that it is better far to have the labour of the husbandman than the idleness of the pauper for his money. The wives of the labourers have also been called into action in reaping, or in gathering after the scythe where their husbands were mowing. But the latter practice is objectionable on many grounds. First, although more straw goes into the barn, it is questionable whether the land gains so much by it in manure (owing to the waste, and its more rapid decomposition) as it does by the stover being ploughed in, and by the haulm being exposed in the yards. A still stronger objection lies in the exasperation it occasions among the poor, for after the drag-rake, used sometimes twice, the gleaner can only get the ears which are broken short off from the straw, and these are very, very few indeed. In parishes where the mowing has been general, we are satisfied the gleaner has lost half his harvest, and it is difficult to persuade the poor that this privation is not an invasion of a right which long custom has conferred. It is in truth what nothing but necessity can justify. In some cases the shocks have been shorn off the ears in revenge or in compensation—a very summary method of gleanng. But the farmer derives two benefits, the increased quantity and the decreased wages and maintenance of his harvest-men, for mowing shortens this process considerably.

The complaints of the sportsman are of course no matter of concern to the farmer; but mowing ruins half his diversion, except that by making the birds wild in the early part of the year, it tends to augment the numbers left at the end.

Concerning the crop of Barley, there appears to be no doubt that it will reach a full average and a quarter. There is an immense preponderance of what Norfolk farmers call *hat* barley—which means that if the ears are numerous enough, and the stalks strong enough to support a hat flung amongst them, it declares a capital crop. What effect the temperance societies may produce upon the consumption of the article we pretend not to anticipate, but at present the demand seems quite equal to the supply, for while wheat is receding both in demand and price, barley preserves its steadiness. The probability is that the demand exceeds the domestic growth.

The Bill for the Commutation of Tithes in England has passed. We have not sufficient space now to comment upon its provisions, which, however, we shall take an early opportunity to do. At present we may summarily state our conviction that its grand benefit will be to give room to the farmer to exert his skill and employ his capital without fear of the clergyman; but, in all other respects, a commutation will act rather against than for his peculiar interests. The measure must be considered rather as a concession to the growing power of the growing numbers of the Dissenters (with a grain of allowance for the complaints of the agriculturists) than as a matter of favour to the landed interest. Ultimately, its advantages will fall chiefly to the landlord. The Church, too, will be eventually benefited by the security thus given to its property and income.

The business of the summer fairs has upon the whole been brisk, and the dealings in stock of all sorts would have been even more active and advantageous but for the check given by the failure of the first sown turnips. Happening, however, so early, the injury will be much abated by re-sowing and filling up the vacant places. Where the canker has despoiled the lands, we have seen this expedient resorted to with success, and young plants rising vigorously, though late. Thus the crop will not be so short by many degrees as that of last year.

The Corn market, we have already said, has exhibited in Wheat a decline, in Barley tolerable steadiness. Oats have also maintained their prices.

It would seem that a curious effort was made to affect the price of Peas. Large sales at a price of 25 per cent. above the real average value of the kingdom were returned from Lancashire; thus enhancing the general price and lowering the duty. Thus it was hoped by those who laid this plan that Peas would come to be released from bond at a duty of 5s. or 5s. 6d., but this scheme has been defeated probably by the inspector striking out the sales in question as fictitious. Be this as it may, the duty sunk in the week ending August 5, to no lower than 9s. 6d. per quarter.

Imperial averages, Aug. 12.—Wheat, 50s. 4d.; Barley, 32s. 3d.; Oats, 23s. 11d.; Rye, 35s. 2d.; Beans, 40s. 11d.; Peas, 35s. 7d. (The duty on Peas is again risen—it is now 11s.)

RURAL ECONOMY.

Nepaul Wheat.—We understand that several trials of this new variety of wheat have been made by agriculturists of this country this season, and the result is likely to substantiate its claims to the attention of the tenantry. Mr. Turnbull of Bellwood has tried a small field with it this year, and it is now a good crop, and nearly ready for the sickle. It was sown in the middle of May; and if reaped in the middle of August, it would only have been three months in the ground! The soil is one of the latest and poorest on his grounds, and the result would seem to point to its chief advantages being experienced by the upland farmer and in the Highland districts, where, from the nature of the soil and the climate, rapidity of growth is of the greatest consequence.

Trifolium Incarnatum, or Italian Clover.—The Trifolium has, in many parts of the country, this season, presented a most beautiful and luxuriant appearance, and, although the month of May and part of April were particularly cold and frosty, still this plant has produced in many places full two tons per acre. It would be well if farmers generally were to harrow or drag in, after harvest, in their young seeds, from six to ten pounds of trifolium per acre, for, if it escape the ravages of the slug or fly, neither time of seedling nor frost will injure it. Sheep are particularly partial to this plant, and for early spring feed for lambs, nothing yet introduced equals it in quality or quantity. The surest method of producing a crop is to drag it in as early as possible after harvest, in any clean stubble, and after to roll it or tread it down hard with sheep. If the soil be very light, it will answer well to adopt the latter method, particularly after a shower of rain.—*Salisbury Journal.*

Maize Sugar.—Dr. Ballas having sent two specimens of the maize sugar to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Biot has submitted them to certain experiments of polarization, in order to ascertain their precise nature. The deviation of the luminous rays to the right of the place of polarization, in an aqueous solution of this sugar, after filtration and the proportion of its inversion to the left by the addition of liquid sulphuric acid, have been found by M. Biot to agree with the pure sugar derived from the cane.

Marl as Manure.—It appears that in Britain's early days, marl, next to dung, was the most usual manure; and if our ancestors borrowed the mode of applying that manure, as we know that they obtained their knowledge of the use of it, from the Romanized Britons, their marling improvements were effected certainly in the most expensive and effectual manner. Pliny states that for the best white marl used in Britain, the inhabitants sometimes sunk shafts 100 feet deep—that the effects of this marl were found to continue 80 years, and that no man was ever known to have manured the same field with this marl twice in his lifetime.—*Jones's Remarks on the Bill for the Commutation of Tithes.*

USEFUL ARTS.

Important Invention.—A free man of colour, Henry Blair by name, has invented a machine, called the corn-planter, which is now exhibiting at the capital of Washington. "The Intelligencer" describes it as a very simple and ingenious machine, which, as moved by a horse, opens the furrow, drops (at proper intervals, and in an exact and suitable quantity) the corn, covers it, and levels the earth, so as, in fact, to plant the corn as rapidly as a horse can draw a plough over the ground. The inventor thinks it will save the labour of eight men. He is about to make some alterations in it, to adapt it to the planting of cotton.—*New York Paper.*

M. Biot.—The learned and scientific M. Biot has been delivering some very remarkable lectures at the Collège de France. He has proved, that by means of polarized rays, it is possible to ascertain the chemical action which takes place between bodies held in solution, in various liquids—an action which has not yet been discovered by less delicate means. This is a new branch of science, created as it were by this great natural philosopher, from which the most important and curious results may be expected.

Peat Tiles.—A gentleman, named Calderwood, of Blackbyres, Fenwick, has invented a spade to cut peat tiles in a most expeditious manner. These tiles are shaped something like a clay tile, and on moorlands will answer the purpose equally well. In such districts clay is not to be had, and the expense of carting tiles would be heavy. With the newly-invented spade a farmer may cut two or three thousand tiles a day, expose them to dry in the sun, and lay them in his drains within a few yards of the place where they were cut. When properly dried they will be porous, and will not soften with wet. Some of the tiles so made have been exhibited at Kilmarnock.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences M. Arago announced that a celebrated Danish watchmaker had invented a watch which, at the end of the day, indicates the mean temperature of the 24 hours.

New Discovery.—We have seen, at Leeds, a specimen of bleached flax prepared by Mr. Harwood, chemist, of York, which appears to us as presenting a decided improvement in the manufacture of that article. It has created a great sensation amongst the manufacturers, and has been taken for silk. It is capable of being manufactured into the finest thread for the construction of veils, lace, cambric, and which will supersede those articles of French manufacture. The texture is most beautiful; we never saw anything equal to it, and we have no doubt, that, if properly brought into notice, the discovery will prove a national benefit, and introduce quite a revolution in those articles of trade.—*Doncaster Chronicle.*

A very important improvement has been made in the silk-loom at Manchester, which is likely to operate very favourably upon the manufacture of this valuable article of trade, and it may be the means of transferring a very large portion of it from France and Italy to this country. It is now perfectly clear that steam-power may be applied with the greatest advantage to the silk-loom, which has heretofore been worked by hand only; and a young girl may weave, with this improvement, as much silk in a day as can be woven by two men upon the present plan. The new loom occupies but little more than half the space required by the one in common use, as all the apparatus connected with the weights is removed, and a spring substituted, which performs the work with much greater precision than can be wrought by weights.

Safety Valves.—A brazier of Neuchâtel introduces into his boilers a small float, which swims on the surface as long as there is a sufficient quantity of water; but, when this diminishes to a certain point, the float, in sinking, opens a small valve which suffers the steam to escape through a tube, and issuing, it makes a hissing noise, strong enough to warn those who have the charge of the engine.

NEW PATENTS.

To Miles Berry, of the Office for Patents, Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, mechanical draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forming staves for barrels, casks, and other purposes, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Lewis Matthias Horliac, late of Paris, but now residing in the Haymarket, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements in carriages and harness, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Oliver Bird, of the parish of Woodchester, in the county of Gloucester, clothier, and William Lewis, of Brunscumb, in the parish of Stroud, in the said county, clothier, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery applicable to the dressing of woollen and other cloths requiring such process.

To John Ericsson, of Brook Street, New Road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of an improved propeller applicable to steam-navigation.

To Samuel Brown, of Boswell Court, Carey Street, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements for

generating gas, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes.

To Charles Phillips, of Chipping Norton, in the county of Oxford, for his invention of improvements in drawing off beer, and other liquors, from casks or vessels.

To John Ericsson, of Brook Street, New Road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of certain improved machinery to be used in the manufacturing of files.

To Charles Wheatstone, of Conduit Street, in the county of Middlesex, musical-instrument manufacturer, and John Green, of Soho Square, in the same county, musical-instrument manufacturer, for their invention of a new method or methods of forming musical instruments, in which continuous sounds are produced from strings, wires, or springs.

To Peter Spence, of Henry Street, Commercial Road, in the county of Middlesex, chemist, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacture of Prussian blue, prussiate of potash, and plaster of Paris.

To Charles Brandt, of Belgrave Place, Piccadilly, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of an improved method of evaporating and cooling fluids.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JULY 26, TO JUNE 28, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

July 26.—B. BENSLKY, Andover, printer. H. NEWTON, Regent-street, silk-mercer. R. HOWARTH, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. J. W. and H. BLOOM, Cheltenham, common brewers. J. BLOOM, Goolle, Yorkshire, coal-dealer. J. BLAIR, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, money-scrivener. T. EAMES, Pendleton, Lancashire, dyer.

July 29.—J. MILNER, Failandworth, Lancashire, victualler. J. HEWLENS, Bristol, currier.

Aug. 2.—A. E. and H. W. WINDUS, Skinner-street, Snow hill, stationers. A. GORDON, Holland place, Brixton-road, fish-curer. S. B. KING, Fish street-hill, stationer. T. O. N. PRICHARD, Houndsditch, surgeon. J. HOOGER, Upper Thames-street, cheese-factor. J. O. WHITEHALL, Liverpool, painter. H. HOLDEN, Leeds, smith. J. MITCHELL, Leeds, cloth-dresser. J. ALDAY, Birmingham, wire-drawer. J. BOOTH, Doncaster, postmaster. W. CROFT, jun., Manchester, hosier. T. BROWN, Grange, Cheshire, common brewer.

Aug. 5.—L. FENNER, Rawstorne-street, Goswell-street-road, fancy cabinet maker. L. A. BENNETT, Crutched friars, merchant. J. I. NATHANSON, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, merchant. J. MORRIS, jun., Wandsworth, Surrey, grocer. J. TOPPING, Moorhouse-hall, Wigan, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. J. PARSONS, Hill, Buckinghamshire, grocer. J. ALLEN, Sudbury, Suffolk, grocer.

Aug. 9.—G. STUART, High-street, Camberwell, ironmonger. G. B. HUNTER, Waterlough place, Pall-mall, wine-merchant. M. PAR-

KER, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, grocer. R. MORGAN, Southampton-row, Russell-square, linen draper. J. JOWETT and J. MITCHELL, Regent-street, linen drapers. J. S. PROCKTER, Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, glue manufacturer. T. A. BACON, Markfield, Leicestershire, flour-seller. P. BARTOW, Congleton, Cheshire, silk throwster. J. GIRTON, Northampton, currier.

Aug. 12.—J. TUSSEL, Old-street, St. Luke's, currier. W. WILES, jun., York-row, Kennington-road, pawnbroker. R. BLOOMFIELD, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell, tailor. C. J. CHAPMAN, George-street, Croydon, corn-dealer. T. WRIGHT, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shipowner.

Aug. 16.—J. FUSSELL, Old-st., St. Luke's, currier. J. WRIGHT, jun., and G. LOCKWOOD, Trinity square, coal-factors. H. W. SMITH, Greenwich, bullder. J. ROYER, sen., Hoxne, and Syleham, Suffolk, miller. W. McDONALD and A. BRKS, Manchester, linen-drappers. F. ROBERTS, Salford, Lancashire, joiner. H. MASSY, Bath, surgeon. R. DONKIN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.

Aug. 19.—R. C. SHEPHERD, Camomile-street, Bishopsgate-st., carrier. J. KNOWLES, Birch-lane, ship and insurance broker. R. HUNTER, St. Paul's Churchyard, bookseller. P. ASTLEY, Wood-street, Cheap-side, woollen warehouseman. J. DELAMBER, Liverpool, grocer. R. PULLEN, Selby, Yorkshire, flag-merchant. M. PYE, Aintree, Lancashire, victualler. T. STEPHENS, Chazill, Gloucester, maltster.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE great staple manufactures of the country, cotton, wool, and silk, (for the latter has now vindicated its claim to be included in the list) are in a state of the highest and most healthful industry; the cotton mills and looms are in fact oppressed with foreign orders, which it is impossible they can execute with a celerity commensurate with the wishes of their customers. The iron trade, which was for so many years carried on, occasionally at a moderate profit, not unfrequently at a positive loss, now feels the full advantage of the vast demand created by the extensive progress of railway schemes, and the endless catalogue of machinery and implements which they call into existence.

Business in the Sugar Market has been but moderate of late; the grocers being tolerably well-stocked; but prices are still maintained with firmness, particularly for the brown and ordinary yellow qualities. The current quotations are for Jamaicas, brown, 67s. 6d. to 68s. 6d.; middling to good, 68s. 6d. to 71s.; fine to very fine, 72s. to 74s.

There has been considerable activity in Mauritius Sugars at full prices; but the pertinacity with which high rates are demanded continues to prevent any extensive business in East India Sugars. In Foreign Sugars very little is doing, even at reduced quotations.

For West India Molasses there has been an eager inquiry, and from the small quantity on hand, 35s. and 36s. per cwt. has been realized; and for a parcel of fine Demerara 37s. is asked.

Rum commands prices fully equal to late previous quotations; Jamaica, 28 to 30 over-proof, 4s. 3d.; 38 over, 4s. 6d.; Leewards, proof, 2s. 5d.: 3 over, 2s. 5½d.; 11 to 16 over, 2s. 10d. to 3s. Notwithstanding the intelligence of the great damage done to the vines in France, no animation has been given to the Brandy trade. Geneva is equally dull of sale.

British Plantation Coffee has latterly suffered a depression of 1s. to 3s. per cwt., in the middling and ordinary clean sorts, and of not less than 6s. to 8s. in the nucleon, which is at present very unmarketable. The prices recently realized by public auction are, for Jamaica, middling and low middling, 99s. 6d. to 108s. 6d.; good to fine fine ordinary, 88s. 6d. to 100s.; pea berry, 120s. In East India Coffee the depression has

been from 1s. 6d. to 2s.: Ceylon, subject to the 6d. duty, has brought 87s. to 88s.; Mocha, fair and middling greenish, 72s. to 81s. The market for Foreign Coffee is very dull; 900 bags of pale and good ordinary coloured Brazil have sold lately at 50s. to 52s.; good ordinary mixed St. Domingo, 52s.

Indigo is the subject of a steady demand both for exportation and for the home trade; and the bought in lots at former sales of East India Indigo are freely taken off at the prices of last sale. It is expected that about 5000 chests will be brought forward at the October sale which commences on the 5th. Cochineal is in request and brings an advance of 2d. to 3d. per lb.

Cotton is held firmly by the importers, at previous prices, and in Madras and the better qualities of Bengal an advance of ½d. is obtained; the purchases lately have been chiefly by shippers, and have been at the following rates:

Bengal, 4½d. to 5½d.; Surat, 4½d. to 7d.; Madras, 6½d. to 7½d.; Bowed 10½d. to 11d.

The demand for Italian and East India Silks is brisk; and as arrivals are but moderate, prices are rather looking upwards.

The large public sales of Wool advertised for this month have depressed the Market for Foreign and Colonial; but for English Wools it continues in full activity.

With the exception of some large parcels of ordinary Congous for shipping, the Tea Market is dull. Government have announced their intention of admitting at the 1s. 6d. duty all Bohea Tea which left Canton on or before the 1st March last.

Although the accounts from various parts of the country give any thing but a flattering account of the state of the harvest, no material alteration has yet taken place in Mark-Lane; it is, however, the general opinion that we shall be compelled to draw largely from the granaries of the Continent for our support in the ensuing year.

A great alteration has suddenly taken place in the anticipated amount of the duty on Hops, which at one time was thought by some likely to realize nearly 300,000*l.*; it is now rated at 185,000*l.*, but this circumstance has not had the effect of inducing any large speculative purchases.

Some apprehension has been lately

felt at the continuance of an unfavourable state of the Foreign Exchanges, and which it was feared would compel the Bank Directors to take rather strong measures for limiting the circulation. Hitherto they have not done so, and it is now hoped that the Exchange will right itself without an interference on their part, which they must be very unwilling to have recourse to. This circumstance has, however, had the effect of lowering the value of Consols nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The growing unpopularity of the Ministry of Spain, the unsatisfactory state of the British Legion, the utter inaction of the Queen's troops, all concurred to depress the quotations of Spanish and Portuguese Securities, from day to day. At length the intelligence arrived that Malaga and Cadiz had unfurled the banner of the Constitution of 1812; resistance to a similar demonstration in Madrid, although in the first instance successful, was eventually unavailing; and the Queen Regent found that she had no means of putting a stop to scenes of anarchy, but by giving her acquiescence, in modified terms, to that Constitution, and removing from her councils the once popular, but now hated, Isturitz. This may hold out a better hope for the eventual establishment of order, based on liberal principles, in Spain; but such movements are by no means agreeable to the sensitive nerves of the Bond-holder, who, as such, cares little for the Constitution of a State, provided he can obtain his dividends, but speedily takes alarm when the prospect of their regular payment becomes in any way obscured.

Since our last, Spanish Active Stock has gone down 8 per cent.; Deferred, 3 per cent.; and Passive, 2 per cent.

Portuguese 5 per cent. Bonds are 9 per cent., and the 3 per cents. 6 per cent. worse. Scrip has fallen from a premium of 1 to $\frac{1}{2}$ to a discount of 8 to 6 per cent.

In the Market for Railway Shares, the incident to which the greatest interest has attached, has been the rejection by the House of Lords of Stephenson's Brighton line. Towards the close of last month, the shares were at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium; immediately upon that event

they fell to a discount, from which however they have partially recovered, and are now quoted at from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium. An advance of full 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share has taken place in the London and Birmingham Railway Shares. In other descriptions, including Mining and Banking Companies, there has been little alteration of late, and a dull market.

The closing prices on the 26th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 211 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12—Three per cent. Reduced, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per cent. New, 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —India Stock, 260 1—India Bonds, 2 dis. par.—Exchequer Bills, 7 9 pm.—Consols for Account, 91 buyers.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian, 5 per cent. 106—Belgian, 5 per cent. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 86 7—Chilian, 6 per cent. 44 5—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7—Dutch, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 27 8—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 20 1—Portuguese Scrip, 5 per cent. 8 6 disc.—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 1835, 3 per cent. 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 111 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12—Spanish Active Bonds, 1834, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto Deferred Ditto, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto Passive Ditto, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

RAILWAYS.

Bristol and Exeter, $\frac{1}{2}$ dis. $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—Great Western, 17 18 pm.—Stephenson's Brighton, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—Cundy's Brighton, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dis.—London and Birmingham, 75 6 pm.—London and Greenwich, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 pm.—London and Southampton, par. 1 pm.—North Midland, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—South Eastern and Dover, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.

MINING COMPANIES.

Imperial Brazilian, 6 7 pm.—Del Rey, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 dis.—Copiapo, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada Company, 4 5 pm.—Colonial Bank, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pm.—General Steam Navigation, 14 15 pm.—National Bank of Ireland, 1 2 pm.—Provincial Bank of Ireland, 16 17 pm.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 25.—Their Lordships went into Committee on the Irish Church Bill.—In considering the 3rd clause, Lord Lyndhurst moved as an amendment, that the reduction of the clerical incomes should be three-fourths in place of seven-tenths, which, on a division, was carried by a majority of 78. His Lordship then moved certain amendments on clause 11, and several subsequent clauses, relating to the re-opening of existing compositions for tithe, and the tribunal before which the new inquiry should take place. These amendments were agreed to ; as were ultimately, though with a few verbal alterations, the clauses up to 49 inclusive. On the 50th clause being put, the Noble and Learned Lord moved the omission of it, the substitution of another in its place, and the necessary change in some succeeding clauses. His Lordship observed, that the House had concluded the settlement of the tithe question when they agreed to the 49th clause, and that matter, altogether now, and, as he thought, irrelevant, was now introduced.—Lord Melbourne opposed the amendment, as in agreeing to it he would sacrifice a principle in which he would persist so long as he was supported by a majority of the House of Commons. When that support should cease he would no longer hold office. On a division, the numbers were—for Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, 138 ; against it, 47. A division was afterwards taken on the 77th or "appropriation" clause, and the result was, for the omission of it, 135 ; against the omission, 47.

July 26.—Lord Hatherton moved the second reading of the Edinburgh Poor-rates Bill.—Lord Haddington moved, as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months.—After some observations, the amendment was adopted without any division.

July 28.—The Registration of Marriages Bill was recommitted.—The Bishop of Exeter moved an amendment, giving additional solemnity to the form of words to be hereafter used at the performance of marriage ceremonies.—The amendment was carried, on a division, by a majority of 19 to 15.

August 1.—The Report of the Committee on the Marriages Bill was presented, and several of the amendments called forth comments. On the amendment of the 20th clause being proposed, that moved by the Bishop of Exeter, requiring a religious declaration at the time of the marriage, Lord Melbourne opposed it on the ground that it was inconsistent with the principle, character, and objects of the Bill. Their Lordships divided on the question. The numbers were—contents, 29 ; non-contents, 72 ; majority against it, 43. The Bishop of Exeter's amendment is therefore expunged from the Bill.

August 4.—The Duke of Richmond moved the re-commitment of the Brighton Railway Bill, on the ground that the Committee had not reported on the matter referred to them, but on the question not referred to them, in expressing the opinion "That it was not expedient to proceed with the Bill." After a long conversation, their Lordships divided, and the motion was lost by a majority of 2.—The Marquess of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Bill for Disfranchising the Burgesses of Stafford.—The Earl of Devon opposed it, and moved as an amendment that it be read a second time that day three months.—The amendment was carried ; there being—for the Bill, 22 ; for the amendment, 38.

August 5.—Lord Exmouth inquired if Government had received any information of the evacuation of Vittoria by Cordova and the Christiano troops,

and the subsequent possession of it by the Carlists?—Lord Melbourne believed his Majesty's Government had received no information of the kind.

August 8.—Lord Melbourne moved that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Newspaper Stamps Bill. After entering into a variety of details, for the purpose of showing what exertions the Government had made, and how ineffectual they had proved in the endeavour to suppress the publication of papers which existed only by a violation of the law, his Lordship cautioned the House, that if the Bill were not to pass, the same state of things would be continued and aggravated for another Session, and the greatest inconvenience would be occasioned in the trade itself, by disturbing the arrangements which had been made in anticipation of the contemplated reduction.—Lord Lyndhurst (in the Committee) expressed his concurrence as to the necessity of doing away with unstamped publications. He therefore agreed to those parts of the Bill which were directed to that object. But the 11th clause, requiring the names of all the proprietors to be registered at the Stamp-office, was, he contended, as unjust and arbitrary a clause as had ever been introduced into any Bill. His Lordship concluded by moving that the 11th clause be rejected. After a very long discussion, the Committee divided on the clause, which was negatived by a majority of 21; the numbers being, for the clause, 40; against it, 61.

August 9.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Court of Session (Scotland) Bill.—Lord Rosslyn opposed it, and moved that it be read a second time that day three months, which was carried on a division, there being, for the original motion, 27; for the amendment, 37.

August 11.—The free conference requested by the Commons was agreed to, and managers appointed. On their return the Earl of Ripon stated that the House of Commons dissented from two of the amendments made by their Lordships in the English Municipal Act Amendment Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst moved that the Lords do adhere to their amendments.—Lord Melbourne moved, as an amendment, that the amendments should *not* be persisted in. After a long discussion, their Lordships divided, and the numbers were, for the motion, 40; for the amendment, 29. A new conference was then proposed, and the wish having been communicated to the Commons, they acceded.

August 16.—The Greek Loan Bill went through a Committee after the Duke of Wellington had expressed his regret that this country should be placed in so false a position on the subject of Greece and this loan, as this Bill proved it to be. The Municipal Officers' Election Bill was lost in a division; there being, for it, 27; against it, 43.

August 18.—Lord Lyndhurst moved for a return of the number of bills that had originated during this Session in the House of Lords, and had been amended or rejected in the Commons; and for a similar return with respect to measures that, in the same period, had come up from the Commons to the Lords. His Lordship availed himself of this opportunity to take a general review of the proceedings of the session, with a view especially to furnish the country with an authentic statement of the actual business transacted. The Noble Lord went *serialim* through the various promises held out in the Speech from the Throne, at the commencement of the session, and contrasted them with the amount of subsequent performance. His Lordship detailed the various measures brought forward, and the alterations introduced, and urged that the corrections and opposition had been conducted in the most lenient manner, he and others resting satisfied with correcting or rejecting bad measures, and not moving, as they might have done, any vote of censure for such negligent and reprehensible conduct on the part of the Administration. They had on no occasion resorted to the weapons usually adopted by an opposition; their whole course had been defensive, and all their conduct moderate.—Lord Holland justified the language that he had at various

times used, maintaining that the measures had been more often mutilated and marred than fairly met and impartially considered.—Lord Melbourne vindicated the conduct of the Government. Their promises were great, he admitted, because the demands and wants of the country were extensive; and those promises they could securely make; but they had no command of the performances: if they were nothing, it was because their Lordships had reduced them to nothing. If, however, the Administration deserved the description given of it by Lord Lyndhurst, that Noble Lord, instead of moving for a return respecting Bills, ought to have proposed an Address to the Crown to remove the Ministers. And why had he not done so? Because he dared not. His Lordship concluded with stating that he should not resign office,—that he considered his retaining it was for the benefit of the country, and while he was of that opinion he would hold his office till he was removed.—The Duke of Wellington considered, after the taunts and sarcasms levelled at Lord Lyndhurst, that Noble Lord was justified in entering into those details which he had done so ably and eloquently. The Noble Duke said he had not sought to remove the present Ministers from office; on the contrary, he had on many occasions purposely abstained from attending the House, and entering into discussions, because he did not desire to throw obstacles in the way of the Government, except where opposition was absolutely requisite; but he did desire to see an Administration bringing forward measures that would equally consult the benefit of all classes of the community, and not the views of one party, or any one set of individuals. Eventually the motion was put and carried, and the return ordered.—The Municipal Elections Bill, a measure deferred from a former evening, was resisted by Lord Lyndhurst, who moved, as an amendment, that it be further considered that day three months. The amendment was carried by 30 to 14; the Bill is now consequently lost by a majority of 16 against it.

August 20.—The King went in his usual state to the House of Lords and prorogued Parliament. The Usher of the Black Rod having summoned the Commons, the Speaker, attended by Lord John Russell and about forty Members of the Lower House, came to the bar. The Speaker then addressed his Majesty, and enumerated the measures which had occupied the attention of the Commons during the Session. The royal assent was then given to about twenty Bills, immediately after which his Majesty read the following Speech:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The state of the public business enables me at length to relieve you from further attendance in Parliament; and, in terminating your labours, I have again to acknowledge the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the attention which you have bestowed upon the important subjects which I brought under your consideration at the opening of the Session.

The assurances of friendly dispositions which I receive from all Foreign Powers, enable me to congratulate you upon the prospect that peace will continue undisturbed.

I lament deeply that the internal state of Spain still renders that country the only exception to the general tranquillity which prevails in the rest of Europe; and I regret that the hopes which have been entertained of the termination of the civil war have not hitherto been realized. In fulfilment of the engagements which I contracted by the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, I have afforded the Queen of Spain the co-operation of a part of my naval force, and I continue to look with unabated solicitude to the restoration of that internal peace in Spain, which was one of the main objects of the Quadruple Treaty, and which is so essential to the interests of all Europe.

I am happy to be able to inform you that my endeavours to remove the misunderstanding which had arisen between France and the United States have been crowned with complete success. The good offices which for that purpose I tendered to the two Governments were accepted by both in the most frank and conciliatory manner, and the relations of friendship have been re-established between them in a manner satisfactory and honourable to both parties.

I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations, with which they have so many important relations in common.

I have regarded with interest your deliberations upon the Reports of the Commission appointed to consider the state of the Dioceses in England and Wales; and I have cheerfully given my assent to the measures which have been presented to me for carrying into effect some of their most important recommendations.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction that I have learned that you have, with great labour, brought to maturity enactments upon the difficult subject of Tithe in England and Wales, which will, I trust, prove in their operation equitable to all the interests concerned, and generally beneficial in their results.

The passing of the Acts for Civil Registration, and for Marriages in England, has afforded me much satisfaction. Their provisions have been framed upon those large principles of religious freedom which, with a due regard to the welfare of the Established Church in this country, I have always been desirous of maintaining and promoting; and they will also conduce to the greater certainty of titles, and to the stability of property.

It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the tranquillity which has prevailed, and the diminution of crimes, which has lately taken place in Ireland. I trust that perseverance in a just and impartial system of government will encourage this good disposition, and enable that country to develop her great natural resources.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted not only the ordinary Supplies of the year, but the additional sums required to provide for an increase in my naval force.

I am also gratified to perceive that you have made provision for the full amount of compensation awarded to the owners of slaves in my Colonial possessions, and that the obligations entered into by the Legislature have thus been strictly fulfilled.

The increased productiveness of the public revenue has enabled you to meet these charges, and at the same time to repeal and reduce taxes, of which some were injurious in their effects upon my people, and others unequal in their pressure upon various parts of my dominions abroad.

The present condition of manufactures and commerce affords a subject of congratulation, provided the activity which prevails be guided by that caution and prudence which experience has proved to be necessary to stable prosperity.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The advanced period of the year, and the length of time during which you have been engaged in public affairs, must render you desirous of returning to your respective counties. You will there resume those duties which are in importance inferior only to your legislative functions, and your influence and example will greatly conduce to the maintenance of tranquillity, the encouragement of industry, and the confirmation of those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well-being of every community.

The Lord Chancellor, as Speaker of the House, by his Majesty's command, then said—

My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to the 20th day of October next, to be then holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to the 20th of October next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

July 25.—Lord J. Russell moved the resumption of the adjourned debate on the Established Church Bill. His Lordship alluded to the late opposition to it on the part of some of his supporters, and announced his intention of going on with the Bill, as well as with the Pluralities Bill. The Church Discipline and Deans and Chapters Bills he would not press during the present Session. In adverting to the question of church-rates, the Noble Lord expressed his belief that they could not be provided for out of the revenues of the Church.—On a division there appeared, for the Bill, 175; against it, 44.—The Committal of the Poole Corporation Bill was carried by a majority of 129 to 57.—The Stamp Duties Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 26.—The House went into Committee on the Charitable Trusts Bill.—After much conversational discussion, and several divisions, the Chairman brought up the Report.—The adjourned debate on the third reading of the County Elections Polls Bill was resumed, and, after considerable opposition, the Bill was at length reported.—Several measures were forwarded in their several stages, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a Bill suspending for one year the presentation to certain dignities in cathedral and collegiate Churches.

July 27.—Mr. C. Lushington gave notice, that early in next Session he would move a resolution that the Bishops be excluded from seats in the House of Lords.—The House, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, took into consideration the Lords' amendments to the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill.—The subject was discussed at some length.—Lord J. Russell proposed that the amendments be referred to a Select Committee, for the purpose of devising the course that it might be most advisable to pursue, which proposition was adopted.

July 28.—The Prisoners' Counsel Bill was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. Ewart presented the report of the Select Committee on the Lords' Amendments to the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill, which recommended the House *not* to agree to the Lords' Amendments. The Report, after some conversation, was ordered to lie on the Table.—The Poole Corporation Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 29.—The County Election Polls Bill created some discussion, and was read a third time, on a division, by a majority of 93 to 54.—A clause was added, on the motion of Lord Lowther, providing that there shall be a polling place for every 400 voters.—The Bill was then passed.—The Court of Session (Scotland) Bill, and the Charitable Trusts Bill, were read a third time and passed.—Lord J. Russell deferred the Registration of Voters Bill, and at the same time explained the nature of the amendment, which in deference to the suggestion of several Conservative Members, he proposed to introduce. The revising-barristers are to be ten in number, instead of eight; and a chief is to be appointed. The first appointments are to be made by the Bill, and the subsequent nominations by the Lord Chancellor.

August 1.—Mr. Walter moved a resolution to the effect that the House would, early in the next session, institute an inquiry into the working of the existing poor-laws; and on a division there appeared, for Mr. Walter's resolution, 46; against it, 82.

August 2.—Lord John Russell, on the order of the day being read for taking into consideration the Lords' amendments to the Church of Ireland Bill, said, as to the question of privilege, whether the Lords were justified in striking out the clauses regarding grants from the Consolidated Fund, he would waive all objections on that ground, and found his present proposition on the desire to meet the main question in issue—the truth and justice of those portions of the Bill that had been rejected by the Lords. He adhered to his opinion on the subject—he could not consent to allow the alterations; and he now put the question in such a shape that the House had the opportunity of distinctly recording whether it concurred in those alterations. If the House should sanction such amendments, he had only to add, that he could not form one of the message announcing to their Lordships such acquiescence; on the contrary, he should deem it his duty to resign, on the ground that the House took from him the confidence which he deemed essential.—Sir R. Peel said that the proposition of the Noble Lord—to defer the consideration of the Lords' amendments—was neither more nor less than the rejection of them. He complained of the injustice of that course, as deferring steps towards the adjustment of that question which had so much agitated Ireland. As to the principle of "appropriation," in other language, alienation of the Church property, he had opposed, and should

continue to resist it, whether the amount were small or large. He viewed the principle as fatal to the independence of the Church Establishment; and he, therefore, should continue to offer it his most strenuous resistance, in whatever form it was proposed. The Right Honourable Baronet concluded by moving as an amendment, that the resolutions of the Lords be taken into consideration.—After a long discussion the House divided. The numbers were—for Lord John Russell's motion, 260; against it, 231; majority, 29.

August 3.—A debate took place on the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill. After a long discussion the House divided. For the second reading, 39; against it, 22.

August 4.—On the Report of the Post-Office Bill, Col. Sibthorp opposed that part of it which allowed the Chief Commissioner to be eligible to sit in Parliament, and took the sense of the House on it. The numbers were—for the motion, 63; against it, 10; majority, 53.

August 5.—Mr. Maclean, after adverting to the contest going on in Spain, inquired whether the British Government had any guarantee for payment for the arms, ammunition, and troops sent over to the assistance of the Queen?—This question led to a long conversation, in the course of which, Viscount Palmerston stated, that, in the opinion of the Government, Don Carlos was a Pretender at present, and, if successful, would be an Usurper, inasmuch as the change in the constitution and succession of Spain had been sanctioned by Ferdinand, by the nobility, by the Cortes, and, finally, by the people of Spain.—Mr. Grove Price contended that the people of Spain were in favour of Don Carlos. This fact, he said, was proved by the late triumphant and uninterrupted march of Gomez, the Carlist General, through one of the provinces said to be the most tranquil, and one of those most devoted to the Queen's cause.

August 8.—A debate took place on the bringing up of the report on the Pensions Duties Bill.—Mr. V. Harcourt moved a clause, excepting from the operation of the Bill the pension granted in the reign of Queen Anne to John, Duke of Marlborough and his heirs.—Several Honourable Members spoke, and a division took place, when Mr. Harcourt's clause was carried by 37 to 35.—Subsequently Mr. Warburton moved the re-committal of the Bill. The motion was lost on a division. The Honourable Member afterwards threatened that he would move an adjournment whenever the measure should come before the House, and assigned, as his reason for thus getting rid of the question, that he wished the clause to be thoroughly examined and discussed.

August 9.—On the order for considering the amendments, Lord John Russell moved that the House do disagree to the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill, respecting the charitable trust, &c.; which, after some discussion, was agreed to.

August 10.—The House considered the Lords' amendments on the Stamp Duties Bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having moved that these amendments be read, submitted another motion, that the Bill, as returned, be laid aside, on the ground that the Lords had interfered with a Bill of aid and supply.—The motion was agreed to, *nem. con.* The Right Hon. Gentleman then obtained leave to bring in a new Bill, in every other respect the same as the last, but with the omission of the clause proposed by Mr. C. Buller, and rejected by the Lords, and the alteration of the Bill should take effect from the 1st to the 15th of September.

August 11.—In reply to Mr. Aglionby, Lord Palmerston stated that Dr. Beaumont, who had been imprisoned in France, had now been brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation.

August 12.—A message from the Lords reported that their Lordships had agreed to the Newspaper Stamp Duty Bill without any amendment.

August 13.—On the third reading of the Pensions Duties Bill, Mr. Warburton moved the omission of the clause exempting from the duty the Duke of Marlborough's pension, which was carried by 36 to 34.—The Jewish Disabilities Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 16.—Mr. Grove Price, on an order of the day, moved that the despatch or despatches of Mr. Villiers, announcing the proclamation of the Constitution of 1812, at Malaga, Saragossa, Cadiz, &c., and the recent events at Madrid, be laid on the table of the House.—Lord Palmerston said it would be an inconvenient and unusual course to produce these despatches.—Sir J. Elley thought the British Government ought not to pursue such temporising conduct regarding Spain. The motion was eventually withdrawn.

August 17.—Mr. Ruthven presented a petition from St. Ann's, Dublin, praying the House to adopt measures to *expel* the Bishops from the House of Lords, as obstructive to public business.—Mr. A. Trevor submitted that such a petition could not be received.—The Speaker stated that the House could not receive petitions couched in such language, and concluding with such a prayer.

August 19.—Mr. Wilks asked if Government had been able to consider the situation of the corporation of the city of London, with a view to the introduction of any measure of Municipal Reform for that city.—Lord John Russell said it was impossible to frame any measure until the Report of the Commissioners had been laid before them.

August 20.—The House was prorogued to the 20th of October next.

THE COLONIES.

JAMAICA.

The House of Assembly met on the 24th of May, when the Governor, the Marquis of Sligo, in his speech, withdrew all the expressions which had been previously considered by the Assembly of an offensive nature; and on the 26th, the address in answer was agreed to, in which the Assembly expressed their intention to take into their consideration all the important subjects relative to the interests of the colony, and likewise expressed their complete satisfaction at the explanations entered into by his Excellency. Thus, it appears, all the differences which had existed have been arranged, and the proceedings of the Assembly were expected to be on the most amicable and satisfactory footing.

The House of Assembly stands prorogued until the 19th of July. His Excellency, the Governor, in his speech on the occasion, begs the House to accept his acknowledgments for the provision they have made for the public service. He remarks that the crop will be below the average; but hopes that the increased prices in the home market will afford a return equal to that of a prosperous year. His Excellency concludes by alluding to the perfect tranquillity prevailing in the island, and to the increasing desire on the part of the negroes for useful labour. On the whole, things begin to wear a more favourable aspect in this island, and a friendly understanding seems to exist between his Excellency and the House of Assembly. There have been some bickerings between the planters and stipendiary magistrates. The European labourers, particularly the Germans, who have been imported into the colony, are favourably spoken of. The Assembly have taken steps to build a Presbyterian church at Jamaica.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

By the bill for the prevention and punishment of offences committed by his Majesty's subjects within certain territories adjacent to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the inhabitants of which territories are in an uncivilized state, the Penal Laws are extended to their protection. Governors may address commissions to magistrates to reside in these uncivilized regions. The commissions are to be in force only during the King's pleasure.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Emigration Committee recently came to a resolution, "That, adverting to the information imparted to the Committee, both collectively and individually, of the excessive immorality stated to prevail in certain districts of New South Wales, they have formed the opinion that they cannot conscientiously recommend to the Government to encourage the further emigration of single females to Sydney, unprotected by parents or near relatives, however well selected."

Emigration.—It appears from a return, which has just been prepared, that, from the 1st of January last, to the 5th of July, 24,065 persons have emigrated from Liverpool; 7518 in the first three months of that period, and 16,547 in the last three months. Of the latter number 3825 proceeded to the British colonies in North America, 12,414 to the United States, 18 to the Cape of Good Hope, 37 to Calcutta, and 74 to South America. In the year 1835 the total number of emigrants was 16,542; in 1834, 20,846; and in 1833, 15,386; making a grand total of persons who quitted this country, in the last three years and a half, of 76,139. In the present quarter, ending the 5th of July, we stated above, that the number of emigrants was 16,547; in the corresponding quarter of last, the number was 3293, which gives an increase on the present quarter, of 8254.

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

The Queen has accepted "the Constitution of 1812." Its object is a considerable step in advance of the "Royal Statute" of 1832, under which the present Queen Christina reigns. Without changing the exterior name and forms of royalty, that Constitution is decidedly republican in its tendency and its spirit. It aims not at dethroning Queen Christina now, no more than it did at dethroning Ferdinand the Seventh in 1812, or in 1822; but it limits the royal authority in a greater degree than the "Royal Statutes," and imparts a far greater degree of preponderance to the democratic over the aristocratic body. It declares the principle of universal suffrage: every Spaniard of mature age has the right of choosing the primary electors of his district. Next, the Cortes are biennial, and meet every year, of their own authority. It admits of only one House of Representatives, and so far resembles the French Convention. It recognizes no House of Lords.

The British Legion is wholly inactive; but insubordination has taken effect in not a few of the regiments—two of which have deserted in a body, and demanded the means of conveyance home.

SWITZERLAND.

The report of the Committee appointed by the Swiss Diet to consider the measures necessary to be adopted with regard to refugees, appears in the French papers. The report designates as a flagrant violation of the hospitality extended to foreigners all attempts on their part to disturb the in-

ternal tranquillity of Switzerland, or to compromise its neutrality with other powers, and concludes by recommending several resolutions, the most important of which is the following :—

“ All refugees or other foreigners who have abused the asylum granted to them by the Cantons, or who have compromised the internal tranquillity of Switzerland, or its neutrality or international relations, shall be expelled from the territory of the Confederation, with the concurrence of the Directory. This shall be done without delay, but, nevertheless, without prejudice to the action of justice.”

The report has been adopted.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

NATHAN MAYER ROTHSCHILD.

(*Abridged from the “Atlas.”*)

The death of this gentleman is one of the most important events for the city, and perhaps for Europe, which has occurred for a very long time. His financial transactions have certainly pervaded the whole of the Continent, and may be said for years past to have exercised more or less influence on money business of every description. No operations on an equally large scale have existed in Europe previous to his time, for they were not confined to his own capital and resources, which are well known to have been immense, but were carried on in conjunction with his brothers in Paris, Frankfort, Vienna, and Naples, all of whom possess colossal fortunes of their own. Besides this essential co-operation, he had agencies in almost every city either in the old or the new world, all of which, under his directions, conducted extensive business of various kinds. He had also, as well as his brothers, hosts of minor dependent capitalists, who participated in his loans and other extensive public engagements, who placed implicit confidence in the family, and were ready at all times to embark with them in any operation that was proposed. Nothing, therefore, was too great or extended, provided the project was a reasonable one for him to undertake. Within the last fifteen years, the period during which his character for sagacity may be said to have been fully established, there has been, in fact, no limit to his means, taking the indirect as well as the direct means into account. All the brothers of Mr. Rothschild are men of great capacity and knowledge of business, but it is generally admitted that they deferred to his judgment in all their undertakings, and that he was the moving principle of the great mass of capital they represented. Mr. Rothschild may be said to have been the first introducer of foreign loans into this country; for, though such securities did at all times circulate here, the payment of the dividends abroad, which was the universal practice before his time, made them too inconvenient an investment for the great majority of persons of property to deal with. He not only formed arrangements for the payments of the dividends on his foreign loans in London, but made them still more attractive by fixing the rate in sterling money, and doing away with all the effects of fluctuation in exchanges. All these operations were attended with a most remarkable degree of good fortune; for though many of the countries which made loan contracts in this country became bankrupt, not one of those with whom Mr. Rothschild entered into contracts ever failed in their engagements. For this he was indebted occasionally as much to his own good management afterwards as for his judgment in the original selection. If the dividends were not ready at the time appointed, which was the case in some few instances, his resources always enabled him to make the requisite advances, while his

influence and perseverance afterwards uniformly enabled him to recover the money which had been advanced. Whatever may be said, therefore, of the ruinous effect of foreign loans, cannot, with any justice, be charged on Mr. Rothschild; on the contrary, they have proved to be the source of great national profit, as nearly all the stocks of the Continental powers originally created here have passed over for investment into the countries for which they were raised, at an advance of 20 or 30 per cent., or more, on the contract price. Besides his loan contracts, Mr. Rothschild was a purchaser and a large dealer in all the pre-existing European government securities. Stock of any description, however unmarketable elsewhere, could always be bought or sold at his counting-house, and at fair prices. Besides his contracts with foreign governments for loans in money, he entered into numerous others, for conversion into stocks, bearing a lower rate of interest, and had various projects for further reduction under consideration at the time of his death, which he probably was alone able to carry through, and which will therefore fall with him. Mr. Rothschild's loan contracts were not uniformly successful in the first instance. He was exposed to several very severe reverses, which would have proved fatal to houses of inferior means. One of these was Lord Bexley's loan or funding of Exchequer-bills in a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, the first of that denomination introduced into the English market, and by which alone he is said to have lost 500,000*l*. At the time of the Spanish invasion by France, in 1823, he was largely engaged in the French loans of that period, by which he was placed in great jeopardy; but his resources enabling him to hold the stock, he came off ultimately without loss. The same cause shook violently the contracts with other European states then in progress in this market; and the stock of Naples in particular underwent so severe a depression, that most of the subscribers, after the deposit, refused to go on with the instalments. The London house was left, in consequence, to bear the whole weight of that contract. Another event, by which he was exposed to great danger, was the project of M. de Villele for the conversion of the Rentes. Fortunately for him, the measure was lost by a single vote in the Chamber of Peers; but had it been carried, the convulsion in the money markets of Europe, which shortly followed it, would probably have proved fatal to him with such a burden upon his shoulders, notwithstanding all his vast resources. Indeed, it was a common remark of his own at the time, that neither he nor the houses engaged in the undertaking with him could have stood the shock. Another most perilous contract for Mr. Rothschild was the 4 per cent. French loan made with M. de Polignac, just previous to the "three days," and which fell afterwards 20 or 30 per cent., or more. In fact, the stock was for some time in such bad odour, that no purchasers could be found for it. This contract was more detrimental, in proportion, to his subscribers than to himself, as the greater part of it was distributed among them; and it was at the time a matter of severe reproach against him that he did, on this occasion, leave his friends completely in the lurch. But this was answered by the remark, that he had always been in the practice of dealing liberally with his subscribers in sharing his contracts among them; and that the revolution which followed, and made this so ruinous an operation, was one that could not possibly have been foreseen by him. Mr. Rothschild's great success in loan operations made it a matter almost of rivalry with all those states who wanted to borrow money to obtain his co-operation. He uniformly refused, however, to enter into any such contracts for Spain, or the American States, previously the colonies of Spain. He contrived literally to steer clear of all the bad bargains which were made during the fifteen years which may be called the zenith of his career as a banker and a financial merchant.

Mr. Rothschild also avoided, with great care, the numerous joint-stock companies which had their rise and fall in his time. He might be said, however, to take the lead in their formation, by the introduction of the

Alliance Insurance Company, which took place in 1824, just before the general mania, and which was peculiarly successful; but, with that exception, we are not aware of any in which he has been directly engaged.

Mr. Rothschild's operations in bullion and foreign exchanges have been on a scale probably little inferior to his loan contracts, and, devolving wholly upon himself and the family circle of his transactions of a similar kind, have formed, we suspect, a still more important feature in his general scale of profits. They continued at all times and under all circumstances, and were subject to none of those reverses which occurred in his foreign loan contracts. His management of the business in exchanges was one of the most remarkable parts of his character. He never hesitated for a moment in fixing the rate, either as a drawer or taker, on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive, that, notwithstanding the immense transactions into which he entered on every foreign post day, and that he never took a note of them, he could dictate the whole on his return home, with perfect exactness, to his clerks. His liberality of dealing was another conspicuous feature of these operations, and many merchants, whose bills were objected to elsewhere, found ready assistance from him, and his judgment was proved by the very small amount of loss which he incurred in consequence of such liberality. To this class, at any other time, his death might have been productive of considerable embarrassment; but as trade is prosperous, and the state of credit good, little inconvenience is anticipated. This is under the supposition, too, that the business would now cease; but, though no arrangements can of course be yet made, it seems to be expected that it will be continued under the management of his sons, who have been for some time attached to the house, and have acquired, notwithstanding their immense prospects in point of wealth, the habits of the best trained commercial men. Mr. Rothschild's death took place at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He was only fifty-nine years of age.

The rise of Mr. Rothschild's fortune is all within the present century, and it did not make any decided progress till some time after it had commenced. It was not until the breaking out of the war in Spain, in 1808, that his extraordinary means, which were displayed in making remittances for the English army in that country, were developed to any extent, so as to be known to the mercantile world in general. He came to England in 1800, where he acted as agent for his father in the purchase of Manchester goods for the Continent. Shortly afterwards, through the agency of his father, for the Elector of Hesse Cassel, and other German princes, he had large sums placed at his disposal, which he employed with extraordinary judgment, and his means went on at a rapid rate of accumulation. His youngest brother, James, then coming to reside in Paris, Mr. Rothschild was induced to fix himself permanently in London, where he has ever since remained. He was one of ten children, eight of whom survive him—four brothers, two older and two younger than himself, and four sisters.

Mr. Rothschild, it is said, had not, while in London, made any disposition, by will, of his immense property, but he made a will when at Frankfort, which disposes of 50,000,000 of florins.

LORD DUFFERIN.

James Blackwood, Baron Dufferin and Claneboye, of Ballyleidy and Killyleagh, county of Down, and Baronet of Ireland; one of the Representative Peers for Ireland; Aide-de-Camp to the King; Colonel of the North Downshire Militia, and Trustee of the Linen Manufacture, was born on the 8th of July, 1755; consequently his Lordship had just completed his eighty-first year.

The family is of Scottish origin. One of his Lordship's ancestors, Adam Blackwood, Esq., was a Privy Councillor to Mary, Queen of Scots; and John Blackwood, Esq., of the same house, had his estate in the county of

Down sequestered, in 1687, by King James the Second's Parliament, but was restored on the accession of the Prince of Orange.

From him descended Sir Robert Blackwood (his Lordship's grandfather), who was created a Baronet of Ireland on the 1st of July, 1763, and was succeeded by his son, Sir John, second Baronet (his Lordship's father), who was M. P. for Killyleagh, and afterwards for Bangor. He died on the 27th of February, 1799, and was succeeded by his son (the late Lord Dufferin), then Sir James Blackwood, whose mother (Sir John's widow), in consideration of her descent, and being the sole representative of James Hamilton, Esq., nephew of James, Viscount Claneboyc, was created a Peeress on the 30th of July, 1800, by the title of Baroness Dufferin and Claneboyc, with remainder to her issue male by Sir John Blackwood, Bart. The Baroness died on the 8th of February, 1807, and was succeeded by her eldest son, Sir James Blackwood, third Baronet (the late) and first Baron Dufferin and Claneboyc. His Lordship left no issue, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only brother, the Honourable Hans Blackwood.

COLONEL MACKINNON.

At an early age (not more than fourteen) Colonel Mackinnon entered the Guards, an ensign in the Coldstream. Shortly after that period the regiment was ordered to form part of the expedition intended by this country to co-operate with the Prussians against the power of Napoleon, and proceeded to Bremen. Nothing of moment occurred; the troops returned; and, in 1807, the expedition to Copenhagen sailed. Ensign Mackinnon, with the Coldstream, was present at the siege of that capital, which was soon subdued. During the siege the Danish princesses, not being considered in safety in the town, sent for permission from the English to leave it. The firing in consequence ceased, the Guards (the Coldstream and Third Regiment) were drawn up and presented arms as the royal cortège passed the lines, and immediately after offensive operations recommenced. In this business Ensign Mackinnon distinguished himself in the trenches, where he was with a serjeant's guard of his regiment, by taking up a bomb that fell near them before it exploded, and threw it out of the trench on the ground above, where it burst without any effect. By such acts the young officer endeared himself much to the soldiery. After the expedition had returned, the Guards enjoyed some repose in England until Spain declared herself against Napoleon, when our young officer, then Captain Mackinnon, proceeded to the Peninsula with his regiment. During the several campaigns of 1809, 1810, and 1811, he had ample opportunities of distinguishing himself by acts of the most undaunted bravery and extraordinary activity, which, united to a frank, open manner, and singular good temper, made him more generally known and beloved by the whole army than, perhaps, ever before fell to the lot of so young an officer, as yet a subaltern. With confidence the appeal may be made to every officer who served in the Peninsula, high or low, whether these extraordinary qualities had not made the name of Dan Mackinnon as familiar to him as his own, and whether they ever saw him surpassed either in good nature, in readiness to attempt any, the most adventurous, reconnoissance, or in zeal and activity scarcely ever surpassed. In great part of the campaigns he did duty on the staff as aide-de-camp, and returned to England after the battle of Salamanca, where, it is said, that being taken with a fever two days before, he, in order to be present at the battle, where he was aide-de-camp to General Feomor, had, by direction of his surgeon, his head shaved, and a large blister put on, which, breaking during the action, run into his eyes, and he has often said that the hot matter running over his face gave him more trouble and annoyance than the enemy's shot. After the action Capt. Mackinnon became delirious; his fever returned with greater violence, and he owed his life to the kindness and friendship of the Duke of Wellington, who sent him off the field in his own car-

riage. Capt. Mackinnon returned to England, whose genial air soon restored him to perfect health. At the conclusion of the war, in 1814, he was promoted—not being more than twenty-three years old—to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and, on the return of Buonaparte in 1815 to France, Capt. Mackinnon felt anxious to join his regiment then at Brussels. He went early in June to Ramsgate to embark, and, fearful of being absent, hired an open boat, reached Ostend, and was fortunate enough to join his regiment some days before the great action that sealed the fate of Napoleon. At the battle of Waterloo he was wounded early in the day whilst charging the enemy—a shot hit him on the knee and killed his horse; he did not, however, leave the field, but being ordered to defend the farm of Hugue-mont to the last extremity, he entered it with his men, forgetting his wound, till the French retired late in the day, and then he felt himself unable to stand, and was taken on a litter to Brussels.

Colonel Mackinnon was the second son of the late William Mackinnon, the head—chief, or laird, as called in Scotland—of a most ancient clan in the Western Highlands. He married, in 1825, the daughter of S. Dent, Esq. M.P. He has one brother and one sister; and his mother is alive, in perfect health, residing near Lymington.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Brighton, Charles F. Barkley, Esq., of Holliford, Middlesex, to Ann Eliza, only daughter of the late Robert Murray, Esq., of Knepdale Estate in the Island of Jamaica, and niece of Brigadier-General George H. Murray, C.B.

At Bath, Major C. L. Boileau, of the Rifle Brigade, to Margaret, relict of the late Claudius Kerr, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Robert Ewing Curven, Esq., to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of James Ewing, Esq., of Park-crescent, Portland-place.

At Adare, Thomas Monsell, Esq., of Tervoe, in the county of Limerick, to the Lady Anna Maria Windham Quin, only daughter of Lord Dunraven.

Major Harriott, of Twickenham, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. H. Ashhurst, Esq., of Waterstock, Oxon.

At St. Martin's Church, Charles Kerry Nicholls, Esq., nephew of the late Admiral Sir Henry Nicholls, K.C.B., to Charlotte Matilda, only daughter of George Saunders Prestividge, Esq., of the Island of Jamaica.

At Dawlish, Devon, the Right Hon. Lord Lisle, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Church, Esq., of Bedford-place, Russell-square.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Robert Jocelyn Otway, Esq., Lieut. R. N., youngest son of the Rev. S. J. Otway, and nephew of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Waller Otway, Bart., K.C.B.,

to Anne Digby, youngest daughter of the late Sir Hugh Crofton, of Mohill, county of Leitrim, Bart.

Died.—Encas Barkly, Esq., of Lime-street-square, and of Highbury-grove, Middlesex, aged 68.

At Alexandria, Egypt, Galloway Bey, Chief Engineer to the Pasha of Egypt.

At his residence, Woodcote-green, Epsom, Richard Harvey, Esq., in the 77th year of his age.

At his son's house, in Kensington, Thomas Todd, Esq., of Fenchurch-street.

At Lausdowne House, the Earl of Kerry, in his 26th year.

In Lisson-grove, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lyon, in her 90th year.

In Tilney street, Arthur Stanhope, Esq., in his 34th year.

Edward Turner Bennett, Esq., F.L.S., &c., Secretary to the Zoological Society of London, in his 40th year.

H. A. Whitman, Esq., aged 22, Lieutenant in the Queen's Royal Lancers.

At Datchet, Vice Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B., G.C.H.

At Llanelay, Glamorgan-shire, Captain Sir Christopher Cole, R.N., K.C.B., Colonel of Marines, and for many years M.P. for the county of Glamorgan.

Lieutenant-General Butler, of the Royal Artillery, late Lieut.-Governor of the Military College at Sandhurst.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

State of Newgate.—The Select Committee on Prisons have reported as their opinion, “that it is expedient to provide means for the separate confinement of prisoners committed for trial before the Central Criminal Court. That for this purpose, it is advisable either to reconstruct Newgate, or build a new prison adjoining the place of trial.” Government have adopted the plan of reconstruction, at an expense of 60,000*l.*, only one-half to be borne by the City.

LANCASHIRE.

Manchester and Liverpool Railway.—A general meeting of the proprietors of the Manchester and Liverpool railway has been held at Liverpool. From the report read, it appeared that in calculating the receipts and disbursements of the last half-year, to the 30th of June, there had been a progressive increase in every department of the company's business. The receipts from the coach passengers had been 57,914*l.*; for the merchandise, 47,441*l.*, and for coals, 4000*l.*; making the total receipts of the six months 109,355*l.* The expenses during the same period were—for bad debts, 223*l.*; coach expenses, 10,202*l.*; carrying, 10,463*l.*; directors' expenses, 309*l.*; interest, 6681*l.*; engines, 20,425*l.*; police, 1157*l.*; and other charges, too numerous to particularize, amounting in the whole to 69,953*l.*, leaving a net profit of 39,402*l.* The mortgage debt of the company amounted to 427,500*l.*, to pay off which it was recommended to create 7968 new shares of 50*l.* each, which were to be offered to the proprietors of 100*l.* shares, and to be paid by instalments—to wit, 10*l.* on each share on the 10th of February and on the 10th of August, 1837; 5*l.* on the 10th of February and 10th of August, 1838; 5*l.* on the 10th of February and 10th of August, 1839; and 10*l.* on the 10th of February, 1840. A dividend to be payable on these 50*l.* shares in proportion to the amount of the instalments paid. The net revenue for the last six months was 39,402*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, to add to which there was a surplus of 1569*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* Out of these sums it was proposed to pay a dividend of 5*l.* per cent. for the half year, which would leave a balance of 1127*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* to be

carried to the next half-year's account. This last announcement was received by the assembled proprietors with loud cheers. A dividend of 5*l.* per share was subsequently agreed to be paid on the 8th day of August next, and, after transacting other business of the company of no general interest, the meeting dissolved.

The number of borough voters within the township, for the five years that Manchester has possessed the franchise, has increased in the following ratio:—

1832	1833	1834	1835	1836
4828	5326	6319	7200	8083

MIDDLESEX.

It appears from the balance sheet of Hendon Union, embracing the parishes of Edgware, Harrow, Hendon, Kingsbury, Pinner, Great and Little Stanmore, and Willesden, that the saving during the past year, ending June 24, on the expense of maintaining the poor in these eight parishes, was nearly 65 per cent., being only 3007*l.*, whereas in the three previous years it averaged 8573*l.* This great reduction will be carried still further, as the whole of the poor will be removed to the Hendon establishment, and the workhouses in the other parishes dispensed with.

The reports from the Sussex hop districts are somewhat conflicting. Some plantations are said to have suffered materially by the late winds, while the bine in other places is reported to be looking extremely well. In this immediate neighbourhood the gardens are generally looking well; but in West Kent and in the Weald we hear the case is otherwise. The duty is set at 190,000*l.*

The late killing winds have had an injurious effect upon the hops, which do not promise to be more than an average crop. The duty, which, until within a few days, has exceeded 250,000*l.*, is now reduced to 195,000*l.* and 200,000*l.*—*Kentish Gazette*, 20th August.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The late half yearly meeting, being the sixth, of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, which took

place at Birmingham on the 5th Aug., proved satisfactory to the subscribers. The receipts, up to the 30th June, had amounted to 1,955,608*l.*, the disbursements, to 1,492,100*l.* With a balance of 463,507*l.*, it was supposed they would be enabled to push the works vigorously. The greatest difficulties were stated to have been surmounted, in the tunnels at Kennalgreen, Primrose-hill, Watford, and Kilsby, which are nearly completed. The first twenty-one miles from London are to be opened by next spring, and the whole is to be finished in two years from this time.

SCOTLAND.

Grants to Schools.—In 1834, the sum of 10,000*l.* was allowed by Government to aid in erecting schools in Scotland. The money has been disbursed in twenty-six grants to the following places:—

Name of School.	Population of District.	Number of Scholars.	Estimated Expense.	Amount granted.
Aberdeen, Trinity parish	2,252	300	440	220
Aberdeen, Woodside	4,238	200	300	150
Aberdeen, Greyfriars	5,300	200	200	100
Aberdeen, John Knox parish	2,700	180	196	98
Banff	5,000	140	200	100
Brechin	5,060	200	440	220
Dundee, St. David's	8,000	370	570	270
Dundee, St. John's	8,000	400	520	260
Dundee, Sessional School	—	600	1,500	500
Edinburgh, St. Stephen's	6,500	480	1,600	800
Edinburgh, Tolbooth	3,256	450	1,200	600
Edinburgh, Canon-gate	10,000	150	700	350
Elgin	5,000	200	300	150
Glasgow, Cowcadden	6,000	150	—	150
Glasgow, Gorbals	40,000	400	1,300	600
Glasgow, St. George's	14,000	120	1,200	600
Glasgow, Govan	2,000	300	700	350
Glasgow, Anderson and St. Mark's	13,000	600	1,700	850
Glasgow, St. Enoch's	6,500	400	1,670	750
Greenock, St. Andrew's	3,235	100	440	190
Greenock, Highlanders	2,500	400	1,200	600
Inverness	14,324	160	250	125
Leith, St. John's	3,070	400	1,100	550
Perth (Two Schools)	30,000	400	800	400
Paisley (Burgh Par.)	32,000	800	1,500	700
Wick Fisheries	5,500	400	1,200	400
				10,083

The amount granted was the amount asked, except in two cases—those of St.

Andrew's, Greenock, and St. David's Dundee, in both of which, the sum given was 30*l.* less than was demanded. Applications have also been received from the following places: Edinburgh—St. Mary's, Buccleuch, St. George's; Dundee—Drumgith, St. Andrew's School Society; Peterhead; Paisley.

Caledonian Canal.—According to the annual report just published, the Canal dues for last year amounted to 2665*l.*, which exceeds the dues of the previous year by 43*l.* The Commissioners think the introduction of steam tugs “absolutely indispensable to give a fair chance of success to this great undertaking.” The Crinan Canal was under repair, and shut from 4th May to 13th July. The sum expended was 2775*l.*

It appears from the return of “crime in Scotland,” that the persons committed for crimes are in proportion to the whole population as 1 to 850—the persons convicted as 1 to 1260. But the proportion varies much in different counties. Thus (taking the committals, which give the most correct idea of the number of crimes) we find that Ross, Dumfries, and Stirling, have nearly the same amount of population; but the first has only 20 committals, while the second has 42, and the third has 111. Berwick, Elgin, Haddington, and Caithness, have nearly the same population; the first has 14 committals, the second, 18, the third, 35, and the fourth, 57. In Perthshire the committals were 292, or there was one crime for 485 inhabitants. Aberdeen has 321 committals, which indicates one crime for 553 inhabitants. Ayr has 91 committals, or 1 for 1600 inhabitants. Mid-Lothian has 449 committals; but many persons accused of crimes are brought here from distant parts of the country. Perhaps there may be other elements of uncertainty in the account, so far as relates to the proportion of criminals in the different counties.—*Scotsman.*

IRELAND.

Irish Agricultural Produce imported into England.—The amount of Irish corn received in the port of London alone, since the 1st of January in the present year, has been—Wheat, 15,251 qrs.; Barley, 8448 qrs.; Oats, 381,718 qrs.; Peas, 7350 qrs.; Flour, 3577 sacks.



F. Murray

London: Published by Henry Colburn, 25, Abchurch Lane, 1841.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE JOURNALS OF THE PROVINCES.

A TRAIN of reasoning is no longer necessary to prove the power of that portion of the periodical literature which has been entitled, *par excellence*, "the Press"—namely, the newspapers. Mr. Burke's dictum that they "form a part of the reading of all, and the whole of the reading of most men," obtains daily a wider and wider confirmation. When it is ascertained that upwards of thirty millions of stamps are issued annually*, to say nothing of the unstamped papers, the popularity of the vehicle is demonstrated. The tax is now reduced from fourpence (with a discount of twenty per cent. allowed for waste) to one penny, which is virtually to nothing, for the duty that remains is merely a compensation for the transmission by post. Thus, the advocates for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge have carried their main point. The circulation of newspapers can be little if at all impeded by the impost. The first consequence appears to be the starting of journals by companies and individuals for London and for the country—at prices that may or may not pay the projectors. If the tax gave (as we have formerly shown it did not give) a monopoly, the trade is now thrown open; expectation anticipates—and we are assured even Ministers themselves anticipate—an immense increase of the general circulation of journals. The numbers may and will increase in a degree, but not to the immoderate extent so sanguinely predicted. Should it even so turn out, the numbers of readers will be but little augmented. Partnerships in papers may dissolve, and clubbists no longer unite; but each man have his own journal. Some of the more wealthy may take two, where they now take one. Yet even these additions will, we conceive, be rare; for, judging by the failure of the late attempts to establish new journals, both in London and the provinces, it should seem that the country is already saturated.

But the portion of which we purpose to speak is the constitution, conduct, circulation, and effect of the journals of the provinces, which have now a sway and importance far greater than is commonly assigned to them; if not, indeed, individually, they possess it collectively.

Forty years ago it might fairly be said there was not a single provincial editor who would have hazarded an original article on public affairs. Their comments were confined to the events of their own town or district, so sparingly administered, with such obvious distrust of their own ability, and with such cautious timidity, that they were absolutely of no account. The London papers, a pot of paste, and a pair of scissors, supplied all the materials for the miscellaneous articles, and the local intelligence was detailed in the most meagre formularies. The provin-

* According to Marshall's Tables the duty paid for newspaper stamps, in 1831, was 554,789*l*.

cial journalist of that day was in truth not much above a mechanic—a mere printer—and intellect had as little as possible to do with the matter. When Mr. Pitt began to find a constant instrument for the inoculation of his views indispensable to bear along with him the force and currency of popular sentiment, a public officer, not long since dead, was instructed to open a communication with the proprietors of journals of large circulation, and the result was, that, to a vast majority of them, two or three London daily papers were sent gratuitously, certain articles of which were marked with red ink, and the return made was the insertion of as many of these as the space in the paper would allow. Thus was the whole country agitated and directed by one mind, as it were; and this fact accounts in no small degree for the origin, propagation, and support of that consent of public opinion which enabled the Minister to pursue his plans with so much certainty of insuring the general approbation. Such was the almost uniform course of these prints, except when the occasion of a contested election, or any other very exciting circumstance called some of the noblemen, the gentry, or the clergy into action, and elicited a letter or two, which were conveyed to the printer with great ostentation of patronage, and under strict injunctions of secrecy—conditions that elated the poor man into vast self-sufficiency*, but which had little other effect, except there was some personal cause of quarrel connected with the topic under discussion to betray the parties to each other, or to the public.

The paper (a comparatively small sheet, then called a news demy) exhibited not that vastitude of space now demanded; the paragraphs were few and condensed—the debates in Parliament scarcely containing more than the names of the speakers, and they were always given with the most glaring partiality. When any speeches were detailed, they were those of the party to which the paper adhered, and all articles contravening their peculiar doctrines were religiously abjured. The insertion of every observation, or even fact, that made against the Ministry, was denounced as a dereliction of principle, as jacobinical and regicide on the one side, while on the other there was not a little violence to justify the spirit, if not the letter of the accusation. The clergy were very principal agents in this disposition of things, and, in multitudes of instances, the journals, whether directly or indirectly, were almost absolutely influenced by that body, some of whom made their writings in these papers, at a period a little subsequent, a ground of claim for clerical patronage, and in more than one case obtained it from the Government.

* As the conduct of county newspapers* improved, things began to alter, and editors were not always compliant. When there was an apprehension of scarcity in one of the years towards the close of the last century, Lord —, one of Mr. Pitt's newest creations, called at a county newspaper office, and asked for the proprietor. A young man stepped forward and said, "I believe, Sir, I am the person you wish to see, for it was I who returned your Lordship's letter." "Oh, Sir, it was you, was it? pray let me speak with you." They retired to a private room, and the youthful editor told him plainly but courteously, that the letter was refused, because its contents were nothing more than the *crambe repetita* of the London prints, and, in his judgment, were more likely to alarm than to soothe the public mind. The nobleman departed in great wrath—walked about a hundred yards from the house—returned, and said abruptly, "You were not brought up to trade, were you?" "No, my Lord, I was educated for the Church." "I thought so, Sir, by your conversation." Away went his Lordship, and no further communications were ever sent by him to the journal.

The opposition felt the effect in its utmost severity. It diffused an antagonist feeling against them, more perhaps than a reasonable conviction—for invective but too often took the place of argument; it narrowed the field of action—for they could not obtain a hearing through the same channels. They tried pamphlets, but in vain; and it is to this political excitement, more perhaps than to the then scarcely nascent desire of political information, that Englishmen are indebted for the earliest beginnings of that large and wide stream of knowledge which now permeates all classes. The most enthusiastic, if not the master-spirits of the time, were then, as now, deeply imbued with republicanism, and they felt that nothing was so likely to produce the equality they coveted, as a nearer approach to equalization of intellectual power. If we may hazard a simile, the notions of these political philosophers took their analogy from one of the theories of light, which makes that fluid to consist of particles ubiquitously dispersed, but which are set in action by the sun. Thus it was indispensable that the matter should be universally distributed, by means of which the impulsive force of their (assumed) superior intelligence should afterwards give illumination and life to their universe. To this cause we owe the establishment of some of the earliest opposition (then styled jacobin or republican) newspapers, which have certainly, by their example, very much exalted the general character of provincial journalism; for they opposed original writing to the leading articles that issued principally through the Treasury, and thus instituted that taste for composition, and that independent elevation of views, which are now a capital, as well as a most creditable distinction of the provincial press.

It is a curious part of this progression, that the very circumstance which gives most potency to the London journal is unknown, nay, absolutely reversed, in that of the province; namely, the concealment of the editor, or the writer of the leading articles. The advantage of the mysticism which covers the metropolitan, and allows his observations to circulate unassociated and unincumbered with any knowledge of the person by whom they are produced, while it obtains the expansion necessary to the full force of their intrinsic merit, is not enjoyed by him of the country. The consequence is, that if he would rise to anything like reputation, he is compelled to inform himself extensively upon the topics he discusses, for everybody knows him. He stands alone and unsupported but by his bare ability. He treats of all subjects, both of general and of local politics, of art and of commerce. He must acquaint himself profoundly with the impulse and bearing of local interests, and he must above all things stand above the suspicion of being allured by private views from public purposes. The personal responsibility under which he is placed, generally speaking, renders him careful to guard himself against personal violence or invective; and there is scarcely an instance in which any attacks on private character appear, or that the war of words between journalist and journalist, which makes up so large and so vulgar a portion of the daily prints, rages in county papers. The reception of the individual in society depends much upon the gentlemanly conduct of his journal; and the effects Mr. E. L. Bulwer has so justly described in his discussion of the consequences of this preservation of the anonymous* upon public writing, are, in his case, made palpable. Mr. Bulwer miscalculates, indeed, in one respect only. He has not suf-

* In his "England and the English."

ficiently considered one weakness which besets persons of affluence and rank. They frequently dread to be thought to conciliate public writers, lest they should be supposed to purchase their praise by civility—a most degrading apprehension, and one which amounts to a denial of justice on both sides. It divides the man of power from his natural ally and most efficient agent—the man of talent; it forbids him the gratification of a gracious deportment, and it sinks him to the abject nature of the dastard who lets “I dare not wait upon I would,” even in a good cause. It does more—it frequently compels him to solicit, by sinister courses, from the man he is by this false shame reduced to evade, the aid he might otherwise rightly and properly demand.

Persons unconnected with the press are little able to estimate the private importance of provincial editors; for such is the terror of exposure, not only in its worst sense, but merely in that of exhibiting the individual to public gaze*, that few can bear it; and there are still fewer whom some untoward family event does not at some period place under painful alarm. Personal responsibility is here, therefore, most vitally important to the peace of society; for were provincial journalists to

* Mr. Bulwer says, “It is in vain to hope that you can make the press so noble a profession as it ought to be in the eyes of men, as long as it can be associated in the public mind with every species of political apostacy and personal slander. It is in vain to hope that the many honourable exceptions will do more than win favour for themselves; they cannot exalt the character of the class. Interested as the aristocracy are against the moral authority of the press, and jealous as they are of its power, they at present endeavour to render odious the general effects of the machine, by sneering down far below their legitimate grade the station and respectability of the operatives. It is in vain to deny that a newspaper writer, who, by his talents and the channel to which they are applied, exerts a far greater influence on public affairs than almost any Peer in the realm, is only of importance so long as he is in the back parlour of the printing-house. In society he not only runs the risk of being confounded with all the misdemeanours, past and present, of the journal he has contributed to purify or exalt, but he is associated with the general fear of espionage and feeling of insecurity, which the custom of anonymous writing necessarily produces. Men cannot avoid looking upon him as one who has the power of stabbing them in the dark; and the libels, the lies, the base and filthy turpitude of certain of the Sunday papers, have an effect of casting upon all newspaper writers a suspicion from which not only the honourable, but the able among them, are utterly free—as at Venice every member of the secret Council, however humane and noble, received some portion of the odium and the fear which attached to the practice of unwitnessed punishment and mysterious assassination. In short, the unhappy practice of the anonymous is the only reason why the man of political power is not, also, the man of social rank. It is a practice which favours the ignorant at the expense of the wise, and screens the malignant by confounding them with the honest; a practice by which talent is made obscure, that folly may not be detected, and the disgrace of vice may be hidden beneath the customs which degrade honour.”

We can confirm these observations by an anecdote. An editor was visiting at the house of a Peer in the country; he was placed at dinner next an enthusiastic Member of Parliament, who opened the conversation by asking what he thought of a matter then exciting much public attention? Many strong observations were made by the member. The next morning the nobleman came into the room laughing excessively. “Here,” said he, “is an express come from ———, to beg of you, if you have sent any part of his remarks of yesterday to your paper, you will despatch a messenger to recall it, and he will pay the expense.” “My Lord,” replied the editor, “pray inform your friend that I should as soon think of stealing his handkerchief or his snuff-box as his conversation.” Sir Walter Scott expresses (in “Paul’s Letters,” if we recollect rightly) his astonishment at finding London journalists avowing that they had a right to use information however and wherever obtained. If Sir Walter have not belied the Londoners, the provincials have a more honourable understanding of what belongs to the character and society of gentlemen.

indulge in those attacks which are to be found, in greater or less proportion, throughout almost all the London prints, with the continual aliment their knowledge of local history supplies, scarcely a family in the kingdom would be secure, or at rest*. Nor is this the only circumstance which invests them with power. They devote their hours to political reading; and it is no mean feature in the present literary character of our days, that the publication of the debates, and more especially of the reports of Parliamentary Committees, together with the vast concentration of statistical facts attached to the evidence so taken, have placed the knowledge which used to dignify the minister or the statesman alone, more, perhaps, within the grasp of the retired student than of those for whose especial use all this matter is most immediately collected. The editor is not only at least as much engaged by his interests as the member of Parliament in public inquiries, but he has more leisure for calm reflection, and the deductions of sober, undisturbed judgment, than the man who is involved and fretted in the feverous action of parliamentary and worldly collision. It is a fact, that a whole life passed without food or sleep would not enable one to course, in the most rapid manner, through the papers printed for the use of the House of Commons. The consequence is, that the members read few, if any, of the reports. The editor, who pursues his occupation creditably, closely examines most of those that bear upon the topics of the greatest public interest; and, in proportion to his diligence and ability, concentrates the facts and deductions. This accumulation of knowledge is further assisted and fixed by continual communications from persons of all ranks, upon all public transactions, both general and local, which, in the common course of his business, he is compelled to read, and perhaps answer. He becomes, therefore, the depository of a countless variety of particulars most interesting, not to individuals only, but to parties; and no one, not so circumstanced, would readily imagine or believe how often his opinion is sought confidentially, nor upon what a variety of concerns his pen is employed for others as well as his journal, when he has earned a character, by the evidence of a sufficient term of public employment. Thus is this influence silently but extensively maintained; and, of course, in multitudes of instances, one service is requited by another, often *sui generis*. The strongest proof, perhaps, of this reciprocating force is the return of Mr. Baines, the editor of the "Leeds Mercury," to serve in Parliament for that town.

At elections our statement is peculiarly confirmed. It does not certainly exceed the truth to compute that every copy of a newspaper is

* The editor of a provincial journal was some years ago required to insert an advertisement, addressed to the Chairman of an Election Committee, by an innkeeper, who complained in bitter terms that his bill had been curtailed unjustly. The editor, in courtesy, waited upon the gentleman, and laid the paper before him. He was a man of strong mind, liberal education, and independent fortune. He thanked the editor, and laughed heartily at the notion that such an attack could affect him. The advertisement appeared, it was repeated, a second, and a third time. The gentleman called on the editor:—"Sir," said he, "you had the civility to apprise me of this address; I now come to tell you I can bear it no longer. I am pained at as I walk the streets, laughed at in society, and it disturbs my whole peace of mind. I will have nothing to do with the fellow who is the author; but if it appears again I will prosecute you." Thus it is, almost uniformly; no one unaccustomed to its pressure can bear the public eye. The proudest and loftiest tempers feel it the most severely. They are galled to death at the bare idea of the insolence of "*such people*" making them the subjects of public observation

perused by at least from ten to twenty persons. Thus, a journal which circulates two thousand, has an influence over the opinions of from twenty to forty thousand persons as was stated, (in a former article in this Miscellany,) of the London prints. The county paper is taken in all the inns, taverns, reading-rooms, and public-houses; and, on the night of publication, in the lower resorts of this kind, one man usually reads to a large circle. Our estimate is therefore probably a low one: and when it is recollected that not one village reader in ten ever sees the London journals, and if he does, that they contain no local intelligence, which is, to such persons, most spirit-stirring,—that, consequently, not only the local but the general political opinions are mainly formed by his weekly monitor, for the countryman reads little besides,—the power of the provincial journalist is immense. Experience enables us to assert confidently that twenty thousand addresses, printed separately, and circulated with the most energetic diligence, would not produce the effect of one advertisement, much less of a single leading article, upon the population of a rural district. There is this main difference between the power of the London and the provincial print:—The London acts chiefly upon the wealthy, and in cities; the provincial upon all classes much more indiscriminately; the London paper reaches only one or two houses, at most, in a village; the provincial is seen by the whole town. The influence of the one is modified by the various reading and connexions of its loftier portions; the other acts directly upon those who derive almost their entire information upon such points, from this one source. The power of the provincial is therefore far more extensive and absolute within its range. Hence it happens that, the moment an election approaches, an editor is beset by every sort of influence, and it requires no small firmness to resist the indirect menaces, and the direct importunities, the flattery, and the invective poured into his ears, and submitted to his eyes, through friends and enemies, through open and anonymous epistles hortatory. If he be a vain man, he is undone; if he be a weak one, he is made, *pro tempore*, perfectly wretched. Indeed, it requires no slight degree of self-respect to stand up at any time against the censure and scurrility anonymously heaped upon him; but one great public and private benefit results from all this. He must act fearlessly and conscientiously; if not, he will enjoy neither character nor repose*. He stands or falls with that “moral authority” which he exercises, and accordingly as he exercises it; and of which Mr. Bulwer has justly said, the aristocracy (meaning, thereby, persons of wealth as well as rank and title) are jealous, while they endea-

* The following anecdote will show how beneficial the temper and discretion of an honest man may prove to individuals. Late, one night, during an election, a very respectable tradesman, heated by party enthusiasm, called on an editor to desire the insertion of an article containing some very strong imputations against another resident of the town. The editor quietly declined to receive it. The partizan remonstrated; the editor was firm; and, at parting, the author took his leave, by saying,—“I think, Sir, one of us two is the greatest fool in this place.” “I dare say you are right, Sir,” calmly replied the journalist. Of course the two men looked at each other askance for some time. A few years had elapsed, when, one day, they met in the street. The author came up to the editor, and, laying his hand upon his arm, said,—“Do you remember my parting compliment to you on such a night?” “Perfectly; it was too remarkable to be forgotten.” “It was true, I was the greatest fool in ——. Had you printed that letter, I now know it would have caused my total ruin in life.” “The only difference between us,” said the editor, “was, that I happened to know it at the time.”

your to render odious the general effect of the machine, "by sneering down, far below its legitimate grade, the station and respectability of the operatives;" but in the country, this cannot be achieved. Strength wins its place, and Mr. Bulwer's subsequent remarks* are now coming to be strictly applied to the editors of provincial journals—confirming, also, the general truth of his inference touching the preservation of the anonymous.

We will now proceed to show how the positive and comparative influence of provincial journalism may be estimated.

There were, in *England*, in the year ending April 1, 1833, one hundred and eighty-one provincial journals†, and the number of stamps issued to them somewhat exceeded nine millions in that period. Of these, fifteen only published more than two thousand per week—forty more than one thousand; so that the great majority of these papers (one hundred and twenty-six) circulate less than one thousand.

It has been computed that it is impossible for a paper to pay its expenses that does not average from forty to fifty advertisements; and as the journals of inferior circulation are very much in the habit of inserting advertisements at an under price, it is probable that a great many do not pay their expenses. It is curious to observe how capriciously advertisements are inserted;—indeed, the differences are only to be accounted for by the long standing of one journal, or the political prejudices of a district.

Indeed, when we look over the comparative amounts of these two data, it is matter of great surprise how a large proportion of the papers are supported at all; for the expenses are now enormously increased, not alone by the appetite for intelligence, but by the positive necessity which the general conduct of the journals, and the importance attached to public meetings, lay upon the proprietors to employ not only well-educated editors, but active and able reporters, and to incur very heavy

* "It is quite clear, that if every able writer affixed his name to his contributions to newspapers, the importance of his influence would soon attach to himself.

'Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quàm sibi quæ vari præscripsit pagina nomen.'

He would no longer be confused with a herd; he would become marked and individualized—a public man as well as a public writer; he would exalt his profession as himself. The consideration accorded to him would, if he produced the same effect on his age, be the same as to a poet, philosopher, or a statesman; and now, when an entrance into public life may be the result of popular esteem, it may be the readiest way of rendering men of principle and information personally known to the country, and of transferring the knowledge, which, in order to be efficient public writers, they must possess on public affairs, to that active career in which it may be the most serviceable to the country, and the most tempting to men of great acquirements and genius. Thus the profession of the press would naturally attract the higher order of intellect; power would become infinitely better directed, and its agents immeasurably more honoured. These considerations, sooner or later, must have their due weight with those from whom alone the necessary reform can spring—the journalists themselves. It is not a point in which the legislature can interfere: it must be left to a moral agency, which is the result of conviction. I am firmly persuaded, however opposed I may be now, that I shall live to see (and to feel that I have contributed to effect) the change."—*England and the English*, vol. ii. p. 32.

† The Parliamentary Return made in June 1, 1836, contained—of English newspapers, 183; Welsh, 6; Scotch, 52: making together 241, exclusive of 79 journals published in London.

charges for their journeys from place to place. Without exaggeration, these two items in populous districts amount to more than the whole expense of printing a journal forty years ago, in its then meagre and contracted form. Hence has arisen a natural error in those who contended for the abrogation of the taxes on knowledge, in that portion of their argument wherein they insist that the monopoly, as they call it, would be ended simultaneously with these imposts. The capital vested in these concerns, whether metropolitan or provincial, is little enhanced by the duties. All there is done on credit. The proprietor is generally the printer; and, in addition to his stamps and duty, he has to find the materials for printing, as well as the charges for editing and collecting the ingredients of his publication, and the expensive machinery of its circulation. All these require a large capital; but in both instances the repeal of the taxes, though they will give some expansion to circulation, will not diminish, in any important degree, the hazard of establishing a journal, especially in the provinces, or reduce the capital necessary to its conduct. It is a computation borne out by experience and example, that if an adventurer of competent ability should desire to set up a provincial journal, even under the best auspices, with any hope of success, he must be prepared to expend 4000*l.* or 5000*l.*, and continue the experiment for five years at the least, before he would be able to estimate his chance of success. The capital would be all sunk, and it would still be a moot point whether the paper would be profitable. The difficulty is thus accounted for:—It is the interest of the advertisers of a district to limit the numbers of journals, because if two be established where one only existed previously, they, in point of fact, afford no more publicity than the one, because few, if any, *additional* readers are created. The customers of the new are taken from those of the old paper: the advertiser thus pays double to obtain the same advantage; and if journals multiply, his expense is augmented in the same ratio. Again, a newspaper is like an old servant—people are reluctant to dismiss either. The opportunities of comparison are also very few. If one paper exceed another in conduct, a long time elapses before its superiority can be generally known. Political prejudices interfere; the clergy, as a body, set their faces against liberal papers, and the new papers are generally ultra-liberal*. It is not less true that the very dullest prints retain their circulation on the ground of party.

From all these facts and circumstances, therefore, it seems probable that the journals of the provinces will not increase in number†. Indeed,

* According to Clarke and Lewis's list, the numbers of Tory and Liberal journals stand thus:—Tory, 163; Liberal, 121;—a proximity not perhaps universally known, and which shows the supporters of the two sides more equal than has been generally supposed, if the press reflects public opinion with the accuracy it is believed to do. It is, however, to be also observed, that the numbers circulated by the Liberal are considerably greater, in the aggregate, than those of the Conservative prints.

† A scheme, often tried, is in partial practice, and the experiment may perhaps be extended, though it promises little success. A London journal adopts a second title, adapting it to some particular district. An agent for the town sends up a column or two of the county news, and the paper thus assumes to be localized. These grafts were chiefly made on the unstamped papers, and their cheapness was the means of their introduction to some extent. The present Ministry do not stand very clear of imputation for encouraging these smugglers. One instance has been published, where an inhabitant of a distant city was convicted, some months ago, on the information of the Stamp-Office, of selling unstamped papers. It was

it may almost safely be predicated that they will diminish. The great argument to the contrary lies in the increase of population and of trade*. Papers flourish most in times of very prosperous or very adverse appearances. A brisk commerce furnishes advertisements—periods of ruin have the same tendency. In a word, periods when property changes hands, because these changes form the subject of advertisements.

The incitements to these undertakings are commonly found either in political opponencies, or in the estimate an individual forms of his own talents. The man of reading, ability, and enthusiasm, is but too apt to believe that he could with ease produce a journal far more able and attractive than that which he has been accustomed to read, to despise, in some sort to envy, and to condemn—little aware that the wise as well as the weak are subject to the law of the old distich, applied, by the courtizan, to Ben Jonson,—

“By line and rule,
Works many a fool,”

when they engage in pursuits which, though intellectual, are also commercial, and, in a sort, mechanical. He does not calculate upon any such impediments. With the fervour of genius, he “tramples upon impossibilities,” and deems his triumph certain. He is alike unable to calculate the strain which is laid upon the faculties by a constantly recurring periodical demand, and upon the temper, by the continual controversies in which he is of necessity embroiled. He is assailable and assailed on every side, and, now-a-days, it is scarcely possible to refuse a hearing and a reply to antagonists of every size. He fails at first from want of the technical knowledge he despises; and the first failure is rarely to be redeemed, because his performance falls so far short of the expectations he has raised, and the reasons for which he is to be preferred. One class of readers anticipates the extreme of violence from the fresh and vigorous partizan—another, absolute wisdom and unerring truth—one, an entire devotion to the grave business and lofty concerns of law, politics, and philosophy—another, all the lighter topics, all the

alleged that the penalty could not be levied, because he kept out of the way. He continued, therefore, the sale of the unstamped papers with more openness and hardihood than ever. Representations, and even legal proofs, of the most direct nature, were sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who expressed the anxious determination of the Government to put down the practice, but objected the insufficient powers of the existing laws. Soon after, the local magistrates laid hold of the man. He was imprisoned, and, though perfectly able to pay the fine, immediately released by an order from the Treasury. So hastily, indeed, was this done, that Mr. Maules's letter desired the gaoler to dispense with the customary warrant, which should be subsequently made out and transmitted. So much for good faith with the fair trader! Such a fact, and it is a published fact, will no doubt rivet the eyes of those who do pay the stamp-duties, on the part taken by the Government against those who do not.

* Bath has four journals; Brighton, three; Bristol, no less than six, but of very various circulation, the highest (the “Mirror”) printing little more than two thousand; Bury, in Suffolk, had three, but one has fallen; Devonshire has ten, but all of low circulation, except one (the “Exeter and Plymouth Gazette”), which sells about fifteen hundred weekly; Hull has three; Leeds, five—the “Mercury” enjoying a circulation of no less than three hundred and eleven thousand annually, the largest provincial sale in the kingdom; Leicester has three; Liverpool, ten; Manchester, six; Norwich had three (one has fallen); Newcastle, Northampton, and Nottingham, each three; and Sheffield, four. Thus it is plain the numbers increase with the population.

levities and graces of composition. Nor is it within his computation that his labours are addressed, in the majority of instances, to those below mediocrity in station, intellect, and information. They live on the very food he contemns and detests—on the dull, coarse details and adventures of real life—deaths and marriages—murders and robberies—to say nothing of the stimulants and disgraceful contents of some of the London prints—fights, the pollutions of the police reports, and sheer political abuse; yet, if he would prosper, to something like a selection of these he must stoop. He gets weary of his task, and sickens at his failure. Then comes a dearth of matter—few advertisements assist to cover his immense sheet, for quantity is usually among his first engagements. He fills up with long, and therefore heavy, articles; and down goes the vessel in which he so joyously and so confidently embarked. From two to three years accomplish the destruction of his undertaking, and he is well off if he and his creditors come clear out with a loss of two or three thousand pounds. Such has been the history of most of the later attempts to establish provincial journals.

The profits of a paper circulating from one to two thousand, and averaging from eighty to one hundred advertisements weekly, may perhaps be taken at a sum between 800*l.* and 1200*l.* per annum, including the editor's salary*. This is no doubt a great inducement; but when it is considered that this business is environed by all the ramparts already described, and loaded with the necessary loss of much of the capital first advanced, it will be seen that it is not subject to the general rules which govern the application of capital to trade, and the interest attached. This peculiar profession partakes of the prerogative earned by talent—a sort of personal patenteeship—and still more, perhaps, by long prescription and political predilection.

Nor is the ability of the low degree which those who would “sneer down” the occupation wish to have it considered. The London editor is not only stimulated but informed by the various societies in which he moves. He has a thousand immediate sources of assistance inaccessible to the provincial. He has coadjutors in all departments—a voluminous correspondence, and a large and a diversified conversation with the world of letters and of business; while the latter has chiefly to rely for distinction on the accumulations of his own knowledge, his taste, and his own facility—since, if he merely follows in the wake of the metropolitan journals, he may be respectable, but he cannot be powerful. This observation applies to the (now few) journals which contain no original comments on public affairs. In these, greater attention is bestowed on selection and condensation, which constitute their recommendations. Most papers are now, however, supplied with original speculations, and

* The editor of the “Leeds Mercury” printed, on September 17th, a paper containing a fac-simile of that journal of March 3, 1729–30, and a page of the same paper of March 7, 1801. He computes the number of letters at the three periods, and shows that, if charged in the same ratio, the “Leeds Mercury” at the present time ought to be rated at one shilling and fivepence. He further states, that the journal of this date contains as much printed matter as an ordinary octavo volume of 360 pages. The fact is, that the price of newspapers has remained stationary, and the support supplied by increase of advertisements. Were the “Leeds Mercury” to receive no more than the profits on the number sold, although the journal of the largest circulation in England, Mr. Baines avers his loss would be between 300*l.* and 400*l.* per annum.

often of more comprehensive excellence than even those of London. The difference is, that the metropolitan editor doles out his matter in a small daily supply; the provincial, who publishes only once a week, endeavours to grasp the whole argument and exhaust it. Upon subjects of art and the drama, the journals of the provinces have often much more elaborate criticisms than any the London prints can exhibit. The art, indeed, seems to be this:—to write in a clear and modest style, yet with so much of force as to be at once irresistible and pleasing—irresistible as truth, pleasing as a display of talent, and a demonstration of power. To this extent, the writer must elevate the reader without exciting that jealousy of superiority which more or less lurks in every man's mind. The reader must be brought to say of the greater portion, "this is what I have thought a hundred times, but infinitely well expressed;" and for the rest, he must be led to new and stronger perceptions, both of facts and consequences. The subject-matter must, therefore, partake both of the scholar's vein and the tact of the man of business; if the writer pursues the one too classically, if he flies too high—

"Audaci fortius arte volat,"

he endangers the self-complacency of his reader and his own reception at once. If he be too practical, he loses the good report of the class-critical and sinks in the estimation of those who take their tone from others; for, from a single article of superior fabric, particularly in controversy, an editor will draw more court and authority than from the ordinary labours of a year. In short, his fate lies in a happy combination of ease and strength—of reasoning and taste—of argument and illustration; preserving always a steady bearing in politics, consisting, however, with an honest independence, and so far as possible with impartiality, and with an equanimity not to be purchased by praise nor disturbed by slander.

Such is the ideal perfection of a provincial journalist, and many such instances could be cited by name. Like everything else, the pursuit partakes of nature and habit. Perhaps there are few concerns in which practice is more essential, for it is a long time before a man attains the power of condensing and expressing his thoughts with the rapidity often indispensable upon the most trying occasions, or the courage and self-dependence (rather nurtured by experience than bestowed by nature) that brace him to the task*, for let it not be forgotten he has no shelter

* About twenty years ago the editor of a provincial journal was introduced by the tutor of ——— College into the combination-room. There were present some four or five of the most learned professors in the university, besides several distinguished mathematicians and scholars. The discourse turned upon the leading article of the "Times," when one of the professors (of law) said there was not a man in ——— could write as well. "Yes," said one of the tutors, quoting Johnson, "Many men, many women, and many children." The conversation grew warm, when one of the party said, "Here is a gentleman present who is in the habit of writing for the public, let us refer it to him." Thus called upon, the editor pronounced it to be very much a matter of habit, but agreed to submit to the following test:—"Between himself and the ripe and good scholars present there could be no sort of comparison, but he would venture a bet, that, if they then turned to the task, he would produce in a short and given time, say an hour, more and better newspaper matter than any one of them." This occasioned some mirth, and it was proposed to select four or five for the contest. The professor of oriental languages

from "the anonymous." It is only by long use he learns to wield his ponderous and massive weapon (despised by many as rude, but now known to be of terrible efficiency) with grace and certainty.

From the causes we have narrated, it will be conceded that the Provincial Press is come to divide, perhaps more than to divide, the power with the metropolitan. And it should seem, from the restraints as well as the incitements under which it acts, chiefly from the open responsibility, that the power cannot be better placed for the promotion of the purposes of society. The local journal is perhaps the safest and best vehicle for general politics, because moderation must, to a certain degree at least, be the rule. The comparatively limited circulation of the most violent papers on both sides demonstrates this truth*; and, indeed, unless the editor be a man of singular mould, did he indulge in violence, he would be wholly unable to live with any tolerable quiet, under the avoidance and disrespect he would bring down upon his name and family. If, on the contrary, he shows an anxious, active, and well-meaning concern for the interests, individual and general, of his district—if his exertions be directed to augment the knowledge, improve the taste, and promote its commerce, he will enjoy such means of conferring personal obligation and conciliating general respect, that his reception will at once be flattering and honourable. The prejudices to be overcome are the jealousy awakened by the necessary *surveillance* of his occupation, and the dread of suspicious motives on the part of those who, though above him in station, must still be often indebted to his activity or his forbearance. But since his usefulness is now rapidly making itself understood, the example of a few generous minds, and the commanding influence of a few eminent instances of honest ability and courteous manners, will place his exertions in their proper light, and assure to them their natural extension.

That these papers are chiefly to be valued as records of local transactions, is unquestionable; but they also have a very potent agency in modifying, aye, and moderating and equalizing the temper of the inhabitants of the provinces. They act, indeed, more as sedatives than stimulants; but in this lies their excellence. They may also carry very important information to statesmen, for they most certainly reflect a better portraiture of public opinion in their several districts, than can be seen from any other point of view. For though they in a good measure lead, they nevertheless follow, or rather take the tone from the opinions

protested he could not attempt it; the professor of divinity declared he should not be able, under the circumstances, to write a line; and the editor was left the master of the field, when he thus explained:—"The fact is, gentlemen, you would go to work by far too seriously; you would examine and weigh, select and reject—this you would deem not worth saying, and that you would consider too profound; while I should take my thoughts as they rise, and follow the current, content to hit the general level of my readers' ordinary understanding." Look into the leading articles of the journals, and you will find this mediocrity a little elevated. The subject is more fully treated, but carried forward from day to day—in a word, the cistern is emptied as it is filled, by the casual stream of events and observations, and thus the thirst of the multitude is slaked. This seems a low estimate, but, taken in its aggregate, a prodigious sum of information is thus diffused.

* The Parliamentary return proves that Cobbett's paper did not, in 1833, circulate three thousand; and by the last return it had sunk to one thousand—a number doubled by several of the provincials. We state this not invidiously, but as the most striking instance.

most generally entertained throughout their circuit. A skilful surveyor of public sentiment may, from two principal sources connected with provincial journals, extract a pretty accurate estimate—first, from the comparative numbers circulated, and secondly, from the powers of the editors. The first will show the general politics of the district; the last, the present and future workings of political causes. The balance, it has already been proved, is more equal between liberal and conservative than is suspected, though the first predominates. But the personal liability begets a temperance at all times—even in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of an election contest—which confers a character of independence, if not of impartiality, highly favourable to the peace of the country. The temper of our age bears strongly towards reform in all its shapes, and that it has not run riot in the provinces, is very much to be attributed to the good sense and moderation of the journalists, guided and protected, no doubt, by their personal responsibilities.

We have shown then what they are, and what they may be; and since a man's energy and respectability in his calling often depend very much upon the reception it procures for him in the world, and moreover, since this occupation is likely to be peculiarly affected in this manner, its exaltation depends much upon persons of rank and affluence. It lies with them, in no slight degree, to make the provincial journalist the benefactor or the corruptor of his readers—the honour, or the ban of his country. What has been said of the general instruction of the people, applies especially to him and his occupation. Whether for good or for evil, it is a power not now to be stayed. The good sense of the question then is, to give it its best direction. The merchant, the man of literature, the gentleman, the noble—nay, the Government itself—will find this is to be done most easily, and with most success, through the mild influence of urbane communication and friendly association.

We are still of opinion, not only that the repeal of these taxes has been injudiciously and unjustly preferred to taxes on many of the necessities of life, but also that the reduction of the duty will add nothing to the respectability of the press. One thing appears certain, that it will conduce to something like a forced circulation of the wildest and most violent theories in politics. The reduction of the price of the papers of this description declares that profit will often be sacrificed to the propagation of political doctrines; and it is no slight or safe symptom, that this their cheapness will recommend them to the heads least capable of separating the good from the evil, and to hands the most prompt to execute the violence their counsels dictate. That the repeal of the duty was proposed, agitated, and even forced upon the Government (we may not say against their better judgment) by a few individuals, and those who advocate the most extreme measures—short parliaments, ballot, extended suffrage, and an elective House of Peers—measures which would substantially convert the mixed monarchy of England into a practical republic—is not to be denied or doubted. The metropolis will be the centre from which these combustibles will be chiefly applied. From hence there may be deduced, even more strongly than we have put it, the important truth that the country must be, in no small degree, indebted for the timely extinction of this inflammable matter to the prudence, moderation, and ability of the JOURNALS of the PROVINCES.

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER'S PILGRIMAGE.

I.

To G. G. HOLLAND, M.D.

HOLLAND ! thou lov'st the little songful lyre,
 On which, well-pleased thy bidding to obey,
 For the first time I now attempt to play,
 Fretting, with skillless touch, the sonnet's wire.
 Alas ! the strings of this small harp require,
 To bring forth half their worth, a master's hand !
 Yet, as I wander through a lovely land,
 And stop, at times, its marvels to admire,
 May I not sing them too ? Yea, while the breeze,
 Sighing o'er moated grange or castle bold,
 Awakes the music of their ancient trees,
 The lyre—beloved of bards whose fires are cold,—
 That sweetest lyre I'll place before my knees,
 And make my theme the wonders I behold.

II.

POWERS OF THE SONNET.

Why should the tiny harp be chain'd to themes
 In fourteen lines, with pedant rigour bound ?
 The sonnet's might is mightier than it seems.
 Witness the bard of Eden lost and found,
 Who gave this lute a clarion's battle-sound,
 And lo ! another Milton calmly turns
 His eyes within, on light that ever burns,
 Waiting till Wordsworth's second peer be found* !
 Meantime, Fitzadam's mournful music shows †
 That the scorn'd sonnet's charm may yet endear
 Some long, deep strain, or lay of well-told woes ;
 Such as, in Byron's couplet, brings a tear
 To manly cheeks, or o'er his stanza throws
 Rapture and grief, solemnity and fear.

III.

EUGENE ARAM.

Knaresbro' ! thou wilt be famous through all time ;—
 Because poor Aram's history imparts
 A dreadful, unsolved riddle to all hearts—
 A half-told secret, in its gloom sublime,
 Though trite and common are death, want, and crime ;
 But Bulwer o'er thy caverns, rocks, and trees,
 Throws the deep charm of thoughtful melodies,
 Heart-cherish'd, like a dim cathedral's chime.

* See Sonnets by William Wordsworth.

† See, in Housman's collection, five most harmonious, yet not Petrarchan sonnets, by Fitzadam. They are composed of three four-line stanzas and a couplet, all disconnected in rhyme, but not in metre. I do not think, with Mr. Housman, that sonnets ending with a couplet are therefore faulty ; on the contrary, a couplet at the close of a sonnet has often a fine effect. So thought, and so proved, Cowper and our eldest poets ; and Fitzadam has fully shown, I think, that the measure of the sonnet, as he has managed it, is as proper for a long and serious poem as the Spenserian stanza itself.

That ~~charm~~ will live when rock-built towers decay,—
That ~~charm~~, when rocks themselves are turn'd to dust,
Will, to the slanderers of the great and just,
And the grim ghost of buried Bavy, say,—
"Though Time hath plough'd your graves, and ground thy bust,
I am not of the things which pass away."

IV.

PLUMPTON.

Who would not here become a hermit?—here
Grow old in song?—here die, on Nature's breast;
Hush'd, like yon wild-bird on the lake, to rest?
Then laid asleep beneath the branches sere,
Till the Awakener in the East appear,
And call the dead to judgment. Quietness!
Methinks the heart-whole rustic loves thee less
Than the town's thought-worn smiler. Oh! most dear
Art thou to him who flies from care, to bowers
That breathe of sainted calmness! and, to me,
More welcome than the breath of hawthorn flowers
To children of the city, when delight
Leads them from smoke to cowslips, is the sight
Of these green shades, these rocks, this little sea.

V.

BOLTON ABBEY.

Spirits of wonder, loveliness, and fear,
Dwell in these groves, beneath o'er-arching trees,
With the dim presence of their mysteries
Haunting the rocks and mountain-shadows near;
They pass the lone enthusiast, wandering here
By strangled Wharfe, or Barden's ancient tower;
Pass him, nor shake a dewdrop from a flower,
But with their whispers soothe his soul-taught ear,
As with a dream of prayer; until he starts,
Awaken'd from deep thoughts of Time's calm flight
And Nature's beauty, and in awe departs;—
When to the Abbey's moonlight-tinted walls
The demon of the spectred river calls*,
Mock'd by the voices of mysterious night.

VI.

THE VICARAGE.

The vicar's house is smother'd in its roses;
His garden glows with dahlias large and new;
"Bees murmur in his limes the summer through;"
And on the seat beneath them often dozes
A better man than calumny supposes.
His living is three hundred pounds a-year;
"But not of servants, wife, and children clear."
He gives away his common-right and closes,

* About three years ago, a young lady came from London on a visit to a relative near Bolton Abbey, and with a presentiment that she should be drowned in the Strid, of mournful memory. For some time she refused to visit it; but at last, overcome by the persuasions and ridicule of her friends, consented to do so. On approaching the water, which was forty-five feet deep, she threatened, with seeming levity, to leap in, exclaiming, "I am going!" A piercing shriek followed: she had taken the fatal plunge! A gentleman, a few yards below, seized her bonnet; but the strings broke, and she was drowned!

The Corn-Law Rhymers's Pilgrimage.

And keeps no horse. When winter strips the tree,
 To poor men's homes his wife and daughters go,
 With needful gifts of flannel, food, or fire,
 And made-wines for the sick. Now, would not He,
 Who deem'd the labourer worthy of his hire,
 Have paid it to this faithful servant?—No.

VII.

POET v. PARSON.

A hireling's wages to the priest are paid ;
 While lives and dies in want and rags the bard !
 But preaching ought to be its own reward,
 And not a sordid, if an honest, trade.
 Paul, labouring proudly with his hands, array'd
 Regenerated hearts in peace and love ;
 And when, with power, they preach'd the mystic dove,
 Penn, Barclay, Clarkson, ask'd not Mammon's aid.
 As, for its own sake, poesy is sweet
 To poets—so, on tasks of mercy bound,
 Religion travels with unsandall'd feet,
 Making the flinty desert holy ground :
 And never will her triumph be complete
 While one paid pilgrim upon earth is found.

VIII.

BRIMHAM ROCKS.

Rocks ! sacred deem'd to eldest fraud, when fear
 First darken'd death's reality with dreams !
 The spirit of your cruel worship seems,
 Like a wolf's shadow, yet to linger here,
 Deepening the gloom with peril still too near ;
 For guile and knowledge long have been allies,
 Most pious found when preaching blasphemies,
 Most treacherous when most trusted. But the year
 Whose seasons are all winters, soon must close :
 Knowledge hath join'd the millions, and mankind
 Are learning to distinguish friends from foes.
 The eagle-ey'd give sight unto the blind ;
 The eagle-wing'd are chasing crime-made woe ;
 The mighty-voiced are heard in every wind.

IX.

TREES AT BRIMHAM.

Gnarl'd oak and holly ! stone-cropp'd like the stone !
 Are ye of it, or is it part of you ?
 Your union strange is marvellously true,
 And makes the granite which I stand upon.
 Seem like the vision of an empire gone—
 Gone, yet still present, though it never was,
 Save as a shadow—let the shadow pass !
 So perish human glories, every one !
 But, rocks ! ye are not shadows ; trees ! ye cast
 Th' Almighty's shadow o'er the homeward bee,
 His name on Brimham ! yea, the coming blast,
 Beneath his curtains, reads it here with me ;
 And pauses not to number marvels past,
 But speeds the thunder on o'er land and sea.

X.

ROCK IDOL AT BRIMHAM.

Stone! did the hand of sacerdotal fraud
Shape thee into this vital type of things?
Or did a million winters, on their wings
Of scythe-like perseverance come abroad,
To bid conjecture stand before thee awed,
And almost severing thee from parent earth
Make thee a marvel? Vainly giv'st thou birth
To solemn fancies, building an abode
Around thee for a world of shapeless ghosts;
Vainly they rise before me, calling up
Kings and their masters, and imagined hosts
That fight for clouds. What then? The heath-flower's cup
With dew-drops feeds this fountain ever clear,
And the ring'd ouzle whistles, "God is here."

XI.

STUDLEY.

Behold! the Medicean Venus! Oh,
Is not this beauty? Yes, for it is truth.
See how she bends in her eternal youth!
Ev'n thus she charm'd ten thousand years ago;
Ere painting's magic bade the canvass glow,
Or soul inspired the marble; thus she stood
Before her own Adonis of the wood!
The master-piece of sculpture? Artist! no.
In all-divine perfection as she stands.
So came she, perfect, from th' Almighty's hands,
The masterpiece of nature. Everywhere
This spirit walks; but he who in strange lands
Seeks her fair form, turns homeward in despair,
Then seeks it in his soul, and finds it there.

XII.

CRITICISM.

Yet art hath less of instinct than of thought,
All instinct though it seems; for as the flower
Which blooms in solitude, by noiseless power,
And skill divine, is wonderfully wrought,
So from deep study art's high charm is caught;
And as the sunny air, and dewy light,
Are spun in heavenly looms, till blossoms bright
With honied wealth and sweetness droop o'er fraught,
And our eyes breathe of beauty; so the bard
Wrings from slow time inimitable grace;
So wins immortal music her reward,
Ev'n with a bee's industry; and we trace
The sculptor's home-thoughts through his labours hard
Till beams with deathless love the chisell'd face.

XIII.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

Abbey! for ever smiling pensively!

How like a thing of nature dost thou rise,

Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,

Clouded with grief, were arch'd thy roof to be,

And the tall trees were copied all from thee!

Mourning thy fortunes—while the waters dim,

Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;

Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,

As if they with a weeping sister wept,

Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art calm:

And time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;

For haresbells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,

Where sleep the proud, the bee and red-breast meet,

Mixing thy sighs with nature's lonely psalm.

XIV.

PARTING TEARS.

Scenes which renew my youth, and wake again

Its earliest dream of love and beauty—here,

Even as in heaven, found perfect, though the tear

Of frailty dims them with its earthly stain

Too often and too soon! I can remain

With you no longer: I must haste to things

That drink the ice which in a moment brings

The chill of fifty winters, and their pain,

To the sick heart. Already I grow cold

In spirit; and the thought of leaving you

For alien scenes, where nothing good or new

Remains for crowds to show, or men to say,

Instructs me—not that I in years am old,

But that the tresses of my soul are grey.

XV.

RETURN TO SHEFFIELD.

To swelter in the town's distemper'd glow,

* Heart-sick to sleep, and weary wake to strife,

To make a curse of hope, a broul of life,

And blight the rose to bid the cypress grow,

Pain's angel calls me; and I rise to go

Back from the castled wood, the sainted tower—

Scenes where man's home is lovely as a flower,

And he himself still fair, though stain'd with woe!

Where Nid, and Aire, and Wharfe through Eden glide,

Or Brimham's rocks of Druid terrors tell,

No longer, little lyre, may I abide;

No more with Nature's lonely powers to dwell,

I leave thee here on Skell's all-beauteous side:

Toy of the Titans, tiny harp, farewell!

ETON REVISITED;

IN AUGUST, 1836.

Ye distant spires ! ye antique towers !
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade.

* * * * *

Ah, happy fields ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain.
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe ;
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring."

So sang the poet Gray ; and so do not I either sing or say. I remember when, as a schoolboy, I read this ode on the spot, I was ungracious enough to think it mere twaddle ; and, sooth to say, (bating the poetry,) I am pretty much of the same opinion still. I now think, as I then thought, my childhood anything but "careless," or "a stranger to pain ;" and as for "the gales," and all that sort of thing, having made the experiment of the dusty Long Chamber and the ill-ventilated school-rooms of Eton, I have long definitively settled the point with myself,—that they are "redolent" of nothing on earth that a well-constituted nose—But the less that is said upon that subject the better.

Among the multitude of commonplaces with which men supply the practice of thinking, there is none more provoking than the cuckoo-note dictum in favour of childish happiness—the perpetual recurrence to schoolboy pleasures. Childhood, the season of maladies innumerable—of small-pox, measles, hooping-cough—with all the hundred complicated diseases which bad nursing, neglect, or mistaken indulgence inflict on the tender, half-formed, and impressible frame ! Childhood,—the era of kicks and cuffs, of arbitrary inculcation, and of necessitated submission to the caprices, ignorances, and ill-tempers of "pastors and masters, and all that are placed in authority over us,"—that is to say, of every human being nearly with whom childhood comes in contact ! The child is only the unformed man ; and to suppose him happier than the adult, is to place the imperfect animal above the perfect. True it is, that the cares of childhood may very often be baseless, and that they are almost always transient ; while the spirit of childhood is elastic and yielding : but though the sorrows of infancy appear thus light in the apprehension of adults, it is equally true that, according to the experience of the infant sufferers themselves,—

"These little things are great to little men."

Exclusively that the child wants the experience which might give

him a just appreciation of things, he wants also that pride, that reflection, and that consciousness of inherent strength, which enable us, in maturer life, to grapple manfully with the worst that happens.

More than half of this cant of schoolboy delight is sheer humbug—delusion—propagated from generation to generation, for the mere pleasure of cheating; and the rest may be translated into the more general expressions, that past cares are the easiest borne, and that every one (man and boy alike) thinks his own sorrows the heaviest. Would that I could attribute it to a salving of the consciences of the adults for the neglect with which they treat the interests of the young; because that would imply a knowledge of error, and a hope of its redress. To believe children happy is far less troublesome than to take the necessary pains to make them so; just as it is easier to scourge children for the faults we make them commit, than to remove the causes which lead them into error. It is now universally admitted that education is beset with thorns and briars, which a little attention might remove; nor can it be doubted that great cruelty and oppression are still tolerated in public schools, because no effort is made to break through established usage; while the very idea of teaching the boys a more humanizing philosophy has not entered the heads of the pedants who preside over public institutions. It would be well, instead of sermonizing on schoolboy happiness, if those whom it may concern would take a little pains to make their youthful charges in reality somewhat happier.

These reflections were reproduced, with much intensity of feeling, by a recent visit, which accident induced the writer of this article to pay to Eton College,—a visit which revived the dormant recollections of many “juvenile miseries” (to use the word in Mr. Beresford’s signification) long forgotten, or remembered only in their faintest outlines. Above forty years had elapsed since, with joyful heart, he quitted a place which, to him, (owing to circumstances partly inherent in the institution, and partly personal,) had been a scene of almost uninterrupted suffering,—where he had learned little of the lore there professed, though he had acquired, through his experience as a fag, enough of that knowledge of the worst corners of the human heart which is commonly attributed to a rough contact with the world, and to the experience of mature life. A public school has been called a world in miniature, and so, indeed, it is; but it is a world of anarchy and lawless violence, unpurged by civil rule, where, with the exception of a few false or doubtful maxims of a code of honour, the will of the strongest is law; where reason is held in abeyance, and the passions are fostered into a precocious development. The admirers of things as they are dwell with much complacency on this feature of our public schools; for they consider the “roughing it” in these establishments as among the principal causes of what they are pleased to call the manliness of the English character; as if manliness were peculiar to Englishmen, and, among Englishmen, confined to the pupils of public schools exclusively. Whoever has reflected on what he has seen in a public school, must admit that he has witnessed as much meanness, as much cringing to superiors, and insolence where it was safe to be insolent,—as much malice, falsehood, and hypocrisy within its walls, as he ever encountered in the society of adults. It is true that the circumstance of being left to find one’s own level in a school of five hundred boys, and to carve out a place for oneself in

the general estimation, calls out all the latent energies of character,—if any such there be; but it at the same time case-hardens the heart, and engenders that isolated selfishness so prevalent in the upper walks of English life. Upon the gentler and more refined natures it operates with a crushing and ruinous effect. In them, it begets and confirms habits of submission to oppression, a yielding to all manner of resistances, a nervous timidity, and dread of contact with the world, its labours, and its contentions. The evil, it must be admitted, is to a certain degree inherent in any association of such large numbers. The perpetual intervention of masters in the maintenance of moral order is, in such a case, nearly an impossibility. But, without aiming at that molly-coddle interference, which is too often attempted in private schools, to the utter destruction of self-reliance, and the formation of effeminate characters, there is a middle term between such excess, on the one hand, and the unlicensed liberty of flogging, with the total neglect of all moral education, on the other, which a judicious *régime* might seize upon; and by which manliness would be attainable, without a sacrifice of other qualities, to say the least of them, equally valuable.

It is a fearful experiment to revisit, at the end of so many years, the haunts of the schoolboy, and to obtain such tangible evidence of the long interval which separates the actual observer from his former self. What of all that made the sum of the infant's existence remains to the mature man! How many mutations of character has he undergone! How little is there in common between the two moral entities, so diversified, yet still the same! What also has become of that other individual, the enterprising, passionate, mobile, and inconsiderate youth; who had strutted and fretted through the years which separate the two? Human identity—thou art an unfathomable mystery! Anatomists tell us that not a fibre of the original structure continues unchanged; but that many and many material bodies have succeeded each other,—each another, and the same. Conscience, too, declares that scarce a passion or a feeling of the primeval mind survives; that scarcely a motive retains its original value and moving influence on the will. What, then, continues? A few intellectual peculiarities—a few corporeal liabilities to special actions—a few moral and muscular potentialities—and a memory so imperfect, that, in many cases, it is difficultly distinguished from imagination!

In spite of all our powers of self-deception, there is no resisting the fatal truth which such a visit as this brings home to the man of more than middle life—that he has almost completed his allotted career—that the better and more enjoyable portion of existence, at least, is passed, and for ever! What years are reviewed in such a moment! What epochs, what events are, as it were, summed up in one instant of time! What a consciousness of the much that has been done in vain—of the more that has been left undone! The substance of human life (the period of existence for which all before it was preparation—all after it decay) has been used and expended, (alas! how little enjoyed!) since last the foot trod upon the ground where now it is planted. What hopes have arisen in the interval, to be crushed; or, more cruel mockery, have been realized only to demonstrate their emptiness! What friendships have been formed—have been dissolved—and lie buried in the grave, or in that colder abyss, the selfishness of the human heart! Where, too, are the loves and the graces—where the

vows of eternal constancy—where their objects—where the feeling itself in which they originated? Have such things been? or have we eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?" What a world of thought and of memory is here, for one little association to call up! For all these recollections distinctly recur, or (more marvellous still), are blended in one vague sentiment of awe and melancholy, which invades the revisitor in the act of crossing the threshold that opens into the quadrangle of the time-honoured college. Then, if in such a moment one can lose sight of self, to think of those things which have been contemporary with these its mutations, what public events have occurred to load the page of history, to baffle previous conjecture, and to belie anticipation in their consequences! Where, now, is Napoleon—where the empire which he extended over nearly the whole of civilized Europe—where, too, are the millions who perished in the march of his chariot-wheels? Whole populations have, in the petty space of time thus recalled by a single glance at these "antique towers" of Eton, been nearly swept away by the sword and by the musket; a desolating disease, too, has encompassed the wide globe; navies have been engulfed in the sea, cities swallowed up by the yawning earth; and yet that frail and sickly boy, withdrawn from the scene he now revisits, because his infant frame was unequal to the shocks it there encountered, still lives, and has survived the chances and hazards which beset the path of the strongest. Then comes the fearful question—to what end? Is he wiser or better for his experience? Has he left behind him traces of his existence in good or in evil? or has he been a tree bearing no fruit—a cause pregnant with no permanent effect? Alas! how vain is it now to inquire. How vain the regrets for opportunities neglected, for faculties wasted or misapplied. Nay, are we even certain that if all our tardy wisdom could recall the past, and that we could recast our destinies according to the lights of halting experience, the result would be better for us than that which has taken place? "We know what we are, but we know not what we" might have been.

But diminishing space reminds me that we are still pausing at the gate, and that it is high time to enter on the scene of action. This visit to Eton occurred during the vacation time; and the silence of the desolate courts, unbroken by the fall of a single foot save my own, gave full scope for all the melancholy moodiness which the spot was calculated to call forth. My residence at the school, I have said, was not happy; and the first sensation on revisiting its *locale*, was the result of a vague but painful animal association. It was like one of those morning recollections which come upon us abruptly, on awaking in some scene of novel and sudden misfortune, when the actual sensation contrasts violently with the previous dream of more habitual images of pleasure and comfort.

The next impression was a strong conviction of the little change which had come over the venerable edifice. The aspect of the interior had nearly faded from the memory, but its images, though dormant, were not extinct. The first glance of the eye, therefore, was a perfect recognition. There, stood the beautiful chapel, the statue, the clock turrets of antique mould, and the dingy barn-like brick structures which complete the square, precisely as they were left; not a stone changed—scarcely a stone forgotten. Even the quarterly chiming of the bells was as a well-known music. There, too, stood the nitch in the chapel where

the boy of nine years old played ball, the day he was first numbered on the books of the college. There, also, stood the cloisters intact—there the hall with its everlasting smell of mutton; and behind the hall, unchanged in its minutest details, stood a certain well-remembered dreary back-yard, surrounded by its offices, where the overworked child had so often sought rest and shelter from the ever-renewing labours of that most odious of servitudes, fagging; and where he had so often eaten his heart with longings after home—its ease, its comforts, and *its affections*. In ascending to the long chamber, also, there was still in existence the identical step, on the right side of the door, where forty and more years ago it was his nightly task to clean knives. Within, the chamber is exactly as the night when last he slept in it. There, was to be recognized the bed, whose sheets (in failure of a surplice) once served for a towel to wipe certain plates, which, as fag to the supper-table, he had (not) washed—those sheets, whose tell-tale stains procured him so sound a thrashing. There, again, the last in the long row, was the very bedstead in which, on the night of his first entrance, he cried himself to sleep; that bed from which he had so often hurried at the arbitrary and dreaded summons of “last goes.” Verily, if at the moment of this visit any one had uttered the cry, he would still have started to obey its call. In the right-hand corner at the bottom of the room, there is still to be seen the little study whence a furtive outlet had once been contrived for the stealthy, nocturnal visit to Windsor. How few probably are now alive to remember the consternation excited by Davies’s unexpected presence, after the doors had long been locked; when he walked directly to the spot, and drew without hesitation from its concealment, the knotted rope which had facilitated the, nightly escape! How few remember the plays secretly performed in this chamber, which lasted till the dawn of day, and to behold which the oppidans were smuggled in without detection!

Well, indeed, may Eton be regarded as the head-quarters of conservatism. The genius of immutability seems to preside over all its particulars; not an item of the rude and unaccommodated details of that dormitory has disappeared. Its coarse, clumsy, hard, and worm-eaten bedsteads, black with dirt and with time, maintain their ancient places as they did forty years ago; and as they might have done the night when Henry VI. finished his pious arrangements for founding the school. Everything in the chamber breathes of the olden times—of their discomfort, their neglect of order, and of what should be considered as the decencies of life. What a contrast for the exile from some splendid mansion in a London square, or from some rural palace, the pride of its county, between his neat and curtained couch in a well-ordered and well-ventilated chamber at home, and the hard and filthy crib, with its unaccommodated environage (amidst a noisy, reckless, and disorderly band of companions), which here awaits him. Nor should this difference be disregarded, as a mere matter of epicurean refinement. All savagery and incivization are but a similar absence of the accommodation which makes life sweet and healthful. To what purpose is society labouring through all its complex departments, but to create and to satisfy such wants as those here neglected—wants which experience has proved to conduce in their gratification not less to virtue than to happiness. Like the literature which Eton professes to teach, a

respect for the decencies of life, "*emollet mores, nec sinit esse feros*," nor can any satisfactory reason be given why the children of the nineteenth century should be retained in the barbarism and rudeness of the fifteenth. The same remarks apply, also, to the schoolrooms. "As you were" is there, as everywhere else in the institution, the word of command. It seemed as if but yesterday (so wholly unchanged was the scene) I had occupied that seat in the dark and dismal corner in the lower school near the door, whence the usher of the black rod was wont to tread his slow and reluctant way, backwards, with a message of woe to some idle or incapable student, from the teacher of the class to the redoubtable Dr. Langford, the then head of the executive for that portion of the school. Yes, there still stands the block, there lies the birch—that instrument of an immodest and disgraceful punishment—that monument of "ancient night," and of the inapprehensive conservatism which reigns over every department of our national education! Is it not strange, that while public opinion is putting an end to corporal punishment in the army,—as debasing and brutalizing even to the very dregs of society, whose destitution and vices have driven them to embrace the disagreeable and servile condition—is it not strange, I say, that this punishment should be upheld and applauded as applicable to the feelings and condition of "ingenuous youth!" As a means of discipline, it is notoriously inefficient; no lad of spirit regards for an instant the mere pain of the infliction. It is a point of honour to despise it; and when the sense of its disgrace is overcome—when delicacy is blunted, and shame replaced by effrontery, the influence of the punishment is at an end. But here, again, the indolence of the master is consulted at the expense of the pupil: it is easier to flog than to teach—it is easier to inflict stripes than to form the character: and accordingly flogging is still the order of the day.

From the dirty and frowzy interior, it was pleasing to escape to the open air, and to the cheerful scenery of the play-ground, with its delicious verdure, and the pleasant murmur of the silvery Thames that skirts it. The position of Eton is, indeed, a noble site. The munificent founder seems to have had a prudent jealousy of the tendency of all stipendiaries to neglect their functions, and to have established his school, as it were, under his own eye, that he might himself

"From the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,"

and be satisfied that every man he there employed was doing his duty. The reward to his descendants (how little soever they may care about the school) has been great. The proximity of this great national establishment to the residence of the monarch forms an early and a lasting link in the chain of associations, which binds the aristocracy to the throne, and contributes more powerfully than all Dr. Hawtrey's inculcations and example, to the prevalence of Toryism in the rising generation. Here, on the bench which overlooks the Thames, and skirts the brook where we used to catch cray-fish, I lingered for a time, while busy memory exercised itself in retracing by-gone themes, and in endeavouring to recall persons whose forms had faded into indistinctness. Of all the many companions, my equals in age and station in the school, a few only have attained to distinction, save those with whom dis-

tion is hereditary, and who "had taken the trouble to be born" to greatness. Mediocrity and obscurity are the common lot; and I can scarcely cite a form-fellow who is now known beyond the boundary of its owner's parish. The unfortunate Lacon, whose career was still more melancholy than it was brilliant, was a contemporary; and there are perhaps a few not wholly unknown to fame, whom the Church has raised to its places of eminence. Many (probably the larger portion) are already gathered to their fathers: some represented in the school by their children—still more by their grand-children. Nature, assiduous in the pursuit of her own ends, has amply provided for the continuance of races; but, indifferent to individuals, casts them aside and destroys them when they have served her turn.

There exists in the library of the college a memorial of past generations that possesses a deep interest. It is a bound volume of exercises, which, in the jargon of the school, were "sent up for good;" that is to say, which were considered as above the average excellence. In this volume may be seen, in the rude and ill-formed characters so distinctive of Etonian penmanship, the productions of boys whose genius has since delighted the nation, and on whose glowing thoughts senates have hung enraptured; but whose political errors, and ill-directed philosophy—whose ignorance of all that science which is not taught, and all that wisdom which is scouted and denounced by the paid teachers of the public—have worked the woe of their contemporaries, and filled the pages of history with characters of blood. Among these is an exercise of Canning's (a copy of verses on the corrupting influence of gold), and its illustration is—"What for a ducat?—The canvassing of a rotten borough!" That Canning, in after-life, closed his eyes to the evil he there so smartly exposed, and that he ranged himself with the decided enemies of reform, is matter probably of the gravest reproach that has been urged against his memory. In taking up this position, he has been accused of sinning against the light of reason, and of knowingly upholding the profitable abuse, at the expense of honesty and the welfare of his country. If, in any degree, there is ground for such an accusation—if, at his outset in life, he indeed wilfully sacrificed the just to the expedient—who shall say that the seeds of that depravity were not sown alike in what was not taught at Eton, and in what was?

Much stress is laid, in general estimation, upon the liberalizing tendency of classical reading; and on the whole, perhaps, the notion is not altogether erroneous. What, however, is the moral of the history of the Roman republic, as understood and taught in these countries?—A supercilious contempt of popular rights, and admiration of the overbearing despotism of an oligarchy. But whatever of generosity and of true greatness is disclosed by the writers of antiquity, must fall dead upon imaginations fixed closely upon longs and shorts, and from which all lights are shut out, save those of a scanty and imperfect philology. It is not merely that the sciences and that modern languages (including even our own) are banished from the course of scholastic education in our public schools, but that the most simple and elementary instruction in morals is sedulously avoided. For the formation of the heart, nothing, absolutely nothing, is attempted, beyond the dull sermons of the college chapel. In the society of the school, the practical morality of the higher orders of adults sets the tone; and in its discipline, there is no instruction in principles to rectify the false judgments of coteries and of fac-

tions. Indifferentism and selfishness form the moral atmosphere of the place; and charity is bound, in condemning the great mistake of Canning's life, to remember that the taint of that atmosphere was in his veins from his early youth. Let me, however, not be misunderstood. It is not the absence of *ex cathedra* instruction merely that I deprecate. Upon the whole, it may be safer to leave the young mind an absolute blank, than to fatigue it with catechismal maxims, and to make it an acquiescent receptacle for moral dogmas, which it is forbidden to question. The proper object of education is truth, not the particular opinions of any men, or set of men. Its aim should be, not to load the memory, but to exercise the reason. It is not alone a code of particular practices, but an examination of general principles which is wanted to form the early character of youth—to habituate it to weigh the consequences of actions—to understand and to feel the hidden sources of the just and the unjust, the real and efficient motives that make one line of conduct preferable to another.

I know not how it may be at present, but in my time the mere practical morality of the school was at a low ebb. Debt was the common vice of the place; and among the little boys, certain species of theft were allowable under the mitigated appellation of "cribbing." Books, for instance, were commonly thus appropriated, and torn and disfigured to prevent reclamation. The covers of books were likewise in requisition to make candlesticks—the pasteboard being bent in the middle, and a notch cut at the bend to receive the candle. So, likewise, surplices were abstracted and concealed, to serve, as has already been hinted at, for towels. But it is not so much the permission of a few such peccadillos, which ulterior experience may correct, that is matter of regret: it is the total neglect of this department of education—the utter ignorance which is left in the youthful mind as to the whole domain of the right and the fitting.*

When it is considered, that to the public schools is committed the education of our statesmen, our lawyers, and our divines, and that in their walls the foundation is laid of the character of the entire upper classes of society, the evil must be regarded as of the last national importance. It is a generally-received opinion abroad, that the educated classes of Englishmen, taken as a body, are the most unprincipled people of Europe: that is to say, the people least governed by principle. They are a people influenced, indeed, on certain moral points, by habits and by opinion, with considerable closeness and severity, but continually committing a vast multitude of vices (when not thus guided) by mere lack of a just sense of the iniquity. But this is no place for details. Suffice it, that the system of our national education is deficient and erroneous—that it is centuries behind the illumination of the age—and that it leaves those who trust to it, in morals and in profitable instruction, far below those classes whose information is forced on them by the necessities of their daily avocations. To the people at large, the reformation of the public schools is a point of immense importance, inasmuch as it is essential to them, that the persons charged with the management of the nation's affairs should be more competent and trustworthy; but to the aristocracy it is still more so; because their very

* If nothing more can be done, why are "Tully's Offices" not admitted into the school course? The Latin (that main point) is "Ciceronian," and the matter might advantageously be made level to third-form capacities.

existence as a corps, the tenure of their supremacy in the state, depends upon their not sinking below the average intellectual level of the general population.

Let it not be imagined that these things are said in anger—that they are the ebullitions of a mind diseased by early painful recollections. Their author is personally unacquainted with any individual engaged in tuition. He is not insensible of the benefits which he has derived from a scholastic education; but, on the contrary, is anxious that the still greater benefits of which the public institutions are susceptible, should be rendered available to future generations. He may in truth say with Petrarch;—

“Io parlo per ver dire,
Non per odio d' altrui, ne per disprezzo.”

With this protest, farewell to thee, Eton! That a recurrence to thy long-forgotten scenes was fraught with melancholy recollections, was not altogether thy fault; but that it was so, is sufficient guarantee that the visit will not be repeated. Fare thee well, then, and for ever! That thou mayest long continue the haunt of the Muses, and become indeed the nursing mother of our English youth (and to that end, that thou mayest be speedily, ay, and radically reformed), is my parting wish! I could scarce wish thee worse, than that, in these days, thou shouldst continue what thou hast been!

WRITTEN AT THE CLEPSYDRA, MESSENE,

IN 18—.

A LITTLE stream came sparkling from the stone,
And went away, amidst the flowers to die;
And festal chaplets on the branches nigh
Still seem'd to hang, and wither, one by one,
As if the revellers had lately gone.
And through the tall, red laurels sadly shone
A single shaft of all that temple pile,
Marking the sea of green, like some bright isle
Twinkling far seaward; and huge masses lay
Heap'd round it, by some earthquake's sudden play,
Taking the city on its banquet day.
Friezes and urns, with centaur-looking men,
And gentle shapes entwining them, and Loves
Crowning the disport, and from sunless groves
Fauns glancing forth, were strew'd along the glen.
And, over all, a spread of tossing trees
Rose, with wild rocks for rampart; and before
Lay the smooth-throbbing sea; and in the breeze,
With shepherd-voices, came its soften'd roar.—
And this was once Messenë's crowded shore!
And near that fountain stood two maidens;—how
Came they, or went they, none but they might know.
One stoop'd to gather from the wet leaves near
A dripping wreath, and hid, perchance, a tear
Beneath th' unblushing locks, which earthward flow'd,
And veil'd her round, whene'er the maiden bow'd.

The other stood more stately : her full eye
 In ardent stillness through her lashes beam'd ;
 O'er her ~~clear~~ brow the raven tresses stream'd,
 Wrought with rich coins, there cluster'd heedlessly ;
 And the calm brow in gentle orbs bent down,
 And touching, seem'd to touch not perfectly ;
 And through ripe lips the half-closed teeth were shown,
 And sounds were heard of half-breathed minstrelsy ;
 And with each sound, across the kindled brown
 Of the young cheek, no sooner seen than frown,
 Pass'd nameless thoughts and blushes,—yet scarce known
 For whom, or what, or whence,—tumultuously ;—
 And in the swelling form, life, fully blown,
 Gloried with gentlest might ; and yet was thrown
 O'er all the weakness of some inward grief,
 Which had no words, nor, on this earth of woe,
 Hoped, look'd, or ask'd for earthly man's relief ;—
 But God still reigns above, though man must bear below.

And now we near'd and spoke her. Shy, yet kind,
 Seem'd the fair peasant, as she brush'd and show'd
 The hereditary gem, and tried to find
 Words which might teach us whence its wonders flow'd ;
 For, in her childhood, did her mother bind
 The jewel on her, for a watch and ward ;
 (Alas ! it fail'd, when most she ask'd such guard ;)
 And now she barter'd it for bread ! No praise
 Dropp'd from her ; but she watch'd, with patient gaze,
 And half-smile trembling on her changeless lip,
 The words quick-mirror'd in our stranger-face,
 And gestures,—and the same still look did keep,
 E'en till she parted. So she seem'd the nymph
 Of that old fountain, with its dripping flowers,
 And little sparkling stream, and ruin'd towers,
 Still faithful to the last—if not too high,
 Too largely fashion'd for such deity.
 And Flora's self had not come back to earth,
 Mourning the wasted garden, or the birth,
 Nursing of young flowers where the old had died ;—
 So god-like seem'd she by our earthly side,

They both were orphans !—On the self-same night
 They fell—the father and the mother died,
 Each on the other : for the freeman's right,
 The Christian's faith, the peasant-warrior's pride,
 Fought they and perished. Samuel was a priest ;
 And she—the black-eyed, beautiful, the young,
 The dauntless—was his chosen. In one list
 Strove they, and perish'd ;—in the one hour flung,
 By the same arms, down the same crags, they died,
 Faithful to God and Greece ; and, side by side,
 Now dwell above with martyrs. They were tried,
 And proved, and rest ; and from yon heavens look down
 Still on those maidens by the fountain-stone ;
 The orphan'd upon earth have still o'erhead
 Fathers and mothers ; and the glorious dead
 Leave memories behind them, which shall shield
 Where armies fail and fortress ramparts yield !

THE PLAY-HOUSES AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

A WEEKLY writer, whose honesty and general good taste in dramatic matters demand a respectful treatment, even of his errors,—in a late disquisition on his favourite subject, attributes the present melancholy state of things to the character of the persons appointed by the several managers to read the “two hundred” MSS. annually presented to each theatre. Two hundred are the average number offered to the Haymarket, as delivered in evidence by Mr. Morris, and to be found in good open type in the *Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature*, that golden volume containing touches worthy of Rabelais, and furnishing to a future Cruikshank the richest subjects for graphic illustration. Indeed, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge may take some little shame to itself, that under its auspices the “Report” has not re-appeared in cheap and portable volumes, edited by Mr. Winstan, Mr. Morris, or any other gentleman, whose like intelligence and disinterestedness under examination, might have pointed him out as equal to the labour. Mr. Morris avers that two hundred MSS. are annually left with himself, or his footman, for perusal; who reads them in the present case, it matters not. Now, unless the Haymarket—from the wisdom and liberality which have ever distinguished its manager—be a favourite house with the desperate hundreds who write plays, other theatres, from the length of their season, are, it is fair to calculate, visited with a still heavier number than that inflicted on the suffering Mr. Morris. The writer upon whose text we propose to hang a few remarks, says, “Each theatre has a reader, that is, a gentleman appointed by the manager to select from two hundred MSS. plays eight or ten for representation. Now, if these readers do not dip into the mass of papers as they would into a lucky bag, and select the required number of new pieces at random, we give them credit for more patience than we are ourselves possessed of; indeed, we should think them, in such case, unnecessarily laborious, because we feel perfectly convinced that a random dip into two hundred MSS. would be quite as satisfactory and successful in its result, as any method of reading by one gentleman can possibly be. If the reader does read any of the MSS., it can only be a few of the topmost ones of the pile, or those which come to him strongly recommended by some influential persons, or those whose titles may fix his attention. *Hopeless must be the condition of the playwright whose piece is the twentieth in the heap! Men of education and talent, who are aware of these facts, will not attempt to write for the stage; they know that in such attempts weeks and months of constant labour would be wasted; consequently, they turn their attention to more certain and profitable pursuits.* Notwithstanding that two hundred MSS. are annually submitted to the managers of each of the principal theatres, we have no additions to the list of the playwrights, at least no additions that have been made by the ‘readers’ in the exercise of their professional discretion. The writers for the stage, at present are Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mr. Jerrold, Mr. Planche, Mr. Peake, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Fitzball. There are a few others, but their productions are of so inferior a character that we may be well excused for forgetting their

names." And then the writer proceeds to lament that "there is no inducement for men, who can make money otherwise, to enter the field in rivalry with these fortunate gentlemen!" Does the writer know what he is about? Is he aware of the mischief of his temptation? What! would he maliciously beckon a "mob of gentlemen" into the dramatic Hesperides, when, even for those by his own admission high up in the branches, there is not one golden apple left? Would he actually seduce novelists from venison and claret to come and scuffle with the "fortunate" six for small beer and brown bread? Make more dramatists! when there are at least three to many—using the term, "dramatist," in the sense affixed to it by Johnson, *i. e.*,—"the author of dramatic compositions!" Why did not the writer run his finger down the list of novelties for the past twelvemonth, ere he indirectly accused the fortunate six of the wickedness of wealth, won from the treasuries of the theatre, to the total exclusion of unhappy writers doomed to poems, tales, and novelists? Let him now do so, and in his next, we pray let him inform us how much under the salary of a Birmingham traveller has fallen to the lot of three of the *sir*, during the past year, for the exercise of their "fortunate" monopoly. The Brahmins, we have somewhere read, will not use the ink of Europeans, lest there should be any wine in it.—The standish of the English dramatist—as a dramatist—would not pollute the pen of Vishnu himself.

The English stage in now a by-word of contempt. Gentlemen high and learned in the law—(of late, to be sure, a voice hath shaken

"The Temple's mner shrine"),—

boast their ignorance of the modern theatre with a proud look of superiority—men of all professions, who know by heart the opera-bill, resent even a suspicion of a dramatic yearning: the intellect of the country no longer sits in judgment on the novelties of the stage,—and why? because in nineteen cases out of twenty, there is nothing worthy its consideration. Middle-aged gentlemen now speak of a new play as of their peg-tops, a thing of another time and other thoughts. "Ion," it is true, was applauded to the echo on its first representation; but its poetic subtleties were addressed to half the congregated intelligence of London—the work was stamped by the judgment of, it may be said, an illustrious audience: and Mr. Morris has been spared the dilemma of taking into his consideration for the first time, and at a short notice, a tragedy of the Greek school. But how if "Ion" had been left, the work of an unknown man, with the footman of the "spirited proprietor?" At this time of day, who is there so bold—though ever so ignorant—as not to admire the Elgin marbles? The jury that tried "Ion" was composed of precisely the same class of individuals who, thirty years ago, sat in judgment on every new play—whose verdict weighed with the town, led, instructed it. Had "Ion" been played for the first time to an audience such as is usually gathered together by the announcement of a new drama, what would have been the result? Applause, certainly,—much applause. The tragedy would have been repeated once—twice—thrice, aye, perhaps four times; and then would have been produced in its place some opera, cut from a novel by the job scissor-man of the house, and composed against the stock-musician's time-piece—an opera, which "had been a considerable time in preparation;" and the destiny of

Adrastes would have been quavered into nothing by the mellifluous warblings of Mr. Collins! Happy are we to say it is otherwise. It is to us an unaffected gratification to see its gifted author emancipate himself from the conventionalities of a profession—to vindicate the great truth—by narrow, half-wise minds, chuckled at as a fallacy—that the exercise of creative poetry is compatible with the most energetic efforts of daily life—and that the laurel of the dramatic bard is neither baneful nor ridiculous to the coif of the lawyer. It is a peculiar delight to us to record this triumph of Sergeant Talfourd; for it is a triumph in which all men sharing a poetic sense must participate, knowing that by its faculty our perceptions are quickened, as our minds are elevated and our sympathies enlarged;—

“It gives us eyes, it gives us ears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And hope, and peace, and joy!”

And this may apply as directly to the judge upon the bench, as to the loiterer in field or grove.

Yet a few words on the success of “*Ion*.” Could an author secure for the first few nights of his drama, an audience of equal intelligence to the jury that tried the learned Sergeant, the whole mass of the public would be leavened with the good old faith, and, or we greatly err, cast away the new religion for “black, white, and gray” spectacles and melodramas, with all the trumpery of pageant and procession. We should then have forced upon journalists, what Voltaire admirably calls “the tenth muse,” wholesome criticism. At present, with a few, very few honourable exceptions, dramatic criticisms are written very much in the spirit of Bow-street reports; a dramatist—especially if he fail with the present audience—and a pickpocket are treated with similar courtesy. If he be applauded, the report says as much—if hissed, the historian of the night is certain not to conceal the fact; but for any analysis of character—any minute development of passion—any championship by the critic of the wrongs of the writer against the ignorance, the caprice, or the injustice of the audience—it never enters into the brain of the censor, who contents himself with his two sets of stereotype phrases, applause or commendation, as the case may be. The piece was hissed, “but the ayes had it”—or it was given out for repetition “without a dissentient voice;” and then for the actors, they “exerted themselves with their usual ability”—or, “even the talents of Mr. Turnour could not redeem the drama,” which, we are sure to be told, is “gone to the tomb of the Capulets.” Where is Mr. Leigh Hunt? And when such things are done, what “time has he” to be even a little poorly? We compare him, by the subjoined parallel cases, to take pity on the play-goer:—

“**BOW-STREET.**—Yesterday, a man named *Edward Wiggins* was brought before Sir Frederic Roe, charged with having stolen from the auction-rooms of Mr. George Robins, the following articles: a fish-slice with a mother-o’-pearl handle, curiously carved; a cream-jug, one of the legs much bent, it is supposed by the thief; a pair of sugar-tongs (the king’s pattern); a peculiar thimble-case, said by Mr. Robins to have belonged to one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne; a bottle of brandy (real Cognac), and a prayer-book. All the articles were taken on the thief.

"Mr. George Robins stated, that he was in his rooms about dusk on the previous night. The prisoner was present, apparently viewing the articles for the sale of the next day. He thought there was something suspicious in the appearance of the man, as he asked one of his (Mr. Robins's) assistants, when any of Drury-lane shares were to be sold; and therefore resolved to watch him. Presently, he saw him put the fish-slice with the mother-o'-pearl handle in his left coat-pocket, the cream-jug with the leg much bent, next followed it. On this he (Mr. Robins) accused him of the theft, when he resisted considerably, and at first offered to be searched. After much struggling, however, the above-named articles were found upon him, and he was lodged in the hands of Ledbitter.

"Sir Frederic Roe asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, cautioning him (very constitutionally) to utter nothing that might compromise him.

"The prisoner observed, that what he had to say he should keep for his defence. He was fully committed for trial. The unfortunate man was dressed in the first style of fashion, and is slightly marked with the small-pox. He stood in an easy attitude leaning one arm upon the bar, and resting his right-hand upon his hip. We are given to understand (and on the best authority) that he is distantly connected with a certain Baronet, whose affair at Crockford's excited so much attention last season. Wiggins is not his real name."

The other report:—

"**DRURY-LANE THEATRE.**—Last night, a new tragedy in five acts was produced here for the first—and judging by the sentence of the audience—we should say, the last time. It is, we hear, from the pen of Mr. —; and is sufficiently dull to warrant the report. Plot it has none; of characters it is wholly deficient—and the language never rises above mediocrity. It is however due to all the actors to state, that they exerted themselves to the utmost, but all would not do to redeem the author, whose friends, by the way, mustered very strongly on the occasion. At the fall of the curtain there were many bisecs, though in common justice we feel ourselves strictly bound to say, that perhaps 'the ayes had it.' We had almost forgotten to notice the dress of Miss Tree; it was very superb, and will, we trust, be reserved by her for a drama more worthy of its beauty."

We put it to the reader, accustomed to the "police" and the "theatres" of a journal, whether the above be any burlesque on the literature displayed in the case of John Wiggins and the tragic poet? Such is the care—the knowledge bestowed on the drama in England; whilst in France—as the reader of the Paris journals will immediately allow—a vaudeville of some forty minutes obtains an elaborate essay; is not despatched in thirty lines for the next morning, but receives sentence after three or four representations. Two or three months since we read in the "*Gazette des Tribunaux*" a review of a translation of Shakspeare of consummate skill and beauty; but then the author was not employed, in his more important moments, in reporting the cases of the Conciergerie or the Morgue.

We shall, perhaps, best display the present condition of the stage, by exposing the principles of management of individual theatres. As,

unhappily, there is but little difference in the *spirit* with which they are severally conducted, we will begin eastward, with that urn of light, the Pavilion, Whitechapel. In setting out, however, we protest that we bear no malice towards the gentlemen permitted by Government to rule the destinies of the modern drama. We repeat—permitted by Government; for were the unjust, absurd, and injurious restrictions removed, the people—with solitary exceptions—who now, by the grace of luck and ignorance, lord it over the English theatre, would in three years be supplanted by intelligent, practical managers. Competition would produce worth and knowledge. To proceed:

PAVILION THEATRE.—This theatre is under the management of a Mr. Farrell. His play-bills triumphantly attest his peculiar ability for such direction; they are an admirable specimen of the literature of the dramas produced under his auspices. Should a very atrocious murder be committed, the assassination is, in a few days, represented in a manner very little short of the original horror. The “*Amphitrite*” convict-ship, it must be remembered, was wrecked off Boulogne. Mr. Farrell, the “spirited proprietor,” touched with gain and sympathy, embodied the circumstance in, we believe, a piece of his own; and, at “an immense expense,” engaged some fifty supernumeraries to lie on the beach, dead and stark, “every evening until further notice.” And this is a fair specimen of a Pavilion drama! And what says the Government to this? It smiles consent on the atrocities of Mr. Farrell, permits him to proceed in his crusade against the common sense and decent feelings of the people of Whitechapel, by placing the right of license in a bench of magistrates, assailable by importunity, interest, and intrigue. A short time since, Mr. Farrell produced a piece called “*Fifteen Years of a Tradesman’s Life*,”—a drama from his own golden pen, in which was presented a baggio with all its mysteries. One of his actors ventured to hint at the impropriety of the scene, when the author, laying his hand upon his heart, and smiling very blandly, in a voice of rich falsetto assured the fastidious, that “the scene was faithfully taken from nature!” And the Government says, “Very right—proceed, Mr. Farrell.”

GARRICK THEATRE.—This Thespian nook is in Leman-street, and has, we believe, descended through all the tribes of Israel. On its first opening, the proprietor of the Pavilion—trembling for his monopoly of absurdity and horror—tried every means to destroy it; the surrounding public, however, supported the new theatre, and, after many struggles with the bench, money is now, at least when it is offered, “taken at the doors.” Its original pieces are not quite so highly spiced as the dramas of Mr. Farrell, and stock plays—the “marks” being “picked out,” like Mrs. Peachem’s handkerchiefs—go off tolerably well among “the sailors at Redriff.” There is one, if we may be allowed the adjective, *gigantic* incident connected with this theatre; Mr. Braham received thirty pounds for singing two or three songs. Except this gratifying circumstance, and a drama produced on the book of “*Esther*”—a drama which aroused the Bishop of London into remonstrance—the Garrick has put forth no peculiar claims to public censure or applause. Many of the pieces produced at the Pavilion and Garrick are from the pen of a person named ———, who may be seen, in his hours not employed in composition, on the pavement of Whitechapel, with a green

made over his face and a placard on his breast, soliciting the charity of the passengers for "the successful author of a hundred dramas!"

SURREY THEATRE.—"I found the crown hanging on a bush," said an English usurper; "I picked the Surrey from the gutter," exclaimed the equally regal Robert William Elliston, who was, in truth, a magnifico of the first order—a hound of the first breed: his successors are "petty larceny" potentates—trundle-tails. Robert William lived in open war with usurers, and did not combine the arduous duties of a manager with the anxious employment of a bill-discounter; he paid, but he never *took*, thirty per cent.; he looked a sheriff's officer into dust, and would have expired with virtuous horror at an exchange of monetary courtesies with his opposite neighbour of Charlotte-street, the bailiff for Surrey. The people of St. George's Fields should raise a monument to Elliston for the Falstaff that he brought among them. Nor before nor since have they of the Surrey beheld aught worthy of the knight's shoe-leather. On his second appearance in the part at Drury-lane, Elliston fell down in speechless intoxication; but he fell, only to rise at the Surrey. Elliston's Falstaff! What a combination of the wit, the humourist, the sensual feeder, the worldly philosopher, and the *gentleman*! At once his manner redeemed the taste of Prince Hal; in a moment, his tones, his look, and carriage, convinced you that he could on occasion rise above the mere bolter of capons and swallower of sherris: he proved, what every other Falstaff has failed in, or rather, what they never attempted, considering it no part of the character—that he could be a courtier. The Falstaff of other actors is the mere cookshop Falstaff; the Falstaff of Elliston might, if he pleased, have attended levees. We fear that few, very few, critics crossed the bridge to see the fat knight, which, it is our faith, was the highest triumph of Elliston as an actor, inasmuch as it combined, heightened, and enriched all the qualities which he severally displayed in other parts. We shall never forget his look, attitude, and voice, when narrating the famous Gadshill fight. As he proceeded, detailing his prowess, like a true liar, he became a convert to his own falsehood, and his frame dilated, and his voice deepened and rolled with his imaginary triumphs; and, for the time, he stood in his own conviction, the breathing Hector of his own lie. Nothing could be more exquisite—no expression could more perfectly catch the subtle spirit of Shakspeare than the glance of Elliston,—his flushed face, quivering with conquest, and his whole mountain of a body big with the hero, as he cried, "Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me!" Of a piece with this was his rallying under the exposure of the Prince; and when asked by Hal, "What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"—gathering himself up, fairly melting his face with a smile, and his eyes glowing like a carbuncle, Elliston fulminated rather than spoke, "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye!" Poor Elliston! he sleeps in lead in St. John's Church, and the Surrey is governed by Mr. Davidge. Our business is now with one of Robert's successors. Elliston and Davidge! * A declension from Falstaff to Nym!

Since the death of Elliston, murder has been the staple article at the Surrey. "Jonathan Bradford" was written according to the order of

Mr. Osbaldiston, who, by the result, we presume, commanded the dramatist to his work, in the language of the prompt direction of an old play, that all might "die, leaving the stage as bloody as it might be." The success of "Jonathan Bradford" is a matter of even historical authority. The manager put thousands in his pocket, and presenting the author with a silver cup, with the affecting motto, "Respect to the respected," crossed the bridge with his money, and took Covent-Garden, whence he occasionally appeared by deputy in the Court of Chancery, pleading himself "a rogue and vagabond," (a plea which was of course allowed,) in bar of partnership, set up by a credulous plaintiff. Mr. Davidge has kept to the "good old plan" to an alarming extent of prosperity. We believe it is the peculiar boast of the "spirited proprietor," and the assertion may be believed, as it is borne out by other evidence, that "he makes more money than any manager in London, and that with the poorest company and worst pieces!" Would this be the case were present restrictions abolished? Would a theatre be made little more than a chapel of ease to Horsemonger-lane gaol? Would a manager of a theatre be on a level with the under-deputy of that metropolitan cage? For the original dramas produced by the money of Mr. Davidge, they may, with a rare exception, be judged by the following lines of a song popular with the Surrey boxes, called "Jim Crow." We quote them, though with an earnest hope that they may escape the eyes of Mr. Colman:—

"Cain he was de first man,
Abel was de oder—
Dey put Adam on de tread-mill,
For killing of his bruder."

This, we know, is a negro song; it is, however, quite as good—nay, much better, than the original dramas ordered by Mr. Davidge: who, however, if we may believe green-room stories, is something of a *Buona-parte*. "Bless me," cried a play-wright, "why, you have had that scene very quickly painted." "Yes, yes," replied a portly, bilious man, "there is a great deal of Napoleon about me!"

One more word on the literature of Surrey dramas, and the reward thereof of literary men. The manager sends for a hack, and offers him the astounding sum of ten pounds for a piece to be "expressly written" for an actor, to whom the said manager covenants to pay sixty pounds per week. The piece is done; is worth the money, and—no more. The drama is brought out, and played to "overflowing houses." In fact, under the management of Davidge he has always played to an overflow—that is, the gallery has continued to run into the boxes. It is no very agreeable task to write of these people, but they are made mischievous by the Government, and their mischief must be thoroughly exposed ere we can hope for a remedy. The monopoly destroyed, such persons as the Surrey manager would cease to have a professional existence.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—What shall we say for this lot? Simply this,—it is under the management of an officer of the sheriffs for "Middlesex, Westminster, and Surrey," who, to vary and soften the asperities of his legal labours, indulges in the *dolce far niente* of dramatic management. Now a writ, and now a tragedy—now an execution, and now a comic pantomime! Thus much, however, we must state.—We understand that it is an especial clause in the articles of the actors that

none of them shall be "taken" while in business. A writ may stand over for a comic song—a declaration be withheld for a hornpipe in chains!

ASTLEY'S THEATRE.—It is reported of Mr. Ducrow, that, superintending a grand equestrian spectacle, he addressed a hipped offender, who was a little too forward in the picture, in these words (omitting a few intensities)—"Get out of the way, Sir; get back, Sir; would you have the impudence to stand *before a horse*?" And in the spirit, conveyed in the reproof of the manager, the spectacles are produced at this house. This is as it should be; it is a house for horses, and piebalds may lawfully assert their supremacy; it is only when the said piebalds gallop over tragedy and comedy—when, in fact, they are not hidden by men, but canter over actors, that we are out of temper with the pretty, docile creatures. If all theatres were conducted like Astley's, with the like fidelity to their original purpose, we had never attempted our present essay.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Crossing Westminster Bridge, we proceed towards the establishment governed by the leaden sceptre of Mr. Morris. What a jade was Fortune to take him from the War-office!—what could have put the baggage in such ill humour with the unfortunate drama? However, the deed is done; and let us now consider its lamentable effects. Mr. Morris, after a long series of complaints, obtained an extension of licence. He is now permitted to keep his house open from Easter until November. Has he once availed himself of the new privilege? No. He has simply the enlarged power of doing wrong; but—and we must give him this praise—he has rarely availed himself of the new mischief awarded him by the Lord Chamberlain. The Haymarket—though, beyond all hope of parallel, the worst planned theatre in London, the power of seeing the stage being granted by the architect only to the *juste milieu* of the audience—should be the house of comedy. What—take the past three years—has Mr. Morris produced?—what unknown writer has he brought forward?—what provincial actor has he snatched from a barn? Has he not, in every instance, either in case of author or actor, awaited his success at other theatres, ere the proprietor has opened to him his stage-door? At the Haymarket, everything is transplanted—it is a soil where nothing originates; if a tragedy or a drama be eminently successful at Covent-Garden, Mr. Morris has no objection to risk it on his boards; and for this profound reason—it costs him comparatively nothing; until within these past three years absolutely nothing: and he has for forty, fifty nights availed himself of the successful labours of men, whom he has neither enterprise nor liberality sufficient to employ originally for himself. Last season, many and painful were the negotiations carried on between Mr. Mæcenas Morris and a successful dramatist; and what the argument?—this: whether Mr. Morris should give the sum of one hundred pounds—a sum frequently paid for an article in a review—for a five-act comedy! Mr. Morris has this season produced "*Ion*:" yes, it was stamped with success at Covent-Garden. The tragedy came into his hands a tested pearl. Had he scratched it from a heap of MSS., the cock in the fable had found a brother in intelligence. Mr. Morris complained most pathetically before the Dramatic Committee of the minor theatres: not confining themselves to what he sagaciously called a burletta, *i. e.*, "a piece with

songs in it,"—they dared to play the legitimate drama, which was any piece in five acts. (Thus, "Hamlet" might be a burletta, and, with a little amplification,—a little beating of the ingot,—"Jonathan Bradford" might be legitimized.) Does Mr. Morris show any disposition to compete with his encroaching rivals? Does he hold out any rewards worthy the consideration of any man capable of aught beyond the conversion of sprightly French into sober English? He has this season refused the tragedy of one of the first writers of the age; for the good old breeches-pocket reason, he would not pay for it. And we are to have a monopoly—we are to place the hopes, nay, the very bread of men who would write for the stage, in hands such as these! During the present season, Mr. Morris has certainly produced some novelties from the—French; and he has moreover produced a ballet in opposition to the dancers of the Opera—(leaden Mercury against the winged son of Maia)—a ballet, which, with the full-blown air of a patron, he boasts has cost him two thousand pounds! Two thousand pounds for a ballet, and one hundred pounds for a five-act comedy! Monsieur D'Egville is most courteously bowed into the theatre, and the door is shut in the face of Mr. Bulwer! And the wisdom of the legislature claps Mr. Morris on the back, and says, "unto David, *thou art the man*" to foster and exalt the English theatre!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"You are not the proprietor"—thus ran the question put to Mr. Braham by the Dramatic Committee—"you are not the proprietor of any theatre?" Mr. Braham answered and said—"Thank God! I am not." Mr. Braham is now, however, the proprietor of the St. James's, for which pretty house he has obtained a licence, and at which he has managed one season. We will not rigorously examine the dramas sent forth under his auspices during his first campaign. They were mostly importations from the Coburg, with two or three verbal translations from the French. This season, we hope he may do better. Should he, however, disappoint us, we trust the theatre will pass into abler hands; and that, when we are asked if Mr. Braham be still a proprietor, we may be able to avail ourselves of his own words, and to answer—"Thank God! he is not."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—What are we to expect of this season, when the heralds of Mr. Bunn lift up their silver trumpets, and, sounding the note of triumph, declare that "he has secured the services of Taglioni?" Taking breath from the important announcement, they blow again, and proclaim the probability of an "engagement with Madame Malibran!" A third time the trumpets flourish, and, amidst a great waving of caps, and clapping of hands, we are expected to leap with joy, on hearing that "Mr. Bunn has concluded a treaty with Mr. John Barnett, for the composer's new opera of *Rosamond*!" Do we blame Mr. Bunn for his huge cauldrons—his processions? Do we, with some of our contemporaries, call down upon him the penal fire, for that, somewhat like Abel Drugger, he hath caused horseshoes to be magnetized, "to draw in the gallants by the heels?" By no means: we think Mr. Bunn is just as right as the Government is wrong. We believe Mr. Bunn would not care the value of one spangle if the monopoly were polished to-morrow. We are convinced he does not look upon Drury-Lane as a national theatre, but as a large arena for shows; and the enormous rent demanded for it—the theatre having been built with

materials at war prices—justifies him in the attempt of making what money he can out of the speculation. It is, in fact—if the government would be but honest—a purely commercial matter. It is not Mr. Bunn's fault, if the law insist on fastening upon him a privilege which is of no use to him, and to which, it is clear, he attaches not the slightest value. "The Provost of Bruges" was played to—in theatrical phrase—"ninety-pound houses;" leaving, of course, a ruinous balance against the manager, in consequence of his rent, and the four companies—namely, tragic, comic, operatic, and pantomimic—engaged. The tragedy was immediately withdrawn; and the author, we presume, took little more than a few encouraging criticisms to write on, and—get nothing! Abolish the monopoly, and theatres will be built, and companies engaged, at which and to whom ninety-pound receipts will be amply sufficient for every purpose of proprietor, actor, and author. The writer of a tragedy at one of the theatres is in this predicament: his play must attract not money enough to pay those engaged in it, but those who are of no service to it. Tragedy must pay comedy, opera, and pantomime, or tragedy is bankrupt. The ensuing season at Drury-Lane is to be devoted, like the last, to opera and show. Young, play-stricken gentlemen, and our well-meaning grandfathers, may rave and shake the head at the desecration of the national temple—at the introduction of horses "where Garrick and Siddons," &c. &c. &c.; but the fault rests not with the man who takes the theatre as a shop for his trade—not upon the showman himself, blustering in his laced coat and white plumes—but in the government that insists upon making Mr. Merriman "his Majesty's servant," to the loss of worthier people. Destroy the monopoly, and the chances are, that, in a very brief time, the horses of some Barclay and Co. would supersede the stud of Davis at Drury. To fasten any exclusive privilege on any proprietor of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, under present circumstances, is about as ridiculous as it would be absurd to present Ramo Samce with a patent of nobility.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—We think Mr. Osbaldiston more calculated to perpetuate the mischief of monopoly than Mr. Bunn, inasmuch as, by continuing to have what is called the legitimate drama sometimes in the bills, he affords the champions of the present system some arguments for its continuance. Last season, Mr. Osbaldiston might have done somewhat to retrieve himself with the public; yes, even after his courageous defence in the Court of Chancery. But nominally, lowering his prices, though really doubling them—he giving us Surrey pieces and Surrey actors at twice their previous amount—he sank the credit of the theatre, and Covent-Garden became the greatest bairn in the country. The wretched novelties that were produced—the concoctions of a Somerset, and a Mr. Pibdin Ditt, late of the Surrey—with cuttings from novels, and translations from the French by the stock author, Mr. Fitzball! And these things, contemptible in themselves, were contemptibly produced. Osbaldiston has not even spirit to thoroughly gild his gingerbread, but puts here a spot and there a spot of Dutch metal, the baseness of the under substance peeping, in fifty places, through. We have heard a story of a modern manager who was wont to mete out his gas in proportion to his audience. If the house was tolerably filled, the light was very enduring; but if the people came in slowly, the gas was as slowly turned upon them,

and thus it sometimes happened that the pieces were played in a very pictorial *chiara scura*. The plan had this advantage: it kept the poverty of pit and boxes from the eyes of the actors, who were thus not discouraged in their efforts by the oppressive signs of "bad business." We forget the name of the manager, but two or three visits last year to Covent-Garden almost convince us that it was Osbaldistoun. Another anecdote of the present Surrey manager may illustrate the present management of the ex-king, now removed to Covent-Garden. The great originator of "My Poll and my Partner Joe" (for the manager, we have somewhere read, declares that work of genius traceable to himself) had bought some theatrical dresses. "There," said he, displaying a Richard's robe, and pointing, with triumphant finger, to the broad fur adorning it—"There," said he, "all real!" "Real!" exclaimed the gentleman to whom the dress was exhibited—"What! real ermine?" "No, no," rejoined the manager, "real rabbit!" This touch of management is worth a whole essay. As it was and is at the Surrey, so is it at Covent-Garden—everything is "real rabbit!" But Mr. Osbaldistoun, it will be said, has set his heart upon better things: look at the golden names enriching his play-bill. The question is—how will he employ the few good actors he has done a violence to his purse to get around him? Will he have spirit to pay for the best pieces that can be produced, or will he trust to the Ariosto-like genius of his one-retained play-monger to fit with sock and buskin, Farren and Macready? We can only take the past as a presage of the future; and our goose-quill to a "beggary denier," the close of the season leaves Mr. Osbaldistoun in public estimation not "a shade higher."

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—We cannot predict when the British Apollo will attain even his youth, but at present he is certainly in his cradle. We hear him crying now and then—now and then, too, we hear him scream; but we fear the day is distant, when he shall

"Sing of summer in full-throated ease."

The Government, however, with wise foresight, has suffered a very handsome palace to be built for the prince, whilst yet in his swaddling-clothes. In the meantime, it is said, the mansion is—under the management of Mr. Bunn—to be tenanted by an Apollo from Germany. To this we do not object, if the Government will suffer the friends of the English infant to erect another house for their little pet. We should not despair of having oak, whilst we have an acorn; but then we require patience to wait for the timber.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This little temple, if we except the Amphitheatre, is the best managed house in London. What Madame Vestris professes to do, she does admirably. Her pieces are, to be sure, "milk for babes;" but then it is milk of the very best quality. The Olympic is a kind of dramatic confectioner's: we cannot be content to dine theré; but Madame's cakes, and jellies, and "maids of honour" melt in the mouth very agreeably. One can call at the Olympic for a burletta as for a custard; and the custard is served upon plate, in a cup of the most delicate china, and with a spoon (to quote Mr. Cox Savory) of "the king's pattern." Now and then, as in the case of "A Loan for a Lover," we meet with something more solid—a pigeon-pie, or *perdreux aux choux*; but the general run of entertainment is sweet, light

and toothsome. There is nothing powerful, to discompose our nerves—no violent attack on our sympathies; but everything is turned into “prettiness and favour.”

THE ADELPHI THEATRE.—We hear the promise of amendment by the managers of this house, which, whilst it was confined to domestic dramas, flourished, and deservedly flourished. When, however, it began to produce “Vampire Bats” in three acts—“Black Vultures” in no less,—when the manager, like Pelisson, had his pet spider in the shape of O. Smith, and was ever breaking up his stage into pieces no bigger than cards, for earthquakes, floods, and volcanoes,—the Adelphi became a raree-show, and injured its own manager, and—the gallery of the Coburg. (Ducrow, by the way, has been heard to boast that *his* gallery sensibly affects the boxes of Mr. Morris.) Nor were these pieces assisted by the extemporaneous grossness of the principal *improvisatore*, at present, as we have heard, on his way from America, lured by only forty pounds a week from the treasury of the Adelphi. They *do* say that Mr. Yates promises to behave very prettily all the next season. We hope so.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.—We are disarmed of any criticisms that we might have indulged in upon the management of this theatre, by the farewell address of the proprietors, who plead the “suddenness of their undertaking” in extenuation of past deficiencies. As they say that they are—

“Very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean next season to be quite reclaim'd,”

we will pass them, expending our last words upon—

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE. This house is under the management of Mr. Osaldiston, who, during the summer, has played many pieces of “the regular drama,” for the which, he, as patentee of Covent-Garden, has been informed against by his late assailant in the Chancery case, and has incurred penalties to the amount of some thousands. This is delicious; here we have—“the *miner*, lifted by his own petard.” We rejoice at these informations; for they will be the means of accelerating that measure of justice, too long, with ignorant apathy, withheld by the legislature. For the original pieces produced at this house, they are, we believe, the joint production of a Mr. Campbell and a below-bridge waterman.

We have now glanced at all the theatres. No—we had forgotten “THE QUEEN'S.” We doubt not, everybody who has had to do with it would be happy to arrive at the same oblivion. The Queen's Theatre is like Carisbrooke Well: any gentleman who wishes to get rid of his money, may “throw in,” for he will never get it out again. At the well, however, one ass is enough to draw—at the Queen's, and it has been tried, fifty at least have failed.

The Government is now called upon to do something. If it conceive the represented drama to be an art of combination, let it restrict the number of theatres, and selecting two for the higher order of composition, let it carry a grant for the support of the national stage. If, on the contrary, the legislature have no solicitude whatever for the theatre, do not let it carry restrictions into that which is to be considered a mere trading speculation. Why not shut up certain bakers' shops at certain seasons, as well as certain theatres? Why show a half-anxiety, only to

be mischievous? With the abolition of the present monopoly, the stage would become regenerate, through what are now called minor theatres; they would insensibly become classified, and each would gradually attract to itself that which was the very best in the market for its peculiar entertainment. That free trade in the drama will ultimately be allowed—and we have earnest hopes, in course of the next session,—we are assured of, from the advancing intelligence of the times; but, whenever the measure shall be brought to pass, we shall think it imperfect if unaccompanied by the abolition of the office of deputy licenser. Never, in the court at Timbuctoo, was there a more solemn mockery! Compared to him, the blue monkey of the Indians is the eighth wisdom.

M.

'T WAS BUT A WORD!

'Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!
The wind hath ta'en it with the rose-leaves strown;
And art thou angered so soon, mine own?
Oh! canst thou not that silly thing afford
Should pass thee by, well knowing thou art lord
Of all the rest? I would have shut mine ear,
Nor looked upon the thought I would not wear
Around my heart as being part of me,
Ensolvd in our deep love's intensity;
A shadow should not fall where I adored.
What is a word that it should come between
To darken where the quiet light hath been
Shining so steadfastly?—and now 'tis past,
Let not the pulse beyond the passion last!

"'Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!"
'Twas but a word!—and what then do we mean
By love, and all those things on which we lean?
Why do we tremble at the wild wind's chord?
Why are fresh tears fallen on an old record?
Because we treasure all things from the hour
That gave us love, for an immortal dower—
An' thou wouldst have the heart in aught believe,
It must believe in words; and so receive,
With bosom bare, or truth or falsest sword.
Call nothing little;—let there be a thought
Of holiness in words; for they are fraught
With many meanings to the list'ning heart;
So tune them of thy soul to be a part.

GOG AND MAGOG, AND THE WALL OF DHOULKARNEIN.

By LEIGH HUNT.

A shadow seems to fall upon our paper at the very mention of the words, "Gog and Magog,"—fine, mouth-filling, mysterious names; and of whom?—Nobody knows. The names, we doubt not, have helped to keep up the interest; but the mystery is a mighty one of itself, and is found in reverend places. The grand prophet Ezekiel has a long mention of Gog and Magog, and describes them as a terrible people; but nobody has yet discovered who they are. They have been thought to be Goths, Celts,* Germans, Tartars, &c., but the most received opinion is, that they are Scythians; and there is a curious chapter in Bochart, which would corroborate a notion that is said to have prevailed among the Turks, and to which late events have given additional colour: to wit, that the Russians are a part of their family*. At all events, dear reader, Gog and Magog are *not* the giants of Guildhall; albeit the latter, like the former, are unappropriated phenomena—supposed, we believe, to represent an ancient Briton and a Roman, and to be the reliques of some quondam city pagcant.

It seems agreed, however, that although nobody knows who Gog and Magog are, they are mixed up somehow with the region about Caucasus; and the Orientals, who call them Yajouje and Majouje †, think they are to come out of the mountains on the Caspian, and overrun the world. Some hold them to be giants; others say they are an innumerable race of pigmies. Bruce was asked about them during his travels, and informed that they were horribly little. "By God's help," said the traveller, "I shall not be afraid of them, though they be a hundred times less."

An old tradition, at strange variance with prophecy, says that Gog and Magog are Jews, and that they are to appear at the time of anti-Christ, and do great harm to believers. Hear Mandeville on the subject, whose old language adds to the look of seriousness and mystery:—

"Among thes hilles that be there," quoth the knight, "be the Jews of the ix. kyndes enclosed, that men call Gog and Magog, and they may not come out on no syde. Here were enclosed xxii. kynges, with her folke that dwellyd ther before, and between the hilles of Sichey (Scythia?) and the kingdom of Alisaunder. He droffe hem theder among thes hilles, for he trowed for to have enclosyd hem there thourgh strength and working of manns hond, but he myght not. And than he prayed God that he wold fulfill that he had begon, and God hard his prayer, and enclosyd thes hilles togedyr, so that the Jews dwell there as they were lokyd and speryd inne (spared, i. e. shut up); and there be hilles all aboute hem but on one syde. Why ne go they not out? seist thou. But therto I answer, thou yt be soo that yt be called a cee, yt ys a stanke (standing water) standing among

* *Geographia Sacra*, c. 13.

† It is a whim of the Eastern nations, when names are familiarly coupled in history, to make them rhyme. Thus, Cain and Abel, are (Abil and Ubal); and there are several other instances, but we have not time to look for them. If Beaumont and Fletcher had written among them, they would have tried hard to call them Beaumont and Fleaumont.

hillis. And yt ys the greatest stanke 'of all the world, and yf they went over the oce, they wot not where to aryve, for they wot not-to speke but her owne langage; and ye shall (knowe) that the Jues have no lond of her owne in all the worlde, but they that dwellen in the hillis, and yet they bere tribute to the quene of Ermony. And sometyme yt ys soo that some Jewes gon on the hill, but they mey not passe, for thes hillis be so heigh; nevertheless men seye of that cuntre ther bye, that in the tyme of Antecriste they shall comen out, and do moochyll herme to Cristen men. And therefore all the Jewes that dwellen in dyvers partise of the world lern to speke Ebrewew, for they trowe that dwell amonge thes hillis schall com out, and (if) they speke Ebrewew and not ellis. And in tyme of Antecriste shall thyso Jewes comen out and speke Ebrewew, and leden other Jewes into Cristendom for to destroy Cristenmen; for they wotte be her prophecies that they shall com out of Cristenmen, shall be in her subieccion, as they be now under Cristenmen. An yf ye will wit howe they shall com and fynd passage out, as I have hard saye, I schall tell you. At the comynge of Antecrist, a fox schall com and make his den in the sam place where that kyng Alisaunder ded make the gattes, and schall travaille so on the erth and porce yt thorowe till that he com among the Jewes; and whan they see thys fox, they schall have great marwell of hym, for they seye never such maner of bestes, for other bestes they have amonge hem many, but non such; and they schall chese the fox, and pursue him till he be fled agen to the hole ther he cam out of; and than schall they grave after hym tyll the tyme they com to the gates that kyng Alisaunder dyde make of gret stonys will dight with symend (cement); and they schall brek thes gates, and so schall they fynd issue."*

The story of the fox is idle enough; but in the Pecorone of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino, quoted by the same authority, is a version of this story, in which a very romantic manoeuvre of Alexander is mentioned. In order to keep his captives, in subjection, "he fixed a number of trumpets on the top of the mountains, so cunningly framed that they resounded in every breeze. In the course of time certain birds built their nests in the mouths of the trumpets, and stopped them up, so that the clangour gradually lessened. And when the trumpets were quite silent, the Jews ventured to climb over the mountains, and sallied forth."

It is curious to fancy the imprisoned nation listening year after year, and finding the sound of Alexander's dreadful trumpets grow less and less, till at length they are "silent." What has happened? Is the king dead? Have his army grown less and less, or feebler and feebler, so as to be unable to blow them? Are they all dead? Let us go and see. And forth they go, but cautiously—climbing the mountains with due care, and many listening delays. At length they arrive at the top, and see nobody—only those mighty scarecrows of trumpets, their throats stuffed up with the nests of birds!

In these traditions there is a confusion common in the East, of Alexander of Macedon, called by the Orientals Dhoulkarnein, or Zulkarnein (that is to say, the Two-horned, or Lord of the East and West), with another Dhoulkarnein, who lived before the time of Abraham, and is styled Dhoulkarnein the Greater. Powerful as they think the former, the latter was still more so; and was, besides, a prophet. He was a Mussulman by anticipation; and lived sixteen hundred years. It is supposed, however, that the Greek Alexander is both Dhoulkarneins in-

* Quoted by Mr. Weber in the notes to his *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 323. It has long been supposed that the Jews had a national settlement somewhere about this quarter. See D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, art. *Jahoud*; and the late English travellers, particularly Elphinstone in his *Account of Cambul*.

clusive; and that in consequence of the figure he made in the East, he threw that mightier shadow of his greatness upon the mists of antiquity.

The essay towards a history of old Arabia, by Major Price, contains a summary of this Dhoulkarnein's adventures with Gog and Magog, taken out of an eastern historian, and containing the best account hitherto given of this awful people. The following is the amount of it:—

Among the children of Japhet was one of the name of Mensheje, or Meshech, who was the father of two sons called Yajouje and Majouje. From these descended a progeny so numerous, that, according to Abdallah, the son of Omar, if the inhabitants of the whole earth were divided into ten equal parts, nine out of the ten would be found to consist of the Yajouje-Majouje. They were so long-lived, that no one died till he had seen a thousand descendants of his body; and as to their stature, the race might be divided into three classes:—the Kelim-goush, or *cloth-eared*, only four cubits big; the class a hundred and twenty cubits in height; and the class who were a hundred and twenty cubits both in height and breadth. Had there been any more, we suppose that they would have been measured by the square mile. They were of enormous strength; and, though their ordinary food was the wild mulberry, were eaters of men. Agreeably to these bodily symptoms, they lived without a god, government, or good manners; and made horrible visitations in the countries about them, who lived in constant dread of their guernitics.

Dhoulkarnein, in the course of an expedition which he took to survey all the countries of the earth, arrived at a territory bordering on these people, and was met with great reverence by the king of it, who, after becoming a convert to the hero's faith, begged his assistance against his dreadful neighbours. The Two-horned gave his consent, but it appears that even he had no expectation of being able to conquer them, for he did not attempt it. He contented himself with building a mighty wall, called by the eastern historian *Sedde-Zulkarnein*, or Bulwark of Zulkarnein; the remains of which are supposed to exist in certain ruins still visible, near the city of Derbent, on the Caspian. This wall fills the imagination almost as much as the race whom it was built to keep out; and the details of its construction are worth repeating. The monarch commenced by causing an immense ditch to be excavated between the two mountains through which the Yajouje Majouje were accustomed to pass. He then filled up the ditch with enormous masses of granite, by way of foundation; and upon these (though we are not told how he contrived it) he heaped huge blocks of iron, copper, and other metals, in alternate layers like brick; the whole of which being put in a state of fusion by great fires, became, when cooled, one solid bulwark of metal, stretching from side to side, and on a level with the mountains. "On the top of all," says our author,—

[*Hiatus valde defendus!*—We had made a memorandum of this passage some time ago, and cannot on the sudden again meet with the book, not even in the British Museum.]

The length of the wall was "one hundred and fifty parasangs, or five hundred and twenty-five miles; its breadth fifty miles; and its height two thousand eight hundred cubits, or about the height of Ben Nevis."

There is no doubt that an important barrier of some kind existed in the defiles of Caucasus, on the Caspian; there are considerable remains of one. According to some, Nouschirvan, King of Persia, a prince of the dynasty of the Sassanides, had the honour of completing what Alexander began. Others have suspected, that by the account of its magnitude the wall of China must have been meant. But these questions, into which our hankering after the truth is continually leading us, are not necessary to that other truth of fable. The wall may or may not be a truth historical; Gog and Magog are a fine, towering piece of old history fabulous.

In D'Herbelot,* is an account of a Journey of Discovery made by order of a caliph of the house of the Abbasides, to inquire into this structure. With the exception of a story of a mermaid, which we have transferred to its proper place, Warton gives a better account in his "History of English Poetry†." We have taken the best circumstances from both, and proceed to lay the result before the reader.

About the year 808, the caliph Al Amin, having heard wonderful reports concerning this wall or barrier, sent his interpreter Salam, with an escort of fifty men, to view it. Salam took the route of Nouschirvan, or Northern Media, in which Filan-Schah reigned at that time. From Nouschirvan he passed into the territory of the Alani, and thence into the district of the lord of the marches, who dwelt in the city of Derbent, and whose title was *Lord of the Golden Throne*. For the extraordinary fish which he caught in company with their ruler, see the article which lately appeared in this Magazine upon "Sirens and Mermaids."

The Lord of the Golden Throne furnished our travellers with guides to conduct them farther north, into which quarter, having marched twenty-six days, they arrived at a land which emitted a fearful odour. They beheld as they went many cities destroyed by the Yajouje Majouje, and in six days arrived at that part of the mountains of Caucasus, in which was the strong hold, enclosing those captives of Dhoulkarnein. They saw the tops of the fortress long before they reached it. On coming up, it was found to consist partly of iron and partly of a huge mountain, in an opening in which stood the gate, of enormous magnitude. This gate was supported by vast buttresses, and had an iron bulwark, with turrets of the same metal, reaching to the top of the mountain itself, which was too high to be seen. The valves, lintels, threshold, lock and key, were all of proportionate magnitude. The governor of certain places in the neighbourhood comes to this castle once every week, with an escort of ten men all mounted on horseback, and striking it three times with a great hammer, *lays his ear to the door and listens*. A murmuring noise comes from within, *which is the noise of the Yajouje-Majouje*. Salam was told, that they often appeared on the battlements of the bulwark.

Do you not fancy, reader, that you take a journey to that awful place, and that after waiting there a long time you behold some of them looking over—huge, black-headed giants, looking down upon you with a shadow, and making you hold your breath?

* Art. "Jagionge et Magionge," tom. iii. p. 270.

† Vol. i. Dissertation I. (Quoted by Weber in the notes to his *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 325.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM 'THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.'

BY LEIGH HUNT.

On a Pen.

A REED was I :—my thin and fruitless shape
 No fig put forth, no apple, not a grape :
 When, lo ! one took me, polish'd me, gave lips
 Of slender point, and made me take small sips
 Of some strange, black, and Heliconian wine ;
 Since when, as though I were a thing divine,
 Drink puts all speech in this dumb mouth of mine. }

On the Tomb of Two Brothers.

Paulus and Latōus, brothers,
 Thought no lot like one another's .
 Common was the life they led,
 Common is their last, low bed :
 For they could not rest apart ;
 They must needs together start
 For the race which all must run.
 O, sweet pair ! with hearts in one,
 In a tomb like yours we dress *
 An altar to one-mindedness.

Jupid swallowed !

A PARAPHRASE.

T'other day as I was twining
 Roses, for a crown to dine in,
 What, of all things, 'midst the heap,
 Should I light on, fast asleep,
 But the little desperate elf,
 The tiny traitor, Love himself !
 By the wings I pinch'd him up
 Like a bee, and in a cup
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him ;
 And what d'ye think I did ?—I drank him.
 Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !
 There he lives with tenfold glee ;
 And now this moment, with his wings
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

THE LITTLE MAN.

It is an admitted axiom that the romance of real life is more romantic than that of fiction, and it is also allowed that the distance between the sublime and the ridiculous is excessively small.

In order to illustrate both these positions, I have abridged the following case from the original report of M. Gayot de Pitival, the Advocate, published in his collection in the year 1746. I have never met with a translation of it, but it seems quite worthy of attention.

It appears that in the year 1733, the Sieur Thomassin, canon of the Cathedral of Verdun, departed this transitory life, leaving the vacant canonry at the disposal of the Sieur Houvet, whose turn as canon it was to nominate a successor to the vacant stall.

The Houvets, like the Whigs of the present day, had an instinctive desire to provide for their relations in the best possible manner, and the old priest thought that whatever humble merit might deserve or demand, his own flesh and blood were first to be looked after; and, accordingly, on the 11th day of the aforesaid month of September, the Sieur Houvet nominated his nephew, M. Duret, to the dignity.

The moment the chapter heard of the appointment, a general feeling of alarm and indignation filled their else tranquil breasts. M. Duret was an amiable man—his character was unblemished, his manners were amiable, his life was irreproachable. He might not perhaps have had a regular collegiate education, and, in point of fact, he had been apprenticed to a button-maker—but neither of these circumstances weighed with the chapter—who, nevertheless, determined not to receive him amongst them.

The Sieur Houvet, naturally mortified and surprised at this proceeding, was most anxious to learn the grounds of such extraordinary conduct towards his irreproachable relation, and was accordingly informed by the reverend and venerable body that M. Duret might be amiable, pious, learned, and excellent in all moral and mental points, but that they had unanimously agreed that he was too LITTLE to be a canon of the chapter of Verdun.

This announcement still more astonished the Sieur Houvet, who attempted to show that, however objectionable his nephew's diminutiveness might be in a company of grenadiers, it could have nothing to do with his qualifications for a chapter of canons, which might be considered, if they pleased, a sort of spiritual militia, in whom the qualities of the mind were certainly more to be considered than the appearance of the body.

The remonstrances of the Sieur Houvet, however, were made in vain. The chapter addressed letters to the Archbishop of Paris, who had ordained the Sieur Duret, and also to their own bishop, entreating that they might be spared the disgrace of having so little a man as the intended canon associated with them. The Sieur Bourck thought it would be better to let the stall lapse to the crown than sanction the appointment. To this the King consented, and granted the Sieur Bourck the presentation, and hence arose the cause which was tried, and which M. Gayot de Pitival has reported. The bishops dissented from the course the chapter had pursued. The lawyers whom they

consulted were equally disinclined to agree with their clients; nevertheless the chapter was resolved to try the case, and ascertain whether a little man ought or ought not to be a canon of Verdun.

All this seems so incredibly ridiculous, that one cannot record a much stronger example of the romance—or rather the absurdity of real life.—It is however truth. The cause came on, and its discussion occupied several days. M. Aubry, who was retained on the part of the chapter, stated that the choice of M. Duret had equally surprised and shocked the learned body whom he had the honour to represent; that the *Sieur Houvet*, who had been forty-three years a member of the chapter, ought to have known the principles and discipline of the body of which he was a component part; that his nephew had not completed his studies;—and that he was always so averse from learning anything, that his uncle had apprenticed him to a button-maker in Paris, where he had been at work for three years. But, setting all these matters aside, he was of such a diminutive figure that his appearance in the cathedral at Verdun would be a disgrace and an abomination.

M. Aubry then put in the declaration of the chapter, which contained a statement of their conviction that M. Duret was too little to perform the duties of his sacred office with decency—that the nomination would deeply injure them,—that they had, upon a former occasion, rejected a nominee upon the same ground, and that a very little man of high character had, on account of his low stature, been excluded by the chapter of Toul, and their rejection had been confirmed.

M. Aubry supported this declaration by quoting from the 21st chapter of *Leviticus*, where may be found the divine authority itself for prohibiting certain persons from exercising the ministerial functions; in which, amongst other disqualifications, the being “a dwarf” is one. And, furthermore, the learned counsel showed that the chapter of Verdun had invariably acted upon the Levitical law in all their previous proceedings.

M. Aubry showed that, on the 8th of April, 1432, a candidate for a canonry was refused, on account of inability to perform the duties; and in the same year the chapter had refused to admit a barber, who had no pretension whatever to learning. Why then should a button-maker be preferred after such a precedent? M. Aubry, however, admitted that a little cock-eyed, bandy-legged fellow of the name of *Tardiff*, *had been* admitted—but, to the honour of the chapter of Verdun and its zeal for the church, he had, in consideration thereof, to contribute largely to its funds, seeing he was rich, and he paid off mortgages for the church and got valuable effects of theirs, out of pawn. Thus, although M. Aubry did not dwell longer than necessary upon the obligations imposed upon the candidate, M. Gayot says, “It seems to me that then, as now, gold hid a heap of deformities, as charity covereth a multitude of sins.”

Jean Latey, M. Aubry said, named as canon coadjutor by the Pope himself, was refused by the chapter of Verdun, on the 23rd of January, 1710, because he was lame of both legs. It is true that when the *Illustrious and Holy Infallible* insisted that Latey should be installed—“*nolus bolus*,” as the Dutch innkeeper said, whether they would or no, the refined chapter of Verdun admitted him—but they coquetted about it until the 15th of May, 1711, and then would not have had him at any price, only that at that period the refined chapter of Verdun had not the

happiness to be under the domination of France; and had not sufficient influence to maintain itself against the decrees of the Court of Rome.—As if any Popish chapter had?

M. Aubry proceeded to prove by precedents, that at Metz and Treves the same discipline existed—that at Toul a very lame, sinuously-formed priest, of the name of Domangin, having got—by some trickery—a dispensation to hold preferment in all collegiate and cathedral churches, probably as we say, “unsight, unseen,”—was stopped in his attempts to install himself in the cathedral of Toul; the chapter having, on the 7th of May, 1658, obtained in the Parliament of Paris a sentence of ejection from his prebend and canonry under precisely similar circumstances.

The learned counsel proceeded to show that the extreme delicacy of the chapter of Verdun upon this particular point was not confined to the admission of canons or prebendaries, but extended even to the chaplains; and contended that this punctiliousness of attention to the Levitical law was not peculiar to the chapter of Verdun, but was equally observed and attended to by every chapter in the ecclesiastical province of Treves. He felt assured that the Court would not decide against what must be considered a devout adhesion to the text of Scripture, which had for its object nothing but to render more decent and more impressive the celebration of divine service in so fine a cathedral, and which adhesion to the Levitical law had already been sanctioned by the Parliament in the case of the chapter of Toul.

“Will any one say,” said M. Aubry, “that the Sieur Duret has no deformity of person which incapacitates him from the occupancy of the canonry of Verdun? One glance will decide that question; and not only decide that question but betray the pains he takes to conceal his deformity. If there remain any doubt upon the mind of the council, let them name some medical man to visit him in the presence of two of the canons of Verdun, and they will soon find out the deformities which he endeavours now to hide with his priestly robe; but which were perfectly evident to everybody while the height of his ambition was attained by being the limping ‘prentice of a button-maker.”

It was soon evident, notwithstanding the zeal of M. Aubry, supported as it was by his talent, that the cause he had in hand was a bad one. In fact his case very much resembled M. Duret’s in one respect, for M. Aubry could not conceal its weakness—even by covering it with his long robe. So true is it, that upon certain matters, weak in themselves, all the powers of art and eloquence are unavailing.

After this address of M. Aubry, the Sieur Duret put forth a reply. As no advocate’s name appears to it, we are to presume it was his own, although written in the third person.

This reply sets forth that M. Duret is a little man—a very little man; but that littleness is not deformity—that, little as he is, he is not a dwarf—that he has no fault in his face—no “flat nose”—no fault in his legs, and that he is neither “broken-handed nor broken-footed;”—nor, indeed, anything else Levitically proscribed.

Besides, says the reply, if M. Duret were in any shape or manner disqualified from the sacred offices of the ministry, why did the Archbishop of Paris ordain him?—if he is worthy to be a priest out of a chapter, it is perfectly clear that he is equally worthy to be a priest in

a chapter; and it never could be intended that the chapter of Verdun should in such a manner erect themselves into a committee of taste, in order to set aside the judgment of an archbishop!

Gibert, in his 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' p. 204, says, as have all the authorities whom he quotes, "that the bishop alone is to judge of the excluding disqualifications of a candidate for holy orders. He is also to examine him as to his classical and theological attainments, and if he find him a fitting subject for a dispensation he grants it, either by ordaining him at once, or conferring upon him some letter for future ordination, even to persons whom the bishop sees and of course knows to be physically disqualified; hence comes the opinion that these disqualifications no longer render ordination irregular—but this is an error."

It is quite clear by this passage that the question of what is or is not a dispensable deformity is in the breast of the ordinary. But Gibert says again, at p. 224, "There are several deformities which the bishop has the power of overlooking, such as those which concern the legs and feet—if the legs are too little for the body and unable to support it—one longer than the other, or, as the Irishman would put it, one leg shorter than the other—feet turned in, and many other similar failings, are all at the disposal of the prelate;—and canonries are amongst the benefices (p. 203) for which the bishop is able to grant his dispensation."—These authorities are surely sufficient to prove that after the Sieur Duret, button-maker or not, had been presented for ordination to the bishop, and that the bishop had ordained him, little as he was, M. Duret had a perfect right to the stall in the cathedral of Verdun, to which his kind and fatherly uncle had promoted him.

In addition to all this, little Duret went before the council, in order that they might decide whether he was big enough to fill the stall, or too little to do his duty. The council decided that he was no beauty, but that he might do well enough for what he proposed himself, and although not an Apollo to look at, might, by disclaiming any pretension to the figure of a heathen divinity, do remarkably well as a Christian divine.

But to their great objection the chapter still adhered,—that however pious and well disposed, and by no means deformed, he might be, still he was too little to do the duties attached to the canonry with decency.

Roscommon says—

"Want of decency is want of sense,"

and so seemed to think the chapter of Verdun, for, because M. Duret was so small as not to be able to do his duty with decency, they attacked his proficiency, and denounced him as a button-maker, not three parts bred to the Church. Duret has them, there—he says, the service of the altar and choir belongs to the canons, to the entire exclusion of the subaltern clergy; but, says he, the duties belong to us canons collectively, not to any particular individual canon alone; and then he goes on not only to point out the different duties which he may and must be called upon to perform, and produces a statute which ordains, that if there be any part of the service which a canon cannot perform without exciting scandal or laughter, on account of any infirmity, he may perform such part of the service out of sight of the people—a provision in the highest degree favourable to deformed canons; and the existence of which pro-

viso, alone, and of itself, determines the eligibility of such persons for that particular office—the fiat of exclusion being final and fatal only to those who are altogether incapacitated from celebrating the holy mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion, either privately or publicly.

The memorandum goes on to state, that, as assistance at the divine office constitutes the chiefest part of the duty of a canon, the essence of his state, and the form of his profession, he who is able to fulfil that duty cannot be regarded as incapable of performing those functions even if he were incompetent to the performance of any others; and after detailing the constitution of the clerical body, claims for M. Duret the option of performing certain parts of the service, or of having them performed—those which the chapter assert he is too little to perform decently—by any of his canonical brethren.

M. Gayot observes that, with the natural yet reprehensible disposition of idle, thoughtless persons to laugh at things which good and wise men hold most sacred, it would be extremely dangerous to fill twelve stalls of a cathedral with a dozen blind, squinting, crooked, lame, or limping functionaries; but nevertheless, says M. Duret, such things have been in the chapter of Verdun itself. Old M. Pierre was a canon, and he could not walk without crutches; he was permitted to sit in the choir without his robes; he was ordained sub-deacon and deacon before the eyes of this sensitive chapter, and no objection was made to him.

As to the charge of his not having completed his studies, or having quitted them entirely to pursue a trade, M. Duret denies it, and he declares himself to have always possessed a mind and feelings much above buttons—that he quitted college because he had been appointed to keep clean the sacramental vessels, and other utensils of the altar, in this very church of Verdun—and that, although he left that particular college, he did not abandon his studies, but merely changed his masters.

The reply, in conclusion, says, that with regard to the declaration that the admission of M. Duret, on account of his diminutiveness, would be injurious to the chapter, not according to its constitution, but in violation of its holy decrees—if such be the case, the chapter must place all its future hope of eminence in the height and symmetry of its members. “Whence,” says Duret, “comes the point of discipline which directs that candidates should be measured as horses are?” Much as our modern political cry may have been abused, these worthies of Verdun certainly seem to have anticipated us in the support of “measures, not men.” The honour and character of other churches do not depend upon the gracefulness of the canons—why Verdun? Neither was Eliab chosen for his good figure, nor Zaccheus rejected for his bad one; and, exclaims M. Duret, “How many illustrious bishops and priests have done honour to our church and our faith who were no beauties!” Monsieur de Talleyrand was not born when this case was argued, or his Highness would have afforded M. Duret a splendid addition to his list of ornaments to religion who laboured under the suspicion of not being perfectly beautiful.

But, says M. Duret, “I know what it is; it is not because I am little or lame that these magnificent grenadiers of the church militant object to me.—No! it is because I have been apprenticed to a button-maker. And why? Is there anything derogatory or disgraceful in making buttons? Amongst those who enter the Church, are there not

many men from the army, from the bar—artists—tradesmen—provided they have never shed human blood, or exercised any infamous calling, such as actors or buffoons, and others specially named by law—and who reproaches them?

“Is a soldier who has never shed blood, better than a button-maker?—is a briefless, brainless barrister better than a button-maker?—is a painter, who has been only successful in oil when making a salad, better than a button-maker? No!—I deny the fact; besides, when was it ever heard that to have learned an honest trade before admission into the Church was a crime? or that having received orders from laymen at one time was to prevent a man taking orders from a bishop at another? If, indeed, the chapter of Verdun could be exclusively composed of nobility as some chapters constitutionally are, that might be a good and sufficient reason for denying admission to a plebeian, or a gentleman who had sunk in the world so far as to have become a tradesman.

“On the contrary, the very laws which have excluded the professors of certain infamous and disgraceful callings have expressly set forth those which may be admitted; and far from reproaching the clergy with having exercised any honest trade before ordination, M. d’Hericourt, in his ‘Analysis of the Decree of Gratian,’ says, at page 22—‘It was held in other days highly desirable that the clergy, paying every proper attention to their duties, should, in order to procure the means of supporting themselves, and increase their power of distributing alms, betake themselves to the exercise of some honest trade, or to the cultivation of the earth.’”

This statement of the worthy Benedictine, who spent four-and-twenty years upon his work, is strengthened by the words of St. Paul, in addressing both the Thessalonians and the Ephesians; and in the same spirit is couched the decree of the Council of Carthage, which says, canon 5, “Clericus quantumlibet Dei verbo eruditus, artificio victum querat.—However able the priest may be in spiritual labour, he may gain his bread by the work of his hands.” And the 52d canon of the same decree says; “Clericus victum et vestitum artificio vel agriculturâ absque officii sui detrimento parat.—The priest may gain his food and clothing by the work of his hands or agriculture, without permitting them to interfere with his ministerial duties.” The Council of Chalcedon held similar doctrines; and the principle has been acted upon for ages. The ecclesiastical historians furnish many instances of bishops and other ministers of the Church, who have applied themselves to different trades. St. Augustine has left a treatise, “De Operâ Manuum quotidianâ,” for the use of his priests. St. Benoit has ordained it for his monks, as one of his most essential rules; and St. Thomas praises and authorizes the same practice.

“Upon this ground,” says Duret, “the chapter cannot shut me out. If, since the time of these Councils, the priesthood have been forbidden to trade, that does not touch *me*,—that prohibition cannot affect those who left off trade before they were ordained.”

Had M. Duret possessed the advantage of a knowledge of that beautiful Principality which forms so bright a jewel in the British crown, he might, at the period of the trial of his case, have cited the Cambrian clergy, of small incomes, as having increased their worldly goods, not by trade or agriculture, but by playing the fiddle at rural dances. This

sounds strange to "ears polite," and there is no such anomaly to be found existing at present. However, if Dr. Johnson is to be taken as an authority, the Welsh parson's calling is infinitely superior to either that of the ploughman or the button-maker. "There is nothing," says the lexicographic leviathan, "in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things, we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer—not so well as a smith, but tolerably: a man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and he can do nothing."

It is clear that, upon this point, there have existed differences of opinion. "Can you play the fiddle?" said Frederic the Great to one of his soldiers. "I never tried, Highness," answered the man, touching his cap. Another proof of innocence upon the theory and practice of stringed instruments occurred once at Godalming, in Surrey. A sailor, on the top of a Portsmouth coach, saw, sitting near the window of a respectable-looking house, an elderly gentleman playing the violoncello. The rattle of the wheels over the stony pavement entirely drowned the sounds which the respectable performer elicited, and the sailor only beheld the operation, without hearing the effect it produced. Three years afterwards, returning to London, after being again paid off, he again passed through Godalming, and again beheld the elderly gentleman, now grown a little older, in his accustomed place, playing as before. "Hang me!" says the sailor to a companion; "but there he is: why, to my certain knowledge he has been sawing and sawing at that old thing for the last three years, and arn't got through it yet!"

This digression and joke should be apologized for—the one on account of its length, and the other on account of its antiquity. However, after expressing our conviction that, amongst the clergy of Wales, there exist no Fiddle D.D.'s at present, we will return to our "little man," and his claims upon the chapter of Verdun, who still stuck to their objections to his person, and not to his button-making, as fatal to his admission amongst them.

Out of this arose another point. The chapter having refused to admit M. Duret, the King had been induced to nominate another person—the stall having, by that refusal, lapsed to the crown. It was, however, contended, that if M. Thomassin, the late canon, had died in June, the King could have named his successor, inasmuch as June was one of the months during which the patronage of the cathedral was in the King, as Ordinary; but as M. Thomassin died in September, the vacancy which was caused in June, by the refusal of the chapter to admit M. Duret, did not give the King the right of presentation, inasmuch as the stall was not twice vacated by the refusal of the chapter; on the contrary, it remained unoccupied, and would so remain, until the decision of the case; and therefore, whether M. Duret were eventually admitted or rejected, the appointment was still in M. Houvet, in whose month of patronage M. Thomassin died.

This was the argument of M. le Paige, who was retained for the Sieur Houvet, and who treated the refusal of the chapter with perfect ridicule—and ridicule, well placed, is a formidable weapon. It gratifies every man to laugh at another; and when this inclination is gratified

in the support of truth and reason, all the world, except its particular objects themselves, are delighted.

"If one did not know," said M. le Paige, "what was really laid to the charge of M. Duret, what should we imagine? Such agitation in the chapter—so many consultations and deliberations—letters-missive to the prelates—appeals to the King—deputations to Paris! What do not such alarms, such rumours, such activity, seem to announce!

"Should not we think that religion itself had been attacked?—that not only the chapter of Verdun, but the church universal throughout the world, had been dishonoured, and that all the cathedrals of Europe had become objects of contempt, and subjects of abuse, by the nomination of M. Duret? Would anybody imagine that all this commotion, all these troubles, all this excitement, have been occasioned because M. Duret happens to be a *little man*?

"All these proceedings—the disgrace with which three dioceses are at this moment threatened—are ascribable to the single fact that M. Houvet has appointed a priest to a stall in his cathedral who is not tall enough to please the chapter! Horrible attempt upon the dignity and character of the other canons!—an attempt denounced by the reverend body and their statutes on the 13th of January,—a denunciation which, to be serious, I shall forthwith proceed to overthrow."

M. le Paige then proceeded to argue that the ordinances contained in the Book of Leviticus were made only for the Jews, and that it was perfectly absurd that Christians, seventeen hundred years after the destruction of the synagogue, should appeal to them in regulating the conduct of their churches, even in the face of St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians and to the Romans against those who permitted the use of any Judaic ceremony.

The chapter of Verdun demanded, as a right, to cause candidates for admission to be inspected by physicians and surgeons— a demand which it was left for themselves to make public in open court. M. le Paige said he did not envy them the possession of their power, nor did he appreciate their delicate attention to the personal appearance of their reverend brethren; and if they proposed, according to their declaration, to abide by the disqualifications decreed by the Jewish doctors, he thought the chapter would seldom be full, inasmuch as any one, of two hundred and forty-two deformities named and expressed by them, would exclude the minister from the altar. In the nose alone, six faults are declared, which debar the candidate from the priesthood—"And these perfect creatures," said M. le Paige, "are the canons which this chapter insist upon having amongst them."

What, according to Sozomenus (Hist. book 6, chap. xxx.), did a bishop of the fourth century say upon this point?—"Hæc lex in usu sit apud Judæos: mihi autem si vel truncatis naribus adduxeritis qui sit bonis moribus, eum ordinabo"*—Although this law was in use amongst the Jews, if you will bring me a man of irreproachable manners for ordination, I will ordain him whether he has a nose or not.

Upon the highest authority, we are directed not to pay attention to personal defects in candidates for holy orders, but to their lives and morals; and in the 76th and 77th canons of Vanespen, part 2, tit. 10,

* *Synodica apud Othm. Apol. p. 728.*

"*De Irregularitate*," it is said, that if blind men, or deaf or dumb, are excluded from the ministry, it is not because of their bodily imperfections, but because their bodily imperfections render them incapable of performing the duties of the priesthood.

In the five first centuries, the loss of an eye was reckoned a deformity, although, towards the beginning of the sixth, it was set down as an exclusion. In the "*Historia Lausaica*," we find that a recluse, who desired not to become a bishop, cut off one of his ears in order to disqualify himself; but he failed in his purpose: for it was not judged to incapacitate him. On the other hand, let it be recollected with what eagerness those men were raised to episcopacy who bore upon their persons the marks of persecution! What can be stronger upon this point than the reproach of Potamo to Eusebius of Cæsarea, that he had preserved both his eyes during his persecution? Or what more savagely heroic than the conduct of Paphnuceus and Maximus, who indignantly quitted the Council of Tyre, because it was not composed of bishops who had not lost an eye each? They gloried in the deformity; and Eusebius of Cæsarea could not endure the shame of not being so distinguished.—Such were the spirit and conduct of the Church in the earlier and glorious ages, now never to be recalled!

After a lengthened display of wit and learning on the part of M. le Paige, in which he distinctly and elaborately explained the constitution of the Church, and defined the different duties of its various members, he proceeded to insist upon the admissibility of any man, however little, inasmuch as there was not one word in any of the canons setting forth the requisite height of a priest. It was true, the Athenians were rather particular as to the good looks of those who were to make the sacrifices. The handsomer and larger men presented the victim to the Gods—the next in size carried the weapons—and the third and smallest carried the incense. But it was the pride of Christianity to abolish all such follies, and demonstrate to the world, by the choice of its ministers, that true religion is spiritual, and accounts nothing great but that which is good*.

If the numerous authorities which he quoted were to be believed—as who should doubt them?—St. Paul himself would not have been admissible into the chapter of Verdun. St. Martin de Tours was as little a man as M. Duret; Denis the Little, to whom the Church is indebted for the first complete collection of the laws of the Universal Church, although not a canon of Verdun, was one of the most eminent abbés of his day, deserving a pre-eminence above the bishops, and even some of the popes themselves.

M. le Paige proceeded then to observe, that if a certain height were considered necessary for a canon, the canon of a cathedral must be so many inches taller than a collegiate, and so on; but, at all events, with regard to M. Duret, the archbishop evidently considered him tall enough for a priest, or he would not have ordained him.

"But," said M. le Paige, "M. Duret was a button-maker. To quit

* Under Tiberius there was much discontent exhibited, because an ugly, ill-made priest had been appointed to the Temple of Augustus. The Persians would not obey an ill-looking prince; and the Lacedæmonians, according to Plutarch, deposed one of their kings for having married a little wife, because they said they wanted to have kings, not extracts—diminutives of kings.

the counter for the chapter-house—what feeling man but must be shocked at the contrast?" M. le Paige then quoted the authorities to which we have already referred, and others which we omit. Was a button-maker less respectable than a fisherman—yet have we not on record the name of a fisherman who quitted his nets to fill the pontifical chair? Was a button-maker worse than a tent-maker? Who was St. Alexander, but a man who passed from the dust of a coal-shed to the fragrant fumes of the censer, and exchanged his sack for the pontifical habit? And who was St. Eloy, the glory of the Church of Noyon, but a goldsmith?

M. le Paige concluded a long and learned speech by remarking, that in order to impress the minds of the judges with the excessive diminutiveness of M. Duret, the chapter had deputed two of their tallest and largest members to attend the proceedings.

M. Cochin, who followed M. le Paige, cited the application made of the text of Leviticus by Pope Gregory the First, who, instead of adopting it literally, rendered it metaphorically, and acted upon it in that sense.

"He is blind," said the Pope, "whose mind is not enlightened with the light of sublime contemplation.

"He is lame, who knows whither he should go, but who, from the weakness of his mind, is unable to follow the path of a perfect life which is open to him.

"He that is said to have a short nose, is one who has not the power of exercising a judicious discretion.

"He that is said to have a long and crooked nose, is one who is too cunning and disingenuous.

"He that is deformed, is he whose solicitude for human advantages keeps his mind bent upon worldly things, which prevents his turning his eyes to Heaven.

"Whoever is under the yoke of any of these vices is incapacitated from administering the Sacrament; for how shall they hope to expiate the sins of others, who are groaning under the weight of their own?"

"Thus," said M. le Cochin, "we see that the discipline of the church is conformable with that of Leviticus, only spiritually."

With regard to M. Duret, if the chapter of Verdun considered him, to use their own phrase, "indocently little," he ought to have recollected that the chapter of Clermont rejected their Bishop because he wore a large beard.

William Duprat, son of the Chancellor Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who was present at the Council of Trent, and built the Jesuits' College in Paris, had the most beautiful beard that ever was seen. Having presented himself at her cathedral on Easter Sunday, he found the gate of the choir closed against him. Three canons, of whom one was the dean, and another a chorister, attended the prelate on his entrance. The dean held in his hands a pair of scissors and a razor, which, as soon as he saw the Bishop, he held up. The canon, who was not a dignitary, carried the book of statutes of the chapter, leaving it open at the place where it was written that he must be shaved before he could enter the choir—"Barbis rasis." On the other side came the chorister, holding a small candle in his hand in order to throw a light upon the words; at the same time chaunting at the top of his voice, "Barbis rasis,

Reverendiss—Barbierais ;” and as the Dean immediately proceeded, scissors in hand, to begin the desired extirpation, the Bishop, alarmed for the fate of his beautiful crinosity, represented that Easter was too good a feast to be sullied by such an operation. The Dean was obdurate, and resolved to have the Bishop but not the beard, when Duprat, feeling dreadfully excited, cried out, “Mr. Dean, spare my beard, and I will give up my bishopric.”

This compromise had its effect, and Duprat set off, post haste, to his house at Beauregard, about six miles from Clermont, where he not long after died ; having however sworn never to visit Clermont again. From this occurrence comes the proverb, “*Officiam propter barbificium.*”

There is another fact connected with clerical beards on record, which ought to be given here.

The custom of shaving among the clergy—we do not mean that close-shaving which the anti-tithe faction in these days attribute to them—but the personal shaving of themselves naturally renders a long-bearded priest an object of considerable curiosity. A curate who had a prodigiously beautiful beard was, as is the case with such people, as much devoted to it as a fond father is to his heir apparent. The Bishop who, unlike Duprat, was an anti-barbist, told him that he could not allow him to carry about his favourite bird’s-nest under his chin, for that it created very odd sensations in many of his congregation, and besides was very unseemly ; but no—in this case the curate was as obstinate as the Bishop in the other, and shave he would not ; whereupon the Bishop sent him a *lettre de cachet*, banishing him from his cure. But in copying this formidable document, the clerk either accidentally or purposely omitted to state the place to which he was to be banished, whereupon the curé (a Sidney Smyth of his time, probably) filled up the blank with the word “Versailles,” to which he immediately repaired, beard and all. He took care to throw himself in the way of the King—the brilliant Louis Quatorze—who was so much astonished by the prolific beauty of the splendid appendage, that he desired to know who its fortunate owner was. The curé had an audience of the King, to whom he gave the history of his disgrace and its cause. Louis Quatorze ridiculed the prejudice of the Bishop, and commanded that the curé should return to his cure bearded “like the pard” as he was, and despite of the Prelate.

As for a standard whereby to judge beauty, there can be no such thing so long as tastes luckily say—

“Ev’rything’s a matter of opinion,
Some love an apple—some an *inion.*”

The Blacks have so high an idea of their own beauty that they paint the devil white ; and any man who has been in Lisbon within the last few years, may have seen, for a few days preceding the anniversary of the Festival of Nossa Senhora d’Atalaya, the brotherhood of negroes collecting supplies for the occasion.

An extremely agreeable contemporary, rejoicing in the initials, or whatever they are, A. P. D. Q., tells us, that upon this occasion the images of the Saviour and the Virgin are black ; as indeed a cloyer plate affixed exhibits. “This,” says the writer, “is easily accounted for. The same feeling which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favour of theirs ; so that not only they cannot persuade them-

selves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and represent him accordingly."

How different is this feeling from that expressed by Lord Brougham, the eminent writer on Natural Theology, author of Peter Tomkins's Letters, and some time Lord High Chancellor of England, who, in a work written in his best days—now thirty-three years since—on Colonial Policy, at vol. ii. p. 432, after ridiculing, in his sharpest strain, the non-sensical theory of making black apprentices and expecting them to work, says,—“It will be vain to think of securing the privileges of the negro vassal so long as the hand of nature has distinguished him from his lord.” This sounds almost equal to the blacks; Lord Brougham's vanity as to personal superiority over a well-polished nigger falls very little short of the Portuguese Mumbly Jum's belief in the blackness of “Nossa Senora d'Atalaya.”

But to return to M. Duret; on the 31st of December, 1734, the Grand Council to whom the case was referred declared, “That the attempt of the chapter to refuse the admission of M. Duret was highly blameable; that M. Bourc be removed from the stall to which he had been promoted as a lapsed benefice by the Crown; that M. Duret be forthwith installed, and that the chapter of Verdun pay all the costs.”

It seems to us that this case, as we said in the outset, is one of considerable interest, as exhibiting the small means that men, resolved upon arbitrary proceedings, will employ to carry what they consider their important objects. Besides this, we have an object in consoling, by the decision of this cause, any diminutive Ministers—not of the Church, but of the State—who have been admitted into—not the chapter, but the Cabinet. Suppose the Right Honourable Lord John Russell had been objected to by the country on account of his diminutiveness, and that the wonderfully well-looking Melbourne, or the exceedingly well-preserved Palmerston, had been placed on either side of him while undergoing the ordeal of an inquiry whether he was of a sufficient height and breadth to become Secretary of State for the Home Department, who would have accepted him? We have now registered a precedent which must set his Lordship at rest.

The *Precept* which this report of French *Practice* goes to inculcate is—“HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES;” and it gives us infinite pleasure to know that M. Duret the button-maker, and Lord John Russell the objected-to elector for Middlesex, both overcame the disadvantages of nature by the strength of their mental claims upon patronage, and that the one obtained a stall in the graceful chapter of Verdun, and the other a seat in the moral Cabinet of England, and a comfortable—if not respectable—income in Downing-street into the bargain.

* Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character, chap. xvi. p. 286.

VIOLET; OR, THE DANSEUSE*

In the department of fictitious narrative numberless volumes are lost in the crowd of publications, and die, "giving no sign," which would have made an author's fortune during the war, when literature was less overstocked, and enterprise found other roads to distinction besides that through a bookseller's parlour.

If talent be thus abundant, genius is about the rarest commodity to be met with; and a single grain of originality is more refreshing than that standard refresher, water in the desert, or even than Roman punch in an august assembly. It was therefore with no common pleasure we discovered in the first pages of our perusal of "Violet" that we had stumbled upon something "quite out of the common." Most gracious was it to our feelings, and of happy augury for the fortunes of the work, to learn that the author had the taste and the moral courage to take his subject from middle life, and to dash "the gentility," without which no work of fiction can now go down, with a smart savour of human nature and human feeling. If we are not much mistaken, the time is near at hand when it will be found that the true sources of the humorous and the pathetic lie, not in the dead-level waters of refined, polished, and *fainéant* society, but in the troubled ocean of an humbler life, in which men are forced to labour, to struggle, to think, and to feel, in order to obtain their daily morsel.

The Danseuse, as the name implies, belongs to that description of fiction which the Germans have christened a novel of art; for the Germans alone have thought that the position in life, and the development of intellect and of morals of the children of art, merit a distinct examination; or have imagined that the excitable temperament which enables the actor and the musician to delight and transport the world, is a modifying cause, in the moral complex, worthy the scrutiny of a man of genius. The view which the author before us has taken of his subject, though perhaps the least genuine, is far from being the least interesting, or important to the welfare of society. The point which he illustrates is the peculiar relation in which amusing talent stands to the great—patrons, as they call themselves, of this species of excellence; and, probably, in the whole round of life there is none which places the heartlessness, worthlessness, and selfishness of the spoiled children of fortune in more salient relief.

In this attempt the genius of the author is manifested in his having *brusqué* the prejudice of his reader, by selecting the dancer, rather than the singer, for his heroine. It is the misfortune of the danseuse, that the formal mode of her appeal to the senses of the spectator seems to imply an abandonment of womanly modesty, such as throws her beyond the pale of civilized existence. The common belief of the unobserving multitude in all ranks is that an *artiste* of this class is, by her station, divested of all virtue, and, consequently, to all claim to respect; and it is a noble daring on the part of a novelist to take such a person as a representative of feelings and refinements, which do honour to the sex, and render the possessor a fit object for the sympathy of the virtuous and the elevated. In doing so, he has declared a great truth. Generally speaking, it cannot be denied that there is in the profession itself something tending to degrade. Independently of the imputed indecency of an unusual exposure of the person, (which, by-the-by, is a mere submission to the demand of the public,) the employment of so much time in the acquirement of a power purely muscular must stand in the way of intellectual culture; while the contempt which mankind have showered on the profession has lowered its average morality, and produced an atmosphere

* Violet; or, the Danseuse. A Portraiture of Human Passions and Character. In 2 vols.

behind the scenes highly prejudicial to those habitually exposed to it. The common herd of dancers who fill up the scene are indeed little likely to evince much delicacy of sentiment, or much refinement of character; though even among these may be found persevering industry, patient endurance of the ills of poverty, aye, and sexual purity into the bargain. When, however, the caprice of fortune casts a woman of genius and of moral energy into this department of art, producing one of those rare creatures who enchant by their grace, and take the public captive by a faithful portraiture of nature and of passion, it is possible that she should rise altogether above the peculiarities of her profession, and that she should be in every particular as worthy of that respect and esteem which are denied her, as she is of the admiration and adoration (we might almost say) which she fails not to inspire. When such a being is so placed, or rather misplaced, in life, the war between character and circumstance is fearful—society cannot produce a contrast more pregnant with high moral, nay even with epic, interest; and in the hands of a master painter the hypothesis, whatever practical consequence is deduced from it, is susceptible of yielding results the most striking. The exposition of such a combination is a new page opened in the history of human nature—it is a valuable lesson of tolerance, humility, and candour. "*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher ?*" is the narrow-minded comment of a coterie, or a caste. There is no stage in human life which excludes its exhibition; and wherever it exists, in opposition to external influences, its light is only the brighter for the surrounding obscurity.

If the struggle of a gifted and susceptible woman with the degradation in which she is thus enveloped be a theme of deep and legitimate tragedy, the peculiarities of an artist's life,—the contrast between his mobile temperament, his sense of the beautiful, and his defective education and vulgar *environnement*,—contains the seeds of much comedy and humorous absurdity. A common-place observer may see nothing in a fiddler but his fiddle—nothing in the *prima donna* but a forty-horse power machine for manufacturing notes: but, to a nicer eye, they exhibit as much of humanity as any other class of beings, and of a humanity, moreover, quite as illustrative of the *genus homo* as others of its varieties, ranking the highest in general estimation.

In developing the peculiarities of the *coulisses*, and marking the finer shades of difference which vary the character of the professional artist, the author of "*Violet*" exhibits great acquaintance with his subject, and no ordinary powers of observation to avail himself of this local knowledge. We have seldom read, in a modern novel, anything more racy than his descriptions of its broader peculiarities, or more faithful and delicate than his observation of its more minute characteristics. The delineation of Dupas, the French dancing-master, in particular, is a beautiful sketch, bearing, in every trace, the strong impress of truth; so much so, that did we not know the impossibility, we could be tempted to point to more than one individual as the original from whom the author drew. The devoted attachment which the lonely bachelor-man of art bestows on the children of the family that has supplied to him the place of a home is no uncommon phenomenon among the warm-hearted children of the Continent. In the mixture of kindly feelings and amiable dispositions, with the numerous peculiarities of an unsuspicious nature, there is something touching and delightful. In good sense and knowledge of the world, Dupas is anything but deficient; yet the gentleness of his nature, and the total absence of selfishness, give to the old man a simplicity of mind that frequently provokes both a smile and a tear. In bold and Rembrandtish contrast with this well imagined and well-drawn personage, figure, in every variety of folly and of vice, the English heroes of the *coulisse*,—the seekers of amusement—of sensual gratifications in the society of theatrical artists. This class the author knows *intus et in cunctis*; and there are minute pencil-touches of satire in his narrative, full of the most refined truth and fun. The bashful boy-peer, for instance, the

embryo of a future exquisite and dandy, who blushes with congenit and with apprehension at the unexpected honour of an introduction to a third-rate actress; or the reply of a man upon town, when told that his friend meditates a match with a figurante—"Does he? Then I will tell Crocky to give him good advice, and desire him not." Nothing can be in better keeping than this selection of Crocky for a conscience-keeper—a "bosom's court-seller." The hero, looking now as if he wished to knock *hardly any one down*, instead of everybody, "so that it was plain he was at once in better humour," is truth itself; and the *double* of Signor Spada, the second tenor of the Opera, is unquestionably a personal hit—as Lady Grace says—of the Wronghead family, "Methinks I see him go by me." We may quote, too, as whimsically faithful, Mademoiselle Celeste's idea of the Gaelic, that it is the language of the Druids—"Des gens qui existoient avant le temps de Louis Quatorze."

Among the graver insights into character, the following remark is drawn from the innermost recesses of observation:—"Few men stand the trial of being bored. Ill-treatment of any description, manual and moral, they will bear with infinite patience and infinite love; but to be bored—to be roasted, by means of one person, on the slow fire of self-reproach—no man's love will stand that, or woman's either, I fear."

In all the various characters of the men* of fashionable notoriety which this novel presents, there is a reality, and a living, breathing fidelity, which clearly distinguishes them from the commonplace insipidities or vile caricatures sometimes palmed on the public by the would-be satirical novelists, for portraits of the times. To those who have any personal acquaintance with that part of the great world thus represented, they will be cognizable at once, as perfect and accurate types of the habits, mind, and bearing of the *raste*. As a decisive specimen of the author's power in this way, take the reasonings of two young men on the subject of marrying a dancer:—

"What do you think of her?" inquired Mr. Harcourt, in an agitated tone of voice.

"As to looks?—that she is beautiful."

"D'Arcy, I am desperately in love with that girl."

"Yes—it is a pity she thinks she can marry you."

"Oh, but she has no reason for thinking so, and I doubt if she does: in fact, I have to-night been playing a desperate game with her. I talked of going abroad, and dropped a few words as if I meant to cut her."

"Have you ever thought of trying her affection? It does answer occasionally, you know. Have you flattered her sufficiently? have you adored her sufficiently?"

"Oh, everything! She is proof against every attack."

"Then she must think you a marrying man. How very unlucky you are, my poor fellow! It is the worst notion she could have taken into her head. I do not know how to advise you."

"I am passionately in love—there is nothing I have not done."

"Why, I am not so sure of that—you are so d—d indolent. Have you sworn oaths enough? Good Heavens! I would feign Catholic, and bring to the hammer every saint in the calendar."

"Oh, don't be a fool, D'Arcy, when I am distracted."

"Seriously, then, have you tried suicide?"

"No; I have not yet."

"Well, then, go on that tack to-night,—blowing your brains out—mind, poisoning or drowning does not much touch a woman now-a-days;—but they don't like fire-arms."

"But if that fail?"

"In that case, I cannot help you. With those eyes, the girl has no business to be coy; and I am much mistaken if her mother ought not to be put in the pillory for her very virtue."

"But my Emily!" exclaimed Harcourt, in a love-sick voice; "give me your candid opinion of her, D'Arcy. I can bear to hear anything from you."

"Well, I think her very handsome; magnificent eyes, and the figure of a goddess. I should like her myself."

"But would you marry her?"

"Marry her! I marry her?—No!—My ideas on that point may be uncommon, but they are unalterable."

"Then, what would you say if I told you I had serious thoughts of it?"

It was a faint but bitterly-sneering laugh with which D'Arcy replied to this appeal.

"Simply," he answered in words at last, "that if you ever found reason to repent your choice, you would deserve no pity. The world would despise your weakness—I should, for one, and you would live to curse the most irremediable folly you could possibly commit. For Heaven's sake, Harcourt, do not be such a fool!" continued Mr. d'Arcy, with hushed vehemence;—"Marry that girl!—an opera-dancer! and the daughter of that woman, whose very outside better-stemming is a greater abomination than the undisguised profligacy of that little French devil I showed you last night! Never—never! I beseech you, Harcourt! Think twice of such perdition as this act of madness would be!"

"Ah! you have no heart, and are incapable of comprehending me."

"Possibly, in your acceptance of the term; but you asked me for the truth—I have given it you in all its nakedness, and would tell it you, again and again, to save you from such a fate as this,—a fate in which it amazes me that you can even dream of involving yourself."

"But you make no allowance for circumstances. She is virtuous; and would not such a creature as that make venial any error I might commit?"

"No; there are some things that not any number, or any quality, of such creatures can palliate."

"You are a brute, D'Arcy."

"Thank you," replied Mr. d'Arcy, calmly: "you requested my advice, and I bestowed it generously; if the truth offend, I am blameless. So now let us go and hear 'Jephthah's Daughter.'"

Or, again, what can be better than D'Arcy's sarcastic, cold-blooded indifference to the woman he is tired of?

The lady, such as she has been slightly portrayed, started up on seeing Mr. d'Arcy, and flew towards him.

"Heavens!—" she exclaimed.

"Surely you expected me," said D'Arcy, in answer to this exclamation.

"Yes, but my nerves are so shattered, my feelings have been so wrought upon, but, thank God! it is you."

"Why, certainly it is; did you want me particularly to-day?"

"Is that what you say to me?"

"I really only asked a very simple question."

"I am most miserable;" and the speaker, in testimony of her words dived her head into a heap of sofa cushions.

"Do you want your salts?" asked D'Arcy, coldly.

"Monster!" murmured the lady.

"I had better leave you at present,"—and he rose.

In an instant a shriek was uttered, and his knees were clasped by the softest white hands.

"Don't scream so, I beg," cried D'Arcy, looking round with a most alarmed countenance, "you totally forget that your servant will hear you."

"You don't think they did, I trust?" replied the lady, in a suddenly rational tone of voice.

"There's no telling,—I wish you would learn to be quieter,—you know I hate scenes."

"Be kind to me then, George," was said by the lady in an imploring tone.

"Oh! of course; but you are so very unreasonable, and you have no sort of discretion; I cannot stand it—you compromise me as well as yourself, and by your folly you lose your reputation, and, some of these days, your husband will be as wise as you chose to make the rest of the world. But this is not all; I must, in kindness to you, express now, as I have before done, my determination to give up our intimacy. The world will talk, and if it would not, you would force it. The end must be something unpleasant, and I wish to save you from that, and also myself from being the object of your greatest hatred, as the cause. You never will remember that the race of Lydia Languish is extinct; that is; they have long ceased to be the fashion; and as you are particularly a lady of fashion, this part does not

become you at all. I do not want to offend you, but you do oblige me to tell you that I never could see wherein consisted your misfortunes. You have always dwelt upon them, and out of common complaisance I would not always contradict you; but really——"

"What!" at length exclaimed D'Arcy's companion, "is it not enough to be married to a man I cannot endure?"

"Then why did you marry him?"

"I was persuaded into it."

"And allowing you were, then, is your husband's whole life to be the sacrifice of your weakness of mind?" But who persuaded you?—the most indulgent of parents, if I knew anything of Lady Glamore: her sole desire was to form your happiness, so that, I will answer for it, had you preferred it in the very least degree, you might still have been Miss Glamore, with a very legitimate right to make as many men unhappy as you could, instead of the one most-illegitimate object of your present caprice."

"You are very severe, Mr. d'Arcy; and from you, at least, I did not expect——"

"If I am, I beg your pardon—I feel I have no right to be so; but I can't help wishing, for your own sake, to point out where I think you exaggerate your miseries; and you remember you declared it was against them that you said you clung to me for refuge."

There is nothing in French memoir superior to this trait of English manners. We talk with horror of the heartless libertinism of the Richelieus of Louis the Fifteenth's times; but it is often more than cast into shade by the superior cynicisms of one portion at least of modern aristocratical society.

Of the story of this novel we keep clear, in charity to those of our readers who will peruse it. All we can say is that it is replete with genuine pathos, and that (properly read) it develops a moral of no trifling importance. It is not merely as a lesson against seduction, but as a general portraiture of the nature and tendency of that course of idleness, self-indulgence, habitual vice, and abandonment of the active duties of life, which make up the routine of a London life of pleasure, that it is pregnant with instruction.

In point of style, "*Violet*" is written with a lively, rapid, and graphic pen. The author indulges in frequent, smart, laconic, and pithy data of his own, introduced in his own person, that sometimes put one in mind of Byron, and constitute a sort of Don-Juanish prose, infinitely pleasant. The language, often eloquent, and generally fluent and terse, is occasionally too ambitious, and now and then faulty, abrupt, and unfinished. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

At least, there is one word in the English language that has music in its sound—Love! Who can pronounce it, and not say it is a gentle word, soft and beautiful as its meaning? Oh! breathe it how, and when, and where you will, is it not always a touching word? and, should it be uttered by one whose affection we delight in, it is a dream of bliss to hear it, and one that will be unforgetten while every other joy lies buried beneath the sorrow that fails us not: covering with its heavy mantle the happy hours that have gone before. But, as first uttered by a loved being, the memory of that word will endure.

Here is a paragraph of great beauty spoiled by the "heavy mantle" that drags on both the sentence and the idea to an unmeasured length.

From both the faults and the excellencies of this style, and from the superabundance of quotations from writers in many languages, we presume the author to be a *débutant* in literature; though, perhaps, in this our "wish is father to the thought." If we are right, few *débutantes* in our times have given a brighter promise of future excellence. The question may probably be raised, whether the principal characters are merely imaginary, or copies of certain well-known individuals whose adventures are before the world. On this point we do not care to enter. In the present instance, at least, the tampering with individual character, if it has been committed, finds a ready excuse: the parties have made themselves *publici juris*; and, moreover, we do not imagine they have any feelings to be injured by the exposure.

EVIDENCES OF GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC POETRY.

NO. III.

In our last paper on this subject we characterized Mr. Walter Savage Landor, as "a poet for poets." In this phrase, we would have it understood, we desire to include not only the highest tribute we can pay to his genius, but also the strongest detraction we can make from it. The power, the variety, and the rapidly-associating thought, which belong alone to the poetical perceptions, and by a combination of which it is that the eye of the poet is enabled to glance in an instant from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven,—these are in some sort necessary to him who would understand Mr. Landor's poetry as a whole. That masterly connexion of the remotest analogies which is constantly to be met with there, and never with the help of any of those long intermediate processes which are requisite to the perceptions of ordinary readers, demands, for its entire and proper appreciation, the creative, scarcely less than the percipient faculty.

While this, however, is, on the one hand, an evidence of the most vivid conception and the most perfect faith to which a poet can attain, it is no less, on the other hand, open to very serious objections. So subtle a principle of association must frequently refine itself into a fault, and it may happen, at times, with the most docile disciple of Mr. Landor, that he shall recognize nothing but a series of thoughts or feelings, each evidently in some way dependent on the other, but according to some system which he is unable clearly to ascertain. The association, in fact, is liable to spring too hastily from a non-essential quality, rather than from the acknowledged and inseparable aggregate;—as sometimes, we venture to think, and more particularly in his minor poems, from the word rather than from the thought it expresses.

It is then a necessary result, from the nature of Mr. Landor's genius, that he can never become a popular poet. A writer of verse, after Sir Walter Scott's mode, who, acting under the broadest and most obvious law of association, merely reproduces, in a higher and illustrated form, the ordinary impressions, will as surely never be unpopular. It would be curious, indeed, to take one of the grandest passages from "Gebir," and observe the running and connecting commentary that would be required to make it continuous and intelligible to a reader very capable of mastering the mysteries of "Marnion." When Mr. Coleridge said,—as he is reported to have alleged, in explanation of the circumstance of Mr. Landor's poems not being popular,—that "Landor had not, after all, the power of expressing his thoughts in lucid and perspicuous English;" he seems to us to have exactly mistaken the cause. We hold, on the contrary, as we intimated in a former paper, that it is more likely to be found in Mr. Landor's too thorough sensitiveness on the subject of language—in his too precise apprehension of the vehicle of his thoughts. His light is diverted, and glances excentrically off from the facettes of his gem-like words. This is his grand fault in the midst of enormous beauties.

How different from Shelley's, with whose "obscurity" it has been the fashion to class the "puzzling verses" of Landor! Shelley's error

was that of presenting a vast array of synchronous images relating to the same thing. We do not know that it has ever been remarked, but there is a curious illustration in the poems published after his death, of that over-abundant wealth of imagery which pressed upon, overlaid, and diverted from their more direct course, the fancies of this great poet during his time of composition. We allude to a piece called the "Woodman and the Nightingale," which opens thus:—

"A woodman, whose rough heart was out of tune,
(I think such hearts yet never came to good,) Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberos
Peopies some Indian dell with scents, which lie

One nightingale, in an interfluous wood,
Satiated the hungry dusk with melody:—
And, as a vale is water'd by a flood,

Like clouds above the flower from which they
rose—"

—but so thickly does a torrent of imagery of this kind rain in upon him, that, after suffering it to drive him on through about twelve stanzas, at its own wild will, he forces himself to come to a dead pause in the midst of a line, separates the passages with a mark of his pen, and again resumes:—

"And so this man returned with axe and saw,
At evening close, from killing the tall tree,
The soul of whom, by Nature's gentle law,
Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves, and, from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep,—or weeping oft
Fast showers of aerial water-drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears, which have no bitter-
ness—"

—and again, after surrendering himself to nine more verses of this description, he makes another halt in the midst of a line, for the purpose of getting back into his original train of thought. This it is to be admitted to the posthumous papers found in the desk of a poet!

All Mr. Landon's reflections and images are, on the other hand, successive. The very reverse of these we have just quoted,—each one of them has a body and distinctness of its own. Each one of them is also obviously dependent on the other, though at times somewhat inexplicably so—"far-fetched" we might say. And how pregnant with meaning, and in what a dress of words—*splendidior vitro*, is each in itself! For, in the most apparently obscure parts of Landon's poetry, the sections, the passages, that bewilder the reader most *in succession*, are, when viewed abstractedly, as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." Nobody's single lines are nearly so good as Landon's. How grand is this from the "Count Julian"—

"Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy!"

And take an image from the same tragedy:—

"Not victory, that o'er shadows him, sees he!
No airy and light passion stirs abroad
To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;

As oftentimes an Eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobscured, unabash'd,
In the cold light, above the dews of morn."

Or Egilona's description of the escape of Roderigo and Julian's daughter, where we actually follow the fugitives in their journey:—

"Past the little brook
Toward the Betts... from a tower I saw
The fugitives, far on their way; they went
Over one bridge, each with arm'd men... not
half
A league of road between them... and had
join'd

But that the olive-groves along the path
Conceal'd them from each other... not from me:
Beneath me the whole level I survey'd;
And, when my eyes no longer could discern
Which track they took, I knew it from the
storks
Rising in clouds above the ready plain."

Or that tremendous reproach of Julian to Roderigo:—

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poem itself, which is a masterpiece. Through all its wonderful imagery there is not a pause or a doubt. Why should there be? The poet speaks of *existing* marvels. He does not call them up in the reader's presence. The task of creating is already accomplished, and his office is simply to describe. It may be said, at the same time, that all optics are not sufficiently acute to bear this sort of sudden exhibition; and it may admit of a reasonable doubt whether, in all cases, such tardiness of vision should be unprovided against. These questions, it will be seen, connect themselves with what we have said of the exacting nature of Mr. Landor's poetry, and of its continual demand on the imagination, almost creative, of its readers.

But what has all this to do, we may be asked, with a "GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC POETRY" in especial? We have just come to that. The questions suggested by "Gehir" cease to be questions here. There can be no doubt that the broad characteristics we have attributed to that great poem are those that belong to the true art of dramatic composition. In the drama all that is *material* is already upon the scene and actually present to the eye. We, the audience and spectators, have the passion bodily before us; we pursue its living progress, and watch its palpable results. It follows, therefore, for these reasons, that in the drama all which is *ethereal* should be absolutely discharged from the task of setting forth what is, or ought to be, already visible. We do not want words, for instance, to assure us that this passion, and all its results, do exist. Virtually indeed words assure us of it, and that in the highest degree, because it is from the existence in question that they have at once flowed. But, as words, they are there because of the passion, not the passion because of them; and it is in this *effluence* of words, as a pure effect of passion, that the genuine art of dramatic writing consists.

Now --disjoin such an effect from the material agents that have produced it, from the actors, from the scene, from the very audience, and it instantly becomes as "obscure" and "unintelligible" as Mr. Landor's general poetry, to all but those who are capable of supplying those materials from their own imagination. It is in this, we have thought, that the secret of the indifference, if not repugnance, of the old dramatists to publishing their plays, will probably be found. And it is certainly in this that we are to seek for the causes of the perfect neglect of those old dramatists by the thousands like Mr. ———, and of the almost exclusive admiration paid to them by the *few* (! do not mathematicians hold that there are numbers infinitely less than nothing?) like CHARLES LAMB. They who can bend Ulysses' bow, will hardly amuse themselves with that of Lord Antinous, if he should please to set up one.

Is the greater of these reading audiences worth securing? Write a modern dramatic poem.—Would you please the selecter audience of readers, and strike at the very heart of the crowds actually assembled in a theatre?—then produce a tragedy on the principle we have ventured to describe.

We will illustrate this in more vivid and immediate contrast. It is the easiest thing in the world to exhibit the author of one of these modern dramatic poems, *writing in the action*; filling up gaps; taking care all is explained; doing here a little bit of background scenery;

PED. Forget me! hate me! I am grown ungrateful,
Wild, desperate, the very worst of men.
And if thou wilt not pity me for saying it)
Most wretched, and most wronged.

Hold back thy pity!
I will not have it.

Is this curse enough
For my consent to leave thee? or what heavier
Would any wish? even thou?

IN. Oh, tender Pedro!
If you have ceased to love me (very strange
As are your words) I would not argue with
you;

I have no power, and you no need of it:
But if you ever fancy in yourself
Such blemishes, then be persuaded by me,
O generous Pedro, you have wronged your
nature;

They are not to be fear'd or thought of in it.
Enough of breasts are open to them, room
Enough in all, and welcome in too many!
They cannot enter Pedro's.

PED. Burst, my heart!
IN. One only, in your sorrows, we have still..
Speak, and assuage it.

PED. Dost thou bid'me? hear!
Hear me! reproach me! spurn me! but ask
nought.

I must not marry thee.

What answerest thou?
IN. Heaven has decreed it then, O my be-
loved!

Be calm! unless I have offended you.

PED. I may be calm, no doubt! a curse on
those
Who teach me calmness! wouldst (thou teach
me it?

IN. Take off the curse! with any pain but
that

I would, tho' others first must teach it me.

PED. I thought so! Others! What a word
is this?

She then has confidants! she asks their coun-
sel!

She talks to them of me! tells of my loves,
My doubts, my fears... What fears have I?
what doubts?

She throws my weaknesses before their feet
To look at, touch, discourse upon, discuss..
Now I can leave her.. now I can.. and will.

In three strides I am gone beyond a thought
Of such a woman.. dear as she was once!

Pooh! I misunderstood her, I perceive.

Monks, then, and priests invade the sanctu-
ary
Of holiest love, strip down its freshest fruits,
And chew them dry, and call them food and
bitter!

Could it be thus, were dignity in man
Or chastity in woman as before?

We turn tame foxes into our own vineyards
To yelp the wild ones out; but they the wild

Come only the mere hummings at their noise;
And our sleek guardians make the best grapes
theirs.

Biting the fat that frags them back too late..
IN. Revere our holy Church! tho' some
within

Have eyed, and some are slow to lead us right,
Stopping to pry when staff and lamp should be

in hand, and the way whiten underneath.

PED. Ines, the Church is now a charnel-
house,

Where all that is not rottenness is growth.
Thou hast but seen its gate hung round with
flowers,

And heard the music whose serenest waves
Cover its gulfs and dally with its shoals,
And hold the myriad insects in light play
Above it, loth to leave its sunny sides.

Look at this central edifice! come close!
Men's bones and marrow its materials are,
Men's groans inaugurated it, men's tears
Sprinkle its floor, fires lighted up with men
Are censers for it; Agony and Anger
Surround it night and day with sleepless eyes!

Dissimulation, Terror, Treachery,
Denunciations of the child, the parent,
The sister, brother, lover (murk me, Ines!)

Are the peace-offerings God receives from it.

IN. I tremble.. but betrayers tremble more.

Now cease, cease, Pedro! Cling I must to
somewhat..

Leave me one guide, one rest! Let me love
God!

Alone.. if it must be so!

PED. Him alone..
Mind; in him only place thy trust henceforth.

Thy hands are marble, Ines! and thy looks
Unchangeable, as are the wintry stars

In their clear brightness.. and what pangs
have I

Endured for thee! Gaze, smile at me, 't
matters..

I merit it.. Woman of songs and satires
And sermons, thro' the world they point at
thee!

(To himself.)

I spoke of what I suffered. I spoke ill.
Light as a bubble was the heavens' foot it

To what I now endure. Where was there ever
Affliction like love buried thus alive,

And turn'd to hatred by some hellish charm!

So! then thy lips can move! can open thou!

When they have leisure, will they deign to
speak?

IN. O Pedro! Pedro! my own agony
Had cast me down; yours will not let me sink.

Uncertain man! once tender, now severe,
Once prodigal of confidence, now prompt

To snatch it back, rending the heart that held
it!

How much true love thy grave will hide from
you!"

Referring the reader to what we have said of the peculiarly dramatic stamp of Mr. Landor's genius, we leave him to take every word of this into his heart. We wish that we could quote all. A scene with the Queen follows, in which all the various characteristics of the three speakers are brought into living contrast, and which closes with a promise of obedience from Pedro, on condition of a solemn oath from the Queen that she will never seek to coerce the life, the liberty, or the fame of Ines. Take one short extract only. The Queen has proposed a brilliant marriage to Ines:—

* **QUEEN.** What! thankless, graceless, un-
compliant girl,

Will nothing serve you under royalty?

INES. O were there none on earth! I then
were happy.

QUEEN. Abomination! treason! heresy!

My duty now compels me.. call the guard..

PEDRO. Forbear, forbear, justly*offended
Queen!

INES. I'll may you blush, who never blushed
for me

Before!"

20

"QUEEN Now delay
 Were madness, pardon perjury: such threats
 Are trait'orous and parricidal too
 (He calls from the window.
 'Oello! Diego! with your hand upstairs .
 With your whole band..two timid women
 wait .
 Your Queen commands. your King .your
 friend the bridegroom..
 Force! murder!

Strike! you must act no otherwise..let fall
This halbert, or I run from under it..
The word is given..twas the Queen gave it..
strike

Find With force

The scene quite saddens me
 'Twas her own fault, rash child! God's will
 be done!"

"GIULIO What sentence have we here?
 FERRANTE Unseal and read it.
 GIO. (reading) *Of sight! of sight! of sight!*
 FER. Would you escape,
 My gentle Giulio? *Run not thus around
 The wide light chamber, press not thus your brow*

Against the walls, with your two palms above.
Seek you the door then? you are uncondemned
To lose the sight of one who is the bloom
And breath of life to you, the bolts are drawn
On me alone. You carry in your breast
Most carefully our brother's precious gift:

Well, take it anywhere, but do not hope
Too much from any one. Time softens rocks,
And hardens men!

GIU. Pray then our God for help.

FERR. O my true brother, Giulio, why thus hang
Around my neck and pour forth prayers for me!
Where there are priests and kinsmen such as
ours,
God hears not, nor is heard. I am prepared
For death.

GIU. Ah! worse than death may come upon
you,
Unless Heaven interpose.

FERR. I know the worst,
And bear one comfort in my breast that fire
And steel can ne'er forge from it: she I love
Will not be his, but die as she hath lived.

Doubt you? that thus you shake the head, and sigh.
GIU. Far other doubt was mine: even this
shall cease.

FERR. Speak it.

GIU. I must: God pardon me!

FERR. Speak on.

GIU. Have we not dwelt in friendship from
our birth,

Told the same courtier the same tale of joy,
And pointed where life's earliest thorn had
pierced.

Amid the sports of boyhood, ere the heart
Hath aught of bitter or unsound within?

FERR. We have indeed.

GIU. Has my advice been ill?

FERR. Too often ill-observed, but always
good.

GIU. Brother, my words are not what better
men

Should speak to you; and yet my love, I think,
Must be more warm than theirs can ever be.

FERR. Brother's, friend's, father's, when was
It like yours!

GIU. Which of them ever said what I shall
say!

FERR. Speak; my desires are kindled, my
fears quench'd.

GIU. DO NOT DELAY TO DIE, LEST
CRUELLER

THAN COMMON DEATH RECALL YOU.

FERR. Then the wheel

Is ordered in that schedule! Must she too
Have her chaste limbs laid bare? Here lies
the rack;

Here she would suffer ere it touch the skin..

No, I will break it with the thread of life

Ere the sound reach her. Talk no more of
Heaven,

Of Providence, of Justice. Look on her!

Why should she suffer? what hath she from
Heaven

Of comfort, or protection?

Is there any *writing in* of the action here? Are any stage-directions wanted? Does the actor of Giulio require to be told what to do, or how to do it? Are not the very words a KEAN in action? With what heart-rending earnestness do we not hear a Voice tremble, as it recalls the affection of the past, to excuse the terrible advice of the present! Does the actor of Ferrante need to know in what tones that commonplace excuse of his must be spoken, where he resigns the hope of release from the people, rather than endanger his brother,—or does he require a clue to the quiet accents of agonized resolve in which that “*aside*” must be expressed,—or to the action with which he may convey the keenness of the dagger’s point? Truly we want no—*stabs himself and falls—right hand—prompt: side*—or any of those ingenious and elaborate details which abound in the books of the players.

GIU.

Talk not so!

Pity comes down when Hope hath flown away.

FERR. Illusion!

GIU. If it were, which it is not,
Why break with vehement words such sweet
illusion?

For were there nought above but empty air,
Nought but the clear blue sky where birds de-
light,

Souring o’er myriad worlds of living dust
That roll in columns round the noontide ray,
Your heart would faint amid such solitude,
Would shrink in such vacuity: that heart
(Ferrante! can you hide its wants from me?)
Rises and looks around and calls aloud
For some kind Being, some consoling bosom,
Whereon to place its sorrows, and to rest.

FERR. Oh! that was here.. I cannot look
beyond.

GIU. Hark! hear you not the people? to
the window!

They shout and clap their hands when they
first meet you.

After short absence; what shall they now do?
Up! seize the moment; shew yourself.

FERR.

Stay, Giulio!

Draw me not thither! speak not of my
wrongs..

I would await but not arouse their vengeance,
And would deserve but court not their ap-
plause.

Little of good shall good men hope from them,
Nothing shall wiser.

(Aside). O were he away!

But if I fail, he must die too, being here.

GIU. Let me call out; they are below the
grate.

They would deliver you: try this one chance.
Obdurate! would you hold me down! They’re
gone!

FERR. Giulio! for shame! weep not, or here I
stay

And let vile hands deform me.

GIU.

They shall never.

FERR. What smoke arises? Are there
torches under?

Surely the crowd has passed. ’Tis from the
stairs.

GIU. ANTICIPATE THE BLOW.

FERR. One more must grieve!

And will she grieve like you, too tender
Giulio!

Turn not away the head, the hand.. WHAT HOLD
YOU?

Give, give it me.. ’TIS KEEN.. they call you
forth..

Tell her.. no, say not we shall meet again.

For tears flow always faster at those words..

May the thought come, but gently, like a dream."

THE POET'S VOW.

PART I.

EvE is a twofold mystery—

The stillness earth doth keep—
The motion wherewith human souls
Toward each other leap.

As if all spirits the earth inherits
Foreknew they *part in sleep*.

The rowers lift their oars to view
Each other in the sea ;
The landsmen watch the rocking boats,
In a pleasant company ;
While up the hill go gladlier still
Dear friends by two and three.

The peasant's wife hath look'd without
Her cottage door, and smiled ;
The peasant, 'stead of scythe or spade,
Doth clasp his youngest child,
Which hath no speech, but its hands can reach
And stroke his forehead mild.

A poet sate, that eventide,
Within his hall alone,
As silent as its ancient lords
In their coffin'd place of stone ;
When the bat hath shrunk from the praying monk
And the praying monk is gone.

Nor wore the dead a stiller face,
Beneath the cerement's roll,
His lips seem'd carv'd to an endless thought,
No language dared control ;
And his steadfast ee burnt inwardly,
As gazing on his soul.

You would not deem that brow could e'er
Ungentle moods express ;
Yet seem'd it, in this wailing world,
Too calm for gentleness :
When the very star that shines from far,
Shines trembling ne'ertheless.

It lack'd— all need—the softening light
Which other brows supply.
We should conjoin the scathed trunks
Of our humanity,
That each leafless spray entwined may
Look softer 'gainst the sky.

None gazed within the poet's face—
The poet gazed in none :
He threw a lonely shadow aye
In light of moon and sun,
Affronting nature's heav'n-dwelling creatures
With wrong to nature done.

Yea, and this poet daringly—
 The nature at his heart,
 And that quick tune along his veins,
 He could not change by art,—
 Had vowed the blood of his brotherhood
 Unto a lonely part.

He vowed not in fear or wrath,
 Or grief's fantastic whirl;
 But when the weights and shows of things
 Too closely compass'd him,
 On his spirit's lid the pressure slid,
 Until its sight was dim.*

He held his soul above his clay,
 'Twixt earth, and sea, and sky,
 To imbue with shade, and wave, and cloud,
 Its immortality;
 And the mortal things fell from its wings,
 And left them hot and dry.

He bathed it in the sea of thought,
 Unsensual, rolling aye,
 Where God's unwaning countenance
 O'erhung a moonlike sway;
 But the tide was dark with the serpent's mark,
 And God's was turn'd away.

He look'd on all things beautiful,
 The shadow o'er them lying;
 Gave ear to all things musical,
 Whose loudest note is sighing:
 He shook to the tone of creation's groan,
 And the voice of Death replying.

He cried—"O touching, patient Earth,
 That weepest in thy glee,
 Whom God created very good,
 And very mournful we!
 Thy voice of moan doth reach His throne,
 As Abel's rose from thee.

"O deep unsensual sea of thought,
 That darkenest to and fro;
 Whose waters are unsilent clouds,
 Where eagles dare not go!
 O motion wild! O wave defiled!
 Our curse hath made thee so.

"We!" and "our curse!" Do I partake
 The dreary, cruel sin?
 Have I the apple at my lips?
 The money-lust within?
 Do I manlike stand with the wronging hand?
 To the blasting heart akin?

"Thou solemn pathos of all things!
 Ye things of sense and mind!
 Behold! subdued to your cause,
 An holy wrath I find;
 And for your sake the bondage break,
 That knits me to my kind.

" Hear me forswear man's sympathies,
His pleasant yea and no ;
His riot on the piteous earth
Whereon his thistles grow ;—
His changing love—with stars above !
His pride—with graves below !

" Hear me forswear his roof by night—
His bread and salt by day—
His talkings on the lighted hearth—
His greetings by the way—
His musing looks—his system'd books,—
All man, for aye and aye !

" That so my purg'd, once human, heart,
From all the human sent,
May gather strength to pledge and drink
Your wine of wonderment ;
While you pardon *me*, all blessingly,
The woe mine Adam sent.

" And I shall feel your unseen smiles,
Innumerable, fixed, deep,
As soft as haunted Adam once.
Though sadder, round me creep ;—
As slumbering men have mystic ken
That others watch their sleep.

" And ever, when I lift my brow
Toward the setting sun,
No voice of woman or of child
Recording ' Day is done,—
Your silences shall a love express
More deep than such an one."

PART II.

The poet's vow was inly sworn—
The poet's vow was told ;
He parted 'mong his crowding friends
The silver and the gold ;
And he calmly scanned, they clasp'd his *hand*
In a something slacker hold.

They wended forth, the crowding friends,
With farewells low and kind,
And purses at their stricken hearts ;
And left but twain behind :
One loved him true, as brothers do,
And one was Rosalind.

" They have wended forth, my crowding friends,
With farewells low and kind,
And purses at their stricken hearts ;—
Why linger ye behind ?
Sir Roland's bride being at his side,
And the lands for Rosalind."

She look'd at him all silently,
 With her large, doubting eyes,—
 Like a child that never knew but love,
 Whom words of wrath surprise;
 Till the rose did break from either cheek,
 And the sudden tears did rise.

She look'd at him all mournfully,
 While her large eyes were grown
 Yet larger with the steady tears;
 Till, all his purpose known,
 She turned slow, as she would go—
 The tears were shaken down.

She turned slow, as she would go,
 Then quickly turned again;
 And gazing in his face to see
 Some little touch of pain—

“I thought,” she said, and shook her head,
 When thou tried speech was vain.

“I thought—but I am still a child,
 And very sage art thou—
 That looking on the heaven and earth
 Did keep us soft and low.
 They have drawn *my* tears i' the springs of years,
 Or ere I wept—as now.

“But now that in thy face I read
 Their cruel homily,
 Before their beauty I would fain
 Untouch'd, unloving be;
 Could I look upon the senseless sun,
 As *thou* dost look on *me*.

“And couldst thou as calmly view
 Thy childhood's far abode,
 Where little footsteps mix'd with thine
 Upon the grassy sod?
 And thy mother's look on holy book,
 Fell like a thought of God?

“O brother! call'd so ere her last
 Explaining words were said;
 O fellow-watcher in her room,
 With hush'd voice and tread!
 What friends did stand with clasped hand,
 Beside th' unblessing dead?

“I will not live Sir Roland's bride,
 Nor rule that castle old;
 Thus crush I 'neath my parting feet
 The deeds of hill and wold.
 The tears I weep are mine to keep,
 And worthier than thy gold.”

The poet and Sir Roland stood!
 Alone, each turn'd to each;
 Till Roland brake the silence left
 By that soft-throbbing speech—!

“Poor heart!” he cried, “it vainly tried
 The distant heart to reach.

- " And thou, O ! distant sinful heart,
That climbest up so high,
To wrap and bind thee with the snows
Which cause to dream and die :
What blessing can, from lips of man,
Approach thee with his sigh ?
- " Ay ! what from earth—create for man,
And moaning in his moan ?
From mystic truths—reveal'd to man—
That use his human tone ?
From the Spirits seven, that show in heaven,
A MAN upon the throne ?
- " A man on earth he wandered once,
All meek and undefiled :
And those who loved him said he wept—
None ever saw he smiled :
Yet there might have been a smile unseen
As he clasp'd that blessed child.
- " And now he pleadeth up in heav'n
For our humanities,
Until the light on seraphs' wings
In pale emotion dies.
They can better bear his godhead's glare
Than the pathos of his eyes !
- " I will go pray that God in man,
With bowed face and knee,
To teach thee on the earth he made
His finger's print to see ;
But plainer yet the bloodstain wet
His manhood left for *thee* !
- " So, for the sake of that dear blood
God-shed, and human e'er,
Tears, like it, moist and warm with love,
Thy reverent eyes may wear,
To see i' the face of Adam's race,
The nature God doth share."
- " I heard," the poet said, " thy voice
As dimly as thy breath ;
It sounded like the poise of life
To one anear his death—
Or waves that fail to stir the pale
Sere leaf they roll beneath.
- " For while it sounded I was 'ware,
Stretch'd round me like a mist,
Of white cold palms of creatures high,
Confused and never wist :
Q'er mine heart they bowed their foreheads proud,
And stilled it while they kist.
- " The castle and its lands are thine—
The poor's—thy wish is done.
Go, *man* ! go, Roland : I abide
I' the ruined hall, alone—
For wind and rain have washed the stain
Men work'd in its stone."

PART III.

He dwelt alone, and sun and moon,
 Perpetual witness made,
 Of his repented humanness—
 Until they seemed to fade :
 His face did so ; for he did grow
 Of his own soul afraid.

The self-poised God may dwell alone
 In inward glorying ;
 But raptest angel waited for
 His brother's voice to sing :
 And a lonely creature of sinful nature—
 It is an awful thing ! *

E'en to himself an awful thing,
 While many years did roll,
 He bore that crushing solitude—
 A part beneath the whole !
 That pressure of God's infinite
 Upon the finite soul.

* * * *

The poet at his lattice sate
 And downward looked he—
 Three Christians passed by to prayers,
 With mute ones in their ee.
 Each turned above a face of love,
 And called him to the far chapelle,
 With voice more tuneful than its bell—
 But still they wended three !

There passed by a bridal pomp,
 A bridegroom and his dame ;
 She speaketh low for happiness,
 She blusheth red for shame—
 But never a tone of benison
 From out the lattice came.

A little child with inward song,
 No louder noise to dare,
 Stood near the wall to see at play
 The lizards green and rare—
 Unless'd the while for his childish smile
 Which cometh unaware.

* * * *

PART IV.

In death-sheets lieth Rosalind,
 As white and still as they ;
 And the old nurse that watcheth her,
 Rose up with " Well-a-day !"
 And oped the casement to let in
 The sun, and that sweet doubtful din
 Which droppeth from the grass and bough
 Sans wind and bird—none knoweth how—
 To cheer her as she lay.

- The old nurse started when she saw
 Her sudden look of wee;
 But the quick wan tremblings round her mouth
 In a meek smile did go;
 And calm she said—"When I am dead,
 Dear nurse, it *shall* be so!
- "But now shut out these sights and sounds,
 And pray God pardon me,
 That I, without this pain, no more
 His blessed works can see.
 And lean beside me, loving nurse,
 That thou may'st hear, ere I am worse,
 What thy last love must be."
- The loving nurse leant over her,
 As white she lay beneath,—
 The old eyes searching—dim with life,
 The young ones dim with death,—
 To read their look, if sound forsook
 The trying trembling breath.
- "When all this feeble breath is done,
 And I on bier am laid,
 My tresses smoothed for never a feast,
 My body in shroud arrayed,
 Uplift each palm in a saintly calm,
 As if that still I prayed.
- "And heap beneath mine head the flowers
 I loved when a child,—
 The little white flow'rs from the wood,
 Which grow there thick and wild—
 Which I plucked for *thee*, and thy gramerey
 The pleasant toil beguiled.
- "Weep not! I weep not! Death is strong;—
 The eyes of death are dry,—
 But lay this scroll upon my breast,
 When hushed its heavings lie;
 And wait awhile for the corpse's smile
 Which shineth presently.
- "And when it shineth, straightway call
 Thy youngest children dear,
 And bid them gently carry me
 Barefaced on the bier;
 But bid them pass my kirkyard grass,
 That waveth long anear.
- "And up the bank where I used to sit
 And dream what life would be,
 Along the brook, with its sunny look,
 Akin to human glee—
 O'er the windy hill, thro' the forest still,
 Let them gently carry me.
- "And when they near the ruined hall,
 In silence let them lay
 The bier before its barred door,
 And silent wend away:
 For there alone with the lifeless one,
 The living God must stay."

The old nurse looked in her eyes,
 Whose mutual look was gone,—
 The old nurse stooped to her mouth,
 Whose answering voice was done.
 And nought she heard, till a little bird
 Upon the casement's woodbine swinging,
 Broke out into a loud sweet singing
 For joy o' the summer sun.
 "Alack! Alack!" she watched no more,—
 With head on knee she wailed sore;
 And the little bird sang o'er and o'er
 For joy o' the summer sun.

PART V.

The poet oped his barrèd door,
 The midnight sky to view.
 A spirit-~~feel~~ was in the air,
 Which seemed to touch his spirit bare
 Whenever his breath he drew:
 And the stars a liquid softness had,
 As their holiness alone forbade
 Their falling with the dew.

They shine upon the fixèd hills,
 Upon the running tide:
 They shine upon the forest leaves,
 And the little mosses pied.
 They shine on every lovely place—
 They shine upon the corpse's face,
 As *it* were fair beside.

It lay before him, human-like,
 Yet so unlike a thing:
 More awful in its shrouded pomp,
 Than any crownèd king:
 All calm and cold, as it did hold
 Some secret, glorying.

A heavier weight than of its clay
 Clung to his heart and knee;
 As if those joinèd palms could strike,
 He staggered groaningly;—
 And then o'erhung, without a groan,
 The meek close mouth that *smiled alone*,—
 Whose speech the scroll must be.

THE WORDS OF ROSALIND'S SCROLL.

- " I left thee ~~last~~, a feeble child,
 In those remembered years :
 I come to thee, a solemn corpse,
 Which neither feels nor fears.
 They laid the death-weights on mine eyes,
 To seal them safe from tears.
- " Look on me with thine own calm look—
 I meet it calm as thou :
 No look of thine can change *this* smile,
 Or break thy sinful vow.
 My silent heart, of thine earth is part—
 It cannot love thee now.
- " But out, alas ! these words are writ
 By a living loving one,
 Adown whose cheeks, the proofs of life,
 The human tears do run.
 Ah ! let th' unloving corse control
 Thy thoughts unto the loving soul,
 Whose place of rest is won.
- " I have prayed for thee with the wailing voice
 Thy memory drew from me.
 I have prayed for thee with the moveless lips,
 And the anguish none could see.
 They whispered oft, "she sleepeth soft"—
 But I only prayed for *thee*.
- " Go to ! I pray for thee no more—
 The corpse's tongue is still :
 Albeit its palms do point to heav'n,
 They point there stiff and chill—
 And never a woe, from the sin below,
 Its tranquil heart can thrill.
- " I charge thee by the living's prayer—
 The corpse's silentness—
 To wring from out thy proper soul
 A prayer thy God shall bless !
 Lest the heaven-palm droop within my hand,
 And pale among the saints I stand,
 A saint companionless."
- Bow lower down before the throne,
 Triumphant Rosalind !
 He boweth on thy corpse his face—
 He weepeth as the blind.
 'Twas a dread sight to see them so—
 For the senseless corpse rocked to and fro,
 With the wail of his living mind.

The Poet's Vow.

But dreader sight, could such be seen,
 That living mind did lie,
 Whose long subjected humanness
 Gave out its lion-cry,
 And fiercely rent its tenement
 In a mortal agony !

I tell you, friends, had you heard his wail,
 'Twould haunt you in court and mart,
 And in merry feast, until you set
 Your cup down, to depart—
 That weeping wild of a grievèd child
 From a proud man's broken heart.

O broken heart ! O broken vow !
 That wore so proud a feature :
 God, grasping as a thunderbolt
 His own renounced nature,
 Did smite him thus—i' the presenee high
 Of his so worshipped earth and sky
 That looked on all with silent eye—
 A wailing human creature.

Yea—and a human one too weak
 To bear its human pain—
 (May Heav'n's dear grace have spoken peace
 To his dying heart and brain !)
 For when they came at dawn of day,
 To lift the ladyo's corpse away,
 Her bier was holding twain.

They dug, beneath the kirkyard grass,
 For both one dwelling deep :
 And Roland brought his little son
 To watch the funeral heap.
 And when the happy boy would rather
 Turn upward his blythe eyes to see
 The wood-doves nodding from the tree—
 " Nay, boy, look downward ! " said his father,
 " And hold it in thy constant ken,
 That God's own everlastingness
 (One making *one* with strong compress)
 Man's sympathies doth keep.
 Thou may'st not *smile* like other men,
 Yet like them thou must *weep*."

E. B. B.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.—NO. I.

SAM SCALPEL.—PETER FESTER.—TOM TOOGOOD.

THE Art of Administering Consolation would seem to be both easy and agreeable, were we to form our opinion of it from the vast number of its professors, and the pleasure they appear to derive from the exercise of it. Perhaps, however, there is none that in its application requires greater tact and delicacy, or that is, at the same time, more painful to the feelings of the sincere and conscientious ministrer. For, the severest calamities incident to human-kind being, also, the most common, the topics of comfort proper to them, few in themselves, are, consequently, trite. To render these effective, therefore, extreme nicety of handling is requisite on the part of the consolator; and, from the difficulty of the undertaking, well indeed is it for him if he do not aggravate, when it was his purpose to alleviate, the grief of the afflicted.

But lest I should be suspected of an attempt to perpetrate a moral essay, I at once declare that my business is not with the "sincere and conscientious" ministrer of comfort, who, in pureness of spirit, and at the sacrifice of his own pleasure or convenience, visits the house of mourning with the devout hope that his voice may mitigate, if not dispel, its gloom; nor with him who is as ready to stretch forth his hand to relieve the unfortunate as to exercise his tongue in deploring the misfortune. No! I have to do, merely, with that numerous class of importunate meddlers who are comprehended by the term of *Job's Comforters*, who look out for sufferings of all sorts, from a first-rate calamity down to a petty vexation, with a feeling akin to that which excites some people to attend executions; who, without sympathy, but pretending to console, will, with morbid curiosity, probe a grief to the quick; who, if they cannot discover, will, like barbarous drovers, "*establish a raw*," that they may, with more tormenting effect, apply the goad of compassion.

One of the class is SAM SCALPEL. Scalpel enjoys the reputation of being one of the tenderest-hearted creatures alive, for, regardless of the pangs it may inflict upon his own acute feelings, wherever a scene of deep suffering is being, or to be, enacted, there is he to be found. In reply to the question "What was his *fancy* for thrusting himself into such matters, and frequently on occasions where his presence was neither expected nor desired?" Scalpel exclaimed,—"*Fancy!—Thrust!—In this world of pain and tribulation, where so much is to be done by a word of comfort or consolation, one must sacrifice points of etiquette, as well as one's own feelings, to one's duty as a man and a Christian.*"

This question was put to Scalpel by an acquaintance who met him on his way to Major Dareall's, whither he was bound, on his "*duty as a man and a Christian*," to offer a few words of comfort and encouragement—Scalpel having accidentally learnt, that on the morrow, the Major was to suffer the amputation of his right leg. The Major was a man of acknowledged bravery, who had faced danger and death in many shapes, and (like Coriolanus) "*had wounds to show.*"

On arriving at the Major's house Scalpel was dismayed at finding there was no muffle about the knocker. "*Then it is all over*," thought he;

"he is dead, and I am too late." And his heart sank with disappointment.

He knocked at the door, which was opened by the Major's servant, an old soldier who had served with him through the Peninsula.

"Well?" said Scalpel, dolefully.

"Well, Sir!" said the servant.

"Then it's all over?" continued Scalpel.

"What, Sir?" inquired the servant.

Scalpel made no reply, but pulled a long, dismal face, and shook his head; at the same time drawing his finger across his thigh.

"O—that, Sir: no, Sir; to-morrow at eleven o'clock;" said the servant in a firm, though not unfeeling, tone.

Scalpel, then, was not too late, and, for a moment, his countenance brightened. But it resumed its lugubrious aspect as he said, "I suppose that, *under the circumstances*, I can't see your master?"

"O, yes, you can, Sir, if you are a friend of his, or have business with him; he is on a sofa in the drawing-room," said the man.

"Why, I—however—take my card to the Major," said Scalpel.

Presently the servant returned with his master's compliments—that he did not remember the name—nevertheless, he begged Mr. Scalpel would walk up.

Scalpel, as he entered the drawing-room, took his white cambric handkerchief from his pocket and made a face a yard long. He found Major Dareall seated sideways on a sofa, upon which rested the devoted right leg; bandaged, whilst the other was supported by a stool. A library table, covered with books and papers, was at his side. The Major was reading, and, not a little to Scalpel's astonishment, laughing heartily. As the latter approached, the Major put down his book and bowed.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Major, "Mr. Scalpel!—I beg a thousand pardons for not immediately recollecting your name, but now I remember: I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you once at dinner, about a twelve month ago, at our friend Sir Hum Drum's. Pray sit down."

All this the Major uttered in a cheerful tone; greatly to the astonishment, and, perhaps, a little to the disappointment, of the visitor, who, heaving a sigh, took a seat.

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Scalpel? Have you business with me?"

"No, Major, I—ahem!" And Scalpel shook his head dolefully.

"Thankee, thankee; then I am the more obliged to you. A friendly visit is highly acceptable to a poor invalid who cannot get out of his own house," said the Major, in the same cheerful tone.

The word "invalid" was a cue sufficient; so Scalpel drew his cambric handkerchief across his lips, and was preparing to commence the work of consolation, when he was interrupted by the Major's question:—

"Have you ever read this work? O, of course you have, for who has not? 'Don Quixote.' Ha! ha! ha! ha! I am laughing at it for the hundredth time. Ha! ha! ha! ha! This is the work, Sir, for driving away the dysmala."

"Dysmals?" thought Scalpel: "that is my cue again." So, with another sigh, and, at the same time, drawing down the corners of his

mouth till they almost touched the lower part of his jaw, he droned forth,—“Dismals, indeed! If any man has cause for the ‘dismals,’ as you call it, *you*, Major, in this trying situation, must——”

“Then how greatly indebted are we to the writer of an agreeable book, Mr. Scalpel, which, like the wand of the enchanter,* can transport us, as it were, out of the sphere of actual existence,—not only banishing unpleasant recollections of the past, but lightening the pressure of the present, and diverting our thoughts even from pain or sorrow to come!”

The last few words were another cue for the comforter.

“Ah! Major!” said he, with a sigh, “we ought indeed to be truly grateful for comfort or consolation in any shape; for anything that, as you say, tends to divert our thoughts from——Ahem!——Eleven o’clock to-morrow is the time appointed, I believe?” This question he accompanied with a mournful shake of the head.

“Yes,” replied the Major. “By the bye, have you seen our friend, Sir Humphreys?”

Mr. Scalpel was too busily occupied in sighing and shaking his head to reply to the inquiry, and the Major continued:—

“I wonder I have not had a visit from him, for surely he must know that I am keeping house.”

“I wonder at it too!” exclaimed Scalpel. “Ah! Major! An occasion like this ought to bring your friends about you; for when one considers what you will have to go through to-morrow——”

“It will not be very comfortable, I dare say,” said the Major; “but,” (continued he, in a tone slightly indicative of impatience, whilst he made a trifling change in the position of his leg on the sofa) “but it is always time enough, Sir, to think of such things when the hour arrives.”

“Comfortable!” exclaimed Scalpel; “comfortable! Can you, my dear Major, conceive me so destitute, so utterly destitute of feeling as to suppose that it *will* be? I know the contrary;—horrid!—dreadful!—The moment I was told that you were to have your leg taken off, and at the thick part of the thigh, too,—though I might have been misinformed as to that point—Heaven knows, I hope I was—Eh?——”

The Major made no reply, but set his teeth, and rapidly turned over the leaves of the volume of “Don Quixote” which lay before him, whilst Scalpel continued:—

“Ah! It is so then, and I feel for you, my dear Major; for, as I was going to say, the moment I heard of the dreadful affair I referred to the article ‘Amputation’ in the Encyclopædia, and read it through with the deepest attention. It was painful to me, I own, for I shuddered at every line as I thought of you; but as I did hope that I might pick out something of a consolatory nature for you, why, I considered that it is one’s duty as a man and a Christian to sacrifice one’s own feelings for even the chance of comforting a friend.” Here the speaker again sighed, and shook his head dolefully.

There was a pause of a minute or two, during which, Major Dareall, in rather a marked manner, took his watch three or four times from the table, and looked at it. At length the silence was broken by Scalpel.

“Of course, Major, *you* have read it.”

“No, Sir; no, Sir;” replied the Major, hastily; “I dare say I shall

know enough about it without either the trouble of reading it, or the annoyance of hearing of it. And now, Mr. —, Mr. —. You will pardon my forgetting your name, never having seen you but once before — Oh! Scalpel.—And now, Mr. Scalpel, have you anything further to say to me?" With these words the Major again looked at his watch.

"No, Major," replied Scalpel, "nothing, except to exhort you to summon up all your fortitude to go through it. Ah! you will have need of it.—Ahem!—May I ask the name of the surgeon who is to operate?"

"Sir Donald Slash," replied the Major, covering his eyes with his hand.

"Slash? I'm glad of it: he is said to be a very fine operator, though he has no more feeling at his work than a tinker, and will saw through a bone with as much indifference as a carpenter does through a senseless plank. In fact, very few of them have feeling: cutting off a leg in the morning, or carving a chicken in the evening, is pretty much the same thing to them."

The Major turned deadly pale, and swallowed a glass of water, which he filled from a jug that stood on the table.

"I am afraid you are unwell, Major," said Scalpel; "can I do anything for you? If I can, I shall consider it a duty, under your present trying circumstances, to——"

"You can, Sir;" replied the Major: "do me the favour to ring the bell."

Scalpel rang the bell, and the Major's servant entered the room.

"Samson," said the Major, "this gentleman is going. Good morning, Mr. Scalpel."

"Now, my dear Major," said Scalpel, "that what you have to go through you will bear like a man, I cannot doubt; but let me intreat you to dismiss it from your thoughts till the time comes. That will be soon enough to think about it, as you say, Heaven knows! I suppose it will be all over by about twelve o'clock, or half-past—that's some comfort—and I will call and inquire how you got through it. In a few months you will be as well as ever, provided Sir Donald is careful to make you a good stump—though I am sorry to find, from the article in the Encyclopedia, surgeons are not always so cautious upon that point as they ought to be; and though a wooden leg is not so good as one's own, yet it is better than none—and that's another comfort for you. Farewell! Heaven bless you, my dear Major! Keep up your spirits, for I am sure you have need of them."

Saying which, Mr. Scalpel put his handkerchief to his eyes, emitted the customary sighs, slowly shook his head, and quitted the room. As he descended the stairs he said to Samson—

"Ah! visits of this nature are very trying to one's feelings; but it is one's duty, as a man and as a Christian, to offer all the consolation in one's power to the sick and the suffering."

"Samson," said the Major to his servant (who as soon as he had closed the door on the comforter returned to the drawing-room), "let me never see the face of that infernal fellow again. I had prepared myself for Sir Donald Slash, and, even as it is, I trust I shall face him becomingly; but I am satisfied that another dose of that fellow's d—d comfort would unman me."

Another of the class is PETER FESTER. Peter meddles not with the graver and greater calamities of life : he limits the exercise of his consolatory talents to cases of petty vexation and trifling annoyance. These, as they are of more frequent occurrence, afford Peter more numerous opportunities for the display of his powers. But bountiful as is this wicked world in its supply of care and trouble, it will sometimes happen that the supply is inadequate to the demand of so industrious a comforter as Peter ; and it is upon such occasions that his ingenuity in his vocation is most advantageously shown. His active mind abhors repose as Nature is said to abhor a vacuum ; and if he cannot find a grievance upon which to pour his phials of comfort, he will make one. Peter Fester's *forte*, indeed, lies in "establishing a *raw*," and, this done, he will touch it with the hand, or, rather it should be said, the finger of a master. He will seek and find some friend happy in the stupid unconsciousness of anything likely to occasion him a moment's uneasiness, and, at the end of one quarter of an hour, leave him discontented and restless with a vague sense of injury or injustice, or an undefined apprehension of evil, and smarting in every nerve from the effects of Peter's consolatory process. As for example :—

Demosthenes Gabble, Esq. has lately been called to the Bar. Having little else to do, it is Mr. Gabble's intention to offer himself, on the Radical interest, as a candidate at the next vacancy for the representation of the ancient and respectable town of Swineford. This is likely soon to occur, as Mr. Pauperly Brawlwell, the present Radical member, is to be appointed one of the ten commissioners (at a salary of 2000*l.* a year) for the regulation and superintendence of mile-stones on the several roads from London to Brighton :—such commission having been declared indispensable to the welfare of the empire, and the wants of the hard-working friends to the cause of Economy and Reform. Not long ago Gabble went down to Swineford, where, at a leg-of-mutton-and-trimmings feast, given, at the Cock and Bottle, by two hundred of the most respectable of the "party" to their independent and disinterested representative (the Commissioner that is to be), Gabble addressed them in a speech which he had every reason to believe had produced the most desirable effect for his purpose. How, indeed, could it fail, when retrenchment and reform were the smallest of the benefits it promised, and when it concluded with an assurance that should he ever be elevated to the dignified position of representing the Swinefordians in Parliament, no circumstance in life should induce him to relinquish it—unless, indeed, the duty which he owed to his country should call upon him—as it had done to his illustrious friend—to undertake the superintendence of mile-stones.

Two or three days after Gabble's return, Fester paid him a visit at his chambers. He found the learned barrister playing the flute, and happy.

"So," said Fester, taking possession of an easy chair ; "So, my dear boy, you made a fine speech at Swineford the other day ?"

"Psha !" replied Gabble, with affected indifference (though Fester knew well enough that a notion of the excellence of his oratory was Gabble's tender point) ; "Psha ! there was nothing in it."

"Come, come," said Fester, "it was a fine speech—a very fine speech—you know it was."

"Well," replied Gabble, "it is not for me to express an opinion of it, but I believe—I *think* it produced an effect; and, vanity apart, I will say it was the best speech I ever made in my life. To tell you the truth, Fester, I threw all my power into that speech, because I knew that a great deal would be expected from it in a certain quarter not a hundred miles from Downing-street."

"You were right," said Fester, "for politics must be *your* mark. You are not likely to do much in your profession."

"Begging your pardon, my dear fellow, I flatter myself that——"

"Don't misunderstand me, Gabble; I don't say *nothing*—absolutely *nothing*—I say you won't do *much*. No, no: you must stick to politics, and *you* know you must. I know what you mean by your allusion to Downing-street. You have great friends there; very great friends. They expect a great deal from you, too;—now, I know they do. But, for your speech to be of any service to you—any *real* service—oughtn't it to be reported in the London papers?"

"Why," replied Gabble, "the Conservatives, of course, won't notice it: I was too hard upon *them*: but no doubt our own side——"

"Now that's where you are mistaken. The Conservatives, and the Conservatives only, will notice it."

Gabble looked at him with astonishment, and there was a pause.

"And so," continued Fester, "the Downing-street folks were anxious about your speech at Swineford? It was to be taken as a trial speech—a specimen of what might be expected from you?"

"Eh?—why—well—yes," stammered Gabble; "and what then?"

"Ahem!—Have you had any quarrel with the Editor of the 'Swineford Radical Dictator'?"

"I don't even know him," replied Gabble.

"Then *didn't* you break down?" inquired Fester.

"Break down!" exclaimed Demosthenes; "why I spoke for upwards of two hours, right on, without the pause of a moment!"

"Then you did *not* break down!—D——n him!"

"Why, who the plague says I did?" asked Gabble, impatiently, and with some appearance of alarm.

"Now don't let such a trifle annoy you, my dear friend," said Fester, in a soft, soothing tone; "who cares what is said by an obscure provincial paper like the 'Swineford Radical Dictator'? Nobody reads it—that is to say, not many—not a *great* many, read it—in London, I mean; and that's some consolation for you. But, Gabble—I am afraid it has a large circulation in its own county—Eh?"

"D——n the 'Radical Dictator!'" exclaimed Gabble in a rage; "break down, indeed! why, from the first words I uttered, till——"

"Now, why do you allow such a trifling matter to disturb you? Come, think no more about it, but play me a tune on the flute."

"Confound the flute! Is this a time to——? Why, my dear Fester, you must be aware that such a statement—made by one of our own party, too—is calculated to do me serious injury. I can be of no service to the big-wigs here, save by my oratorical powers; and, should I be thought wanting on that point, of course they'll throw me over. Break down, indeed!" and here Gabble paced up and down the room, perspiring at every pore.

"Now, be cool, my dear boy. Nothing that such a paper says can

do you any harm ; and there's consolation for you. But the awkward part of the affair is that the London conservative press may make a handle of it ; and if *they* should notice your mishap——"

"Mishap!" cried Gabble; "Plague on you! what do you mean by my mishap, when I have told you that——"

"I know, I know," said Fester, in his most comforting tone; "you didn't fail—you couldn't; but if the 'Standard' of this evening should say you did—though as I haven't seen it yet I can't say that it will—and the 'Times' to-morrow, and the 'Herald,' and the 'Post,' why then, indeed, you would be in a bad way. And, then, some of those abominable Sunday papers—they would quiz your very soul out. But, perhaps, the matter *may* pass unnoticed; and that's some comfort for you."

"I'll go immediately to my friend Lord Blunderton and explain the whole business to him," cried Gabble.

"Now, why need you be in a fever about it?" said Fester. "Even take it at the worst you have a fine profession to fall back upon, and that consideration ought to be a great consolation to you."

"Why, just now you told me I never should do much in it," cried Gabble, impatiently.

"Comparatively, I meant; comparatively, my dear boy," said Fester. "Besides, what else *can* you do? If you fail in politics—and that's a very desperate line for a young man to engage in—*very*—why, you must needs stick to law. It is a fine profession—very fine! Greatly overstocked, to be sure; prodigiously! As an attorney of the greatest practice in London told me the other day—a man who knows well what he says—there are ninety-nine barristers for one brief. It is but a poor look-out, certainly; and yet men do *sometimes* make their way to the Bench or the Woolsack, so there's comfort in *that* for you."

So Peter Fester, having comforted his friend into a boiling fever, took his leave.

Another variety of the class of Job's Comforters is Tom Toogood. Tom is a widower of five-and-forty. He is in possession of a clear two thousand a-year; and having no children, nor (so far as his most intimate friends have ever been able to discover) any relations to share his income with him, and his own personal expenses being apparently small, Tom is suspected of charity. He has the character of being one of the kindest-hearted creatures alive, one who would go through fire and water to do a service. It is generally said of him, in the common phrase, that "the good he does is unknown!" and so ingeniously has he contrived to conceal his benevolence that, for my own part, I never heard a charge of a liberal action fairly brought home to him. He "does good by stealth," it would seem, and "would blush to find it fame;" but who ever yet discovered an opportunity of putting him to the blush? But if the substantial benefits bestowed by Tom Toogood upon the unfortunate be so discreetly administered as entirely to escape detection, he is less careful to conceal his bounteous donations of pity and advice, and of that peculiar kind of consolation which places him in the category of Job's comforters.

Tom was informed that a friend of his was ruined by the failure of a speculation in hops. "You shock me!" exclaimed Tom. "Poor un-

fortunate devil! my heart bleeds for him. But it is his own fault: had he taken my advice this would not have happened. That he'll acknowledge, poor devil! I'm sure he will. I'll go at once and say what I can to comfort him."

"The kind-hearted creature!" exclaimed his informant.

Another of his friends was thrown from a hack-cab, by which accident three of his ribs and a leg were broken. "Poor unlucky dog!" said Tom; "I am grieved to the very soul for him. I always told him something of the kind would happen if he continued to use those cabs—I'll go to him; though, really, scenes of this kind are very distressing to me."

"What a compassionate soul is Tom Toogood!"

But let us follow him to where something more available than pity and advice was required at his hands.

Widow Workman rented of Toogood a small house at Hammersmith, where, by carrying on a little business as a milliner, she contrived to support herself and five children. The house was burnt down, and her furniture and small stock in trade, which were uninsured, were destroyed. No sooner did Toogood hear of the calamity than he hastened to the lodging where the poor woman had taken refuge. Toogood had insured the building to the full amount of its value, so that he himself was secure from loss.

"This is a sad piece of business for you, Mrs. Workman."

"Dreadful, dreadful, Sir!" said the poor widow, weeping and wringing her hands. "All gone, all gone—furniture, clothes, stock, all, all, all!"

"But how very imprudent of you not to insure! If you had followed my advice and insured your property all would have been well again."

"I did, I did, Sir; but I forgot to renew the policy."

"That was very negligent, my good Mrs. Workman. How often have I advised you to be careful about your insurance! How much had you been insured for?"

"Two hundred pounds, Sir."

"Bless my soul! Now you see the consequence of your neglect. Had you renewed your policy you would have had two hundred pounds to set you going again. But, come; let us see what can be done for you. I have come all the way from town—walked every step of it, and was caught in the rain—I have come on purpose to talk to you."

"Ah, Sir! you are an angel from heaven! You are too good for this world!" said the poor woman; her countenance brightened by a ray of hope.

"In this world of sorrow we must do what we can for each other, Mrs. Workman. But tell me, my good soul, what is it you propose doing?"

"God only knows, Sir, unless some friend will assist me."

"If you had but renewed your insurance you would have been in no need of a friend's assistance, my good creature," said Toogood, in a tone of surpassing kindness. "But have you no project?"

"Why, yes, Sir; I have been thinking that with twenty pounds I might stock a stall at the Bazaar."

"Do it, do it, Mrs. Workman; I will go and inquire if there is one to let. We must not consider trouble in cases like this."

"But I have not got twenty pounds, Sir, and——" The poor woman hesitated.

"But, surely, you have some friend who will lend you twenty pounds. An industrious widow with five children has a fair claim for such assistance, God knows!"

"I have no friend who can spare the money, Sir; but I have been thinking that—I say, Sir,—that—as I have been your tenant nine years—and—as you are a very rich man, Mr. Toogood——"

"Ah! Mrs. Workman," said this kind-hearted creature—"I'm sure if I had it in my power to serve you in that way I would; but you have no notion of the claims I have upon me—the deal of money I am obliged to give! But, come; think again. Have you *no* friend?"

The poor creature wrung her hands and disconsolately shook her head.

"Now, you see how it is, my dear woman! If you had but followed my advice and taken care of your insurance!——But do you absolutely want as much as twenty pounds?"

"Why, Sir, to do the thing tolerably, I should; but perhaps I might contrive to begin with fifteen, or even ten."

"Well; then, Mrs. Workman, you may consider the matter as settled; for, doubtless, you can find some friend who will lend you *ten* pounds."

"No, no, no, no, no," cried the widow, in an agony of tears.

"Ah! Mrs. Workman," said Toogood; "I wish it was in my power to lend you the money, for, really my heart bleeds for you. But, let me see: I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I am aware that an application of this nature must be painful to your feelings; so do you turn it over in your mind and let me know who you think would be likely to lend you the ten pounds, and I will go myself—hail, rain, or snow—and speak to him for you. I'll go to the world's end after him, I'll raise heaven and earth but I'll make him lend you the money. If you had but renewed your insurance! But it is useless to talk of what is past. When you are again set up in business mind you insure. And I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my good woman: you shall give *me* the insurance-money, and I'll go myself for you and see that the policy is properly made out. God bless you, my dear soul! keep up your spirits; I am sure you have need of them. Now be sure you let me know when you have thought of some friend I may apply to on your behalf. Ah! if you had but renewed your insurance!" He left the house, and as the door closed on him, he exclaimed, "Ah! poor devil! I'm sure my heart bleeds for her."

Is not Tom Toogood really the kindest-hearted creature alive? And surely, "the good he does *is* unknown."

We have a few more varieties of the class of *JOB'S COMFORTERS* in store.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT,

The Sea Novelist.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

WE have been often tempted to marvel at the disposition so prevalent among our countrymen to ridicule everything of, belonging, or appertaining (as the lawyers would say) to "*les Braves Belges*." Whatever the sneerers may think of the matter, the English are the pupils of the Low Country people; and there is a good dash of Flemish blood in the genuine Englishman. In the matter of architecture, for instance, Wapping is the eldest daughter of Rotterdam, and Grosvenor Square of the Hague; while the few farm-houses remaining of the old English times are as like those of Flanders as "twin cherries on a stalk." Nor is it less true that our manufactures, commerce, and municipal institutions are both derived from the same source; and that the quintessential essence of all John Bullism, and the idolatry of the Cockneys—the "Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London," with his coach, and his barge, and his mace, his men in armour and his men in gowns—are but second-hand reflections of the glories of Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. The languages, too, by how little are they less than identical? But to come at once to the matter in hand, there is no particular in which this resemblance between the two nations is more strikingly displayed than in their tastes. It is impossible for any one acquainted with the arts to walk through the exhibition-rooms of Somerset House, and not acknowledge that the prevailing *gusto* of the country in pictorial matters is decidedly Flemish. Landseer, Wilkie, and our best landscape painters might have been born in a fen, and baptized in a canal; and notwithstanding all our "got up" enthusiasm for Italian art, with our *cognoscente* prattle about "Correggio and stuff," our artists neither understand nor feel its characteristic excellencies.

We humbly beseech our excellent friends of the brush not to be offended at this statement. If they are jealous of English art, it must be because they glory in being Englishmen; and they need no ghost to tell them, that as long as they *are* Englishmen, they cannot be—Italians.

It is true that our nobility have contrived to import some of the best specimens of the best Italian masters; and by dint of classical associations, and of frequent sojournings in Bologna, Florence, and Rome, they have acquired a factitious and *intellectual* affection for the Italian school; but the pictures of their predilection—the pictures whose excellence they smack and relish—the pictures which prevail alike for numbers and for merit in their collections—are Flemish and Dutch. Lest, however, the testy reader should be impatient at this preamble, and inclined to exclaim, like the *Poissades* of Paris to the orators in the French National Assembly, "*au fait! au fait!*" we may as well, without further discourse, say that we consider Captain Marryat as a writer of the Low Country school—a sort of literary Cuyp or Vander Velde—and that his "sea-pieces" owe their well-merited but extraordinary success, in a great measure, to this Low Country fidelity, truth, simplicity, and

absence of pretension. In Captain Marryat's writings, there are wanting very many of the elements by means of which other eminent writers have built up a reputation. He has no Italian sublimity of invention, no correctness of outline and purity of design; not even the brilliancy of colouring of the Venetian school (that half-way house in the arts between the pure Italian and the pure Flemish). He has all the truth of nature, and that, too, of a nature neither elevated nor impassioned; and he shines by a striking, vigorous, perhaps coarser reflection of what *is*, in the special department he has chosen for illustration.

The effect upon his readers of the rapid, careless, but firm touches of his pencil, is a conviction of reality—an implicit credence in his narrative, which carries them along with him to the end, notwithstanding the too frequent absence of a consecutive interest, of an unbroken tale, or of a fine discrimination of character. We are not sea-going critics, and do not profess to know a cathead from a marlin-spike; but we are satisfied (in common, we believe, with the great mass of readers similarly circumstanced,) of the fidelity of his portraiture. There is in them a sort of internal evidence, beyond the reach of art to analyze, that compels us to vouch for the copy without any acquaintance with the original; and without having ever trodden the Point of Portsmouth, or seen more of a ship than may be descried in a white-bait voyage to Greenwich, we feel ready to stake our wager that the Captain's pencillings are indeed portraits of sailors painted by a sea captain.

Some part, probably, of Captain Marryat's favour with the public, may be traced to the apropos of his appearance at its tribunal; being all of us satiated with the Walter Scott imitations. In truth, the invention of the sea novel was in itself a trait of genius (for we cannot consider "Roderick Random" as a type of the description of work in question; and as for the more modern predecessors of "Frank Mildmay," they are not worth quoting.) It was then only beginning to be known that a novel being a representation of human life, every phasis of humanity will afford the materials for that species of composition. Such, however, is the case; there is no caste, class, or condition of man, that is not pregnant with interest, provided its circumstances be vigorously conceived; and the more Dutch the fidelity of the representation, the more certainly will it be approved and sought after.

Notwithstanding all that poets have said, and metaphysicians feigned, of the superiority of the imagination over the senses, experience has eventually shown that its range is limited, and its inventions soon run through; whereas truth and nature are, in reference to the human faculties, altogether boundless and inexhaustible. A great part, then, of the merit of Captain Marryat as an author, lay in his perception of the extent of resource within him, and the preconception of a species of literature not then embodied and realized. It is this self-judging faculty—this vigour and clearness of conception—that renders his novels so superior to those of the other composers of sea tales. The framework and basis of a sea novel of mere adventure is extremely limited—one might almost say unique. It must begin by its green-horn midshipman, with his "How are you off for soap?" his "Smiths of London," and his prompt obedience to the order to see "which way the wind blows." It must trace its hero through the one round of battles, shipwrecks, cuttings out, and jumpings overboard, to the double epaulet.

The midshipman's berth must in every tale be dark, dirty, and disorderly; the captains must be peremptory, the lieutenants respectful, and the decks holy-stoned. The accessories of the tale then are incapable of variation; and nothing less than a thorough and intimate knowledge of the leading ideas, prejudices, and sentiments, which lurk at the bottom of the seaman's mind, with an intuitive perception of the combinations to which these must lead, and with a memory richly stored with the experiences of a sailor's vicissitudes, and strange positions in society, could carry an author through more than one or two repetitions of this species of narrative. It is this uniformity in the *canevas* (to use a dramatic term of art), that has probably begotten the idea that Captain Marryat steals from himself. Situations and circumstances may re-appear more than once perhaps in his writings; and there are very few, even of our first writers, of whom the same may not be said; but the test of genius is, that in this uniformity there should be diversity, and that the mere simplicity of the elements should detract nothing from the novelty of the resulting complex.

Another cause of the attraction of this writer's novels, is one that may be considered the immediate parent of all his faults, and that is the carelessness (real or apparent) with which he writes. If the work be any test of the mode in which it is produced, the novels of Marryat are written, *à trait de plume*, without reflection, or predetermination as to what he shall set down. He seems, in composing, to surrender himself at discretion (or perhaps we might say at indiscretion) to the inspirations of his muse; or, to speak more plainly, and in a more homely guise, he puts down whatever comes uppermost. The consequence is, that events arise out of each other just as they do in nature and in fact; for nature has no moral to illuminate—no position to illustrate; and she suffers effects to flow from their causes, and to become causes in their turn, without a thought of dramatic propriety, or a single *arrière pensée* of their influence on the beholder. Taking, therefore, his pitch from the humour of the moment, he scampers along as fast as his pen can carry him; and his very haste urges forward his reader, as the velocity of the vortex increases its absorption of whatever comes within the sphere of its attractions. Consequently he is unequal, inconsequent, often coarse, and oftener incorrect, both in style and in idea; but he is always *entraînant*, and never—a bore. Of the high romantic and the high sentimental he has nothing, and it is rarely that he draws forth a tear; while from the very nature of his tale, the events have so little mutual dependence, that the volumes may be read by whatever instalments the reader pleases. But, on the other hand, so easy and so whimsical is his humour—so well sustained is the rolling fire of his incidents—and so rapid is the march of his style—that the absence of the more usual sources of romantic interest is not felt. Captain Marryat is also, in many respects, a mere sailor; and his views of life and society are wholesale and rough. His heroines are merely what enters into the complex of the sailor's idea, expressed in his own language by the term, "pretty girl,"—differing from each other more by their clothes than their features, and more by their features than by their intellectual and moral peculiarities. His heroes, also, are too much "food for powder"—too much "gluttons" of hard blows. They have rarely any very refined acquaintance with the "relations of civilized life," and are occa-

sionally very tolerable scoundrels; but, then, they do take such a confounded deal of licking, and they flounder so pleasantly through their scrapes, that the reader can scarcely be out of humour with them for a single chapter; and, after taking leave of them in the 354th page of the third volume, fast anchored in the bay of matrimony, we are always very happy to renew the acquaintance when chance brings us together in the same parlour window. By the bye, it is curious to remark the difference between these heroes and the *braves des braves* of the French military and naval novel. They both have the same "moving accidents by flood and field"—they are both above the ordinary prejudices of morality—and pride themselves in their dare-devilry alike; but with these common elements of character, they are about as unlike as a diamond buckle and a jack-chain.

If it were put upon us, then, to define Captain Marryat as an author, and to mark him with an appropriate epithet, we should say that he is a pleasant writer. His leading excellence is the untiring nerve of his light, easy, and flowing pen; together with a keen sense of the ridiculous, which while it rarely leads him into broad and unmeaning farce, effectually preserves him from taking a dull, sententious, or matter-of-fact view either of men or things. His productions seem to cost him so little, that one thinks he might write on for a lifetime, uninterruptedly; "eating, drinking, and sleeping hours excepted," and so probably he will, till the *canervas* is totally exhausted. That there is no trace of effort in anything he does, is in itself a charm. But after all, his great and peculiar excellence is his originality,—that he is himself alone; and that as he borrows from nobody, so, on the other hand, nobody can safely borrow from him.*

If we are correct in this our estimate of the author, it will be conceded that the attempt to discriminate between his several works would be no easy task. The peculiarities of each lie in matters of mere detail, and the family resemblance is decisive. Perhaps the best discrimination to be made is his own, where he describes "Newton Foster," as a tale of the merchant service, and designates Jacob Faithful as an illustration of the Thames waterman. His object in all seems to have been the exhibition of some particular phases of maritime life; and it is in this that the peculiarities of each will the readiest be detected. "Frank Mildmay," which we believe is the first of the series, is the nucleus of all the others. They are all but farther developments of the parent thoughts and combinations contained in that work. Whether, however, it was, that a certain time is necessary to ripen the most precocious reputations, or that there is a luck in all things, we know not; but "Frank," though a successful novel, did not obtain so great and so immediate a vogue and circulation as "Peter Simple." In going back to it, with the perusal of Simple and Faithful fresh in the memory, we cannot think that it loses any thing by the comparison. There may not be so much of the artist's dexterity displayed by the author in the management of the story, as in his later compositions; but this is more

* Captain Chamier and Captain Glasscock cannot be considered as imitators of Marryat, either chronologically, or in a literary sense. The "Sailors and Saints" of the latter, especially, differs altogether in matter, style, and handling from the productions of both the others. It has less of a mere sea-colouring; and is more thoroughly a novel in the old established sense of the word.

than compensated for by its being the "first bright runnings" of an unworked mind. We have not indeed Mr. Chucks or the Domine, in their full blow; but we have a sustained interest of adventure, and a general level excellence not always discoverable in the author's later novels, more than in the works of even the best writers, when they have once tasted of fatigue in their calling. We understand that Capt. Marryat has been, in a pecuniary sense, among the most prosperous writers of his day. How far that tells for, or against, the healthy condition of the reading public, we cannot now stop to inquire; but we take the fact as proof presumptive, that he is among those writers who have adapted themselves the most felicitously to the literary wants of his age. We subjoin his Portrait—a most admirable likeness, engraved by Thompson, from the original by Simpson.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Pius Æneas.

VIRGIL, whose epic song enthral
(And who in song is greater?)

Throughout, his Trojan hero calls
Now "pius" and now "pater."

But when, the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him "Dux Trojanus."

And well he alters there the word:

For, in this station, sure,
"Pius" Æneas were absurd,
And "Pater" premature.

Richmond Bridge.

Waste lands may at Twick'nam be seen
And Barnes hath its wilderness too:
Where Thames rolls his waters between,
Tall Richmond uprises to view.
Her bridge, from its summit, unfolds
A prospect that loyalty cheers—
Those Commons at distance it holds,
And leans for support on the Piers.

The New Baronets' Club.

Ye valorous Sirs, in your armour and spurs,
Whose crest is a hand red and gory;
I prithee adhere to the sword and the spear,
A Club cannot add to your glory.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834. By M. Von Tietz, Prussian Counsellor of Legation.

THIS work is a translation from the German. In the orthography of Turkish words there is a collision and superfluity of consonants forming a strange departure from common usage, and we hardly recognize them. We were startled at the sight of "Dschirdechi," as a "jawbreaker" we could neither pronounce nor comprehend, till we found it was the author's mode of writing our familiar acquaintance "surrogee," a common name in Turkey for a travelling guide; *et sic de cæteris*. Further, we met with phrases that, though they might suit the German school of theology, rather shock the orthodox feeling of Englishmen. Peter the Great, "by the simple monosyllable, 'Be,' created St. Petersburg," sounds very like a blasphemous use of Scripture; in another place he speaks of "a Trinity of good things;" tells a story where the repetition of "the Lord Jesus" forms the funniest part of the joke, and in effect, makes so light and irreverend a use of Bible language, as must be revolting to the serious impressions of most readers. These, with many morbid sentiments clothed in inflated diction, evince a mind formed in the school of the sceptical and visionary philosophy of the Continent.

In his political opinions, he is an uncompromising Russian; everybody and everything connected with the name are models for the rest of the world. The mad and brutal Paul is with him "the chivalrous, misunderstood, and falsely-judged ruler." The present Emperor Nicholas is a personification of all that is great and good in human nature; he calls him "awe-exciting," and tells the effect his bare look produced on a friend of his, a man of plain sense, who had never seen him before, and had not the slightest reason to fear him. They were walking together and met the Emperor, and his mere passing glance caused a confused blush to pass across his cheek, and excited a singular feeling of embarrassment which he could not conquer. This is a pendant and an improvement of the story of the man who trembled in the presence of Louis XIV. Now, we happen to know that the Emperor Nicholas is the last man in the world whose personal appearance merely would excite such awe. He is a thin, tallish, plain person, with a serious, quiet-looking countenance, rather bald forehead, whitish hair (which does not give him much intellectual character), and as to his eyes, whose piercing glance appalled the friend of M. Tietz, somebody has compared them to boiled gooseberries. If anything could conjure up such an expression in them, it must be the fancied blood of the Poles.

But even these suffering victims of Russian cruelty our author abuses for the sake of his favourites. He calls Warsaw "the seat of ingratitude and treachery," and every man that does not think so, he classes as belonging to the "crew who, under the specious name of reform, cover the projects of revolution." This Russo-mania he does not confine to the country, but he carries it with him to Turkey and Greece. "There I found," said he, "in spite of the rhodomontade of French and English newspapers, that they are friendly and grateful towards the Russians." This is certainly in direct contradiction to other travellers. Dr. Walsh mentions a fearful instance of the impression of a general hatred to the Russians, in that of a maniac whom it seemed to have deranged; and even M. Von Tietz himself admits the existence of the feeling, for he says they are nicknamed by the Turks "Ruszi meukjus—Russian cursed ones." As to the Greeks, French, and English, they are altogether out of the pale of his charity. The former he describes as a class "who are despised both by Turks and Christians," and "whose names seem

an emblem of disgrace both in Constantinople and the Morea." One would suppose he had never heard of such men as Morousi, Ipselantes, Mavrocordato, and other Fanariote Greeks, whose names are distinguished in Europe as combining all the qualities which ennoble their ancestors. But he had heard of Mavrocordato, whom he falls foul of because his admirers had dared to call him "the Washington of Greece;" and his dislike to him seems embittered because, "with despicable submission, he solicited the favour of England." But England seems the *sons et origo* of his hatred. He accuses her of wishing to render Greece a dependency like Malta and Gibraltar. This Russo-Prussian does not choose to recollect that England did not interfere, like his employers, and having used the unfortunate Greeks as agents to forward their ambitious purposes, several times abandoned them to their fate; but when she did interfere, she did it with sincerity and effect—saved the Greeks from total destruction—and finally left them free, and in total independence. Such is the dislike he entertains for what he calls "the English clique" at Napoli, and such the hostility of the Russians, that when Count Armansberg, the President of the Regency, asked the officers of the Russian squadron to his palace, "these high-minded gentlemen all refused, except one, and he was therefore shunned by his companions;" and this because the President had presumed to be on terms of amity and good-will with the English. In effect, M. Von Tietz, though not a Russian, is a Russian employé, and so, in duty bound, devotes himself, in every way, to serve the interests, by adopting the prejudices, passions, sympathies, and antipathies of his masters.

With respect to other topics, he does not seem to be more fortunate in his speculations. Though wandering through countries of classic lore and ruins of ancient sculpture, he does not dwell much on antiquities, and when he does he is rather unfortunate. He visits the plains of Troy, of course, and having made a blunder with respect to Bounarbashi, the supposed site of the ancient city, he says, "The celebrated Sigæan inscription which served as a stone seat in the front of a house at Bounarbaschi, I sought in vain. Where it now may be is, I believe, unknown." Had he condescended to mix with "the English clique" at Napoli, and inquired about it, any of them would have informed him, that he might search in vain for it in a place where it *never* had been: that it stood not at Bounarbashi, but on the promontory of Sigæum, in front of a Greek church; and further, that where it now is, is unknown to few but himself, for almost every one else knows that it is now, and has been for some years, in the British Museum, where it was sent with the Elgin marbles.

For the rest, M. Von Tietz has made an agreeable sort of a book, with some light pleasant reading, though we cannot recommend him as an unerring guide to the untravelled.

Sayings and Doings. By Theodore Hook, Esq.

The first series of these popular stories, in a single volume, are now introduced into Mr. Colburn's cheap and embellished series of the best modern works of fiction. The merits of this work are too extensively known to need any encomium from us, now. Mr. Hook is a writer who belongs emphatically to the world as it is. His animated sketches are the clear reflections of what he has seen. He gives us the living English manners, from high to low, as they now exist,—and the peculiar buoyancy and vivacity of his style lend a charm to all that he touches. In short, while all Mr. Hook's tales display an extensive and profound knowledge of the world, they are fraught with the highest amusement for all classes of readers. The present cheap edition, at about *one-fifth* of the original cost of the work, must find its way into the hands of every lover of light and entertaining literature. It is always interesting to come at an author's intentions in his own words;

and the following extract from the preface will show the writer's object in giving this production to the public:—

"I have for many years watched the world, and have set down all that I have seen; and out of this collection of materials, I have thrown together a few historic illustrations of quaint sayings, the truth and sagacity of which the characters introduced by me have unconsciously exemplified in their lives and conduct; and which I have the small merit of bringing to bear, after long observation, upon the axioms affixed to each tale.

"In short, I have thought it a curious matter of speculation to compare the '*doings*' of the moderns, with the '*sayings*' of the ancients; and, therefore, submit to the public my first portion of '*wise saws*,' illustrated by '*modern instances*.'"

The History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince, and various Events connected therewith. By G. P. R. James, Esq.

Great and various are our obligations to Mr. James: indeed, with the exception of the elder D'Israeli, we know no living author to whom we are so deeply indebted, for the truth on which we can rely, or the fiction which teaches whilst it delights, and is but another modification of truth in its widest sense.

The different methods taken by this admirable author to instruct and charm his readers, however diverse they may at first sight appear, have led to the result of improving each. If he had not been well acquainted with the history and biography of days past, he could never have brought before us, with equal efficiency, those master-spirits who not only do his bidding, but re-act the important parts they once played in "their days of nature;" and if he had not accustomed himself to "ruise these spirits from the vasty deep," and exhibit them as "men of like passions" with those around us, he never would have obtained that freedom in narration—that tranquil elegance of diction—which spreads a sure, though unsuspected, sense of pleasure over the least interesting portions of historic detail.

But the spirit-stirring times of the third Edward and his heroic son were perhaps less likely to require adventitious aid in their records than any other period.—Nevertheless, they are now far distant; and it is no small praise to an imaginative author, when we find him patient in examination, laborious in research, and capable of vigilantly exploring truth, even to the bottom of the well, to elucidate an important fact, or rescue from impeachment a remarkable character. These volumes have demanded and obtained investigation not only of the archives of our own country, but those of Flanders and France, in both of which memorials of Edward the Third unquestionably remain. His temporary union with Jacob Artevelde—his many expeditions to France for the purpose of prosecuting his own unjust claims, or protecting the more legal ones of her oppressed nobles—cannot fail to have left registers behind them of no common character, since his courage and ability, in his own day, almost atoned for his transgression, and even in ours frequently throw the halo of chivalric glory so brightly around his name, as almost to compel our admiration in spite of our judgment.

In this History, every circumstance of moment, whether relating to battle or negotiation, is diligently examined and accurately related; whilst the comments on conduct, character, and the age in which they took place, are given with that extensive knowledge demanded from the historian, and that soundness of judgment and sensibility of heart to be expected in a virtuous and amiable writer. We are far advanced in the first volume before we become personally acquainted with the Black Prince, whom we thence accompany from the battle of Cressy (where he won his spurs), through many a well-fought field, to his residence at Berkhamstead, an enfeebled, suffering man—bereaved of a lovely and meritorious mother—necessarily ashamed of a father whose closing years cast a shadow on his early glory, and unable to

educate the promising son who was his only comfort. With little exception, we find him at once splendid in courage, talent, and munificence—a hero we are compelled to admire—affable in manners, humane in conduct, and endearing in temper—a Prince whom we are delighted to love, serve, and honour.

Were it within our plan, many quotations might be given, proving the truth of these assertions; but as our limits forbid this indulgence, we take leave of the "Black Prince" with most hearty recommendations, considering it to be, with the exception alone of Dr. Walsh's "Constantinople" (which, as belonging to our own times, has a more immediate interest), the most excellent work of the year, and one that cannot fail to plant a new and enduring laurel on the brow of its highly-gifted and indefatigable author.

Christian Theology. By John Goodwin, A.M. With a Life of the Author. By Samuel Dunn.

The "New Monthly Magazine" is not ambitious of the distinction of being a "Theological Review," but we find it impossible to pass by a book treating of the good old times of unflinching Christianity. John Goodwin was contemporary with Milton. His works were discarded by the Calvinists, because he was an Arminian,—and by the Arminians, in consequence of his having taken part against the unfortunate Charles. Mr. Dunn has made a most excellent distinction; and says, in his calm and quiet preface, that "the re-publication of anything he has written on politics, I should deeply regret, especially in an age when the rights of God and of Cæsar are equally threatened by a spirit of innovation and of subtle policy." The religious reader will find, we doubt not, much to instruct; and the lover of ancient times will rejoice to meet those "thrice hallowed names, dear to every lover of genuine liberty." One of this zealous preacher's works was dedicated to "Mrs. Elizabeth Hampden," the mother of John Hampden; and every concern of his is associated with the master spirits of England.

The Old World and the New. By the Rev. Orville Dewey. 2 vols.

This is one of the most galloping books of this galloping age; the rapidity with which our traveller posted through Europe is only equalled by the flippancy with which his criticisms and opinions are expressed. This is the more to be regretted, as, despite those national prejudices with which an American clothes himself, as with a garment, Mr. Dewey, at times, sees clearly; and where reason *only* is called in question, and he gives himself breathing time,—argues rationally. The Americans are a thin skinned race; their political position in society is firmly established; they are unquestionably a great people, but, in all civilized and finer qualities, they are, both from physical and moral causes, much behind Europe. It is on this point they are so absurdly sensitive. Speaking of painting, Mr. Dewey says, "Our country has already works to show, which may vie, I will venture to say, with any contemporaneous works of English art. The landscapes of Cole persuade us that the days of Claude may come back again. We have artists that enable us to look at the works of Teniers and Wilkie without despair or discouragement. I doubt whether the best portrait-painters among us, now that Sir Thomas Lawrence is gone, are excelled any where in the world. Page and Flagg are very young artists—but full of promise." Why will American travellers *force* such absurdities upon us? We hold out the hand of amity to brother Jonathan on all occasions. We value his good qualities. We appreciate the magnificence of his country. We confess he has done wonders, with the Herculean infant; but we cannot suffer him to suppose that perfection in either art or literature can be attained for years and years to come, in a state constituted like his. People must be *educated and refined* before they can appreciate what is beautiful; we believe that no American

ever before claimed for his country equality with England or France in refinement.

Notwithstanding the hurry and nationality of these volumes, there is a *bonhomie* about the voyage, which warms into affectionate enthusiasm at the termination of his journey. He confesses, with an honesty which deserves warm praise, that "the Trollopes, Halls, and Hamiltons have certainly told us (Americans) many truths, by which it is to be hoped our manners, at least, will be mended." We see many three-volume works that might be advantageously abridged into *two*; but we confess that, if Mr. Dewey had given himself more time, and more paper, he would have produced a better book; and this we deem no small praise.

The Court and Camp of Don Carlos, being the results of a late Tour.
By Michael Burke Honan.

Spain is a country of such paramount interest to all who are capable of being charmed with the chivalric and the picturesque—to the enterprising spirit which has gone forth in idea with the glorious Columbus, or the humour-loving soul who has laughed at the knight of La Mancha—to the Briton, proud of his country's deeds on her soil, and the philanthropist, who grieves over her present inflictions—that a work of far inferior pretensions to Mr. Honan's could hardly fail to find readers and admirers. At the present period of anxious inquiry and excitement, when even the manifold horrors of civil war are exaggerated by a ferocity unknown to civilized nations, and the land of romance is degraded into that of a barbarism scarcely equalled by Turkish cruelty, no wonder that we look earnestly for every information on which reliance can be placed, not only on the score of curiosity, but humanity; and that we receive it with more especial thankfulness, when, by any medium, the revolting portion is, to a certain degree, neutralized, in order that we may not utterly abhor a people with whom we desire to sympathize.

We have, in this volume, a "full, true, and particular" account of two several journeys in the mountainous districts of Spain, for the avowed purposes of ascertaining the true position of Don Carlos, and the expectations arising from it. The writer is evidently well calculated for the bold and delicate mission in which he engaged. He is courageous, yet prudent; unwearyed in personal exertion, yet alive to minute observation; and gifted with a fund of good humour which makes the best of everything at the very time it discerns all the miseries of the situation to be endured. In fact, Mr. Honan is an agreeable traveller, a brave man, an observing and discriminating judge, for every day's tidings are confirming the truth of his observations. The Queen is a very lovely and fascinating woman to those who surround her; but her cause is not popular on the whole, and in the mountainous districts decidedly disapproved; and but for his deficiency in cavalry, Don Carlos would ere now have sat on the throne he had a right to expect, and which he deserves to fill.

The murder of Colonel O'Donnell, and many other prisoners, is given circumstantially, and various atrocities adverted to briefly. The bull-fights are most admirably described, and bring us to a knowledge of particulars in this terrific and revolting sport (but which offers a grand spectacle), that many writers on the subject have failed to convey. The Spanish women are, from time to time, sketched in a masterly manner; and, indeed, the whole volume is piquant, full of gaiety, and not less of good feeling, in every sense of the word; we care not how soon Mr. Honan renews his travels.

Description of the House and Museum, the Residence of Sir John Soane,
R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

This splendid volume is not published, and only one hundred and fifty copies are printed, and presented to various academies and learned bodies

throughout Europe, several branches of the Royal Family, and a few personal friends of the author's.

The descriptions lead us through forty-five portions of the house and museum, each of which is richly stored with works of ancient and modern art. Fragments of some of the finest capitals, architraves, and ornaments of antiquity—statues, busts, candelabras, vases of the most valued forms and choicest materials, models of the most celebrated ruins, casts from the finest sculptures, cinerary urns of exquisite workmanship—by turns engage our attention, long before it is drawn to the great Belzoni sarcophagus, which is in itself a treasure well worthy the curiosity of every inquiring mind: so that throughout the whole of these divisions, there is not one which does not offer ample proof of the taste and liberality of the owner.

But Sir John has not administered to the pleasures and necessities of his own art only. Indeed, he justly considers that the fine arts mutually aid and depend upon each other; and he therefore adds to a most noble library, and cases containing many thousands of architectural drawings, a fine collection of paintings, and a most costly cabinet of antique gems. But it is not possible for us, after a very cursory view of the work, to give any idea of even a portion of the contents; and yet, we apprehend Sir John has mentioned only those which he knows to be most valuable.

This unique and costly volume is embellished by thirty-eight engravings, and eleven vignettes—the frontispiece being a fine plate by Turner, from Sir Francis Chantrey's bust of the venerable author. Certain portions of the letterpress are descriptions of the more striking parts, said to be written by a lady, and which convey the impressions made upon the eye of a stranger. They are given with great spirit and ability, and add much to the interest with which we survey the beautiful volume they are intended to illustrate.

The work concludes with the copy of that Act of Parliament by which the generous collector of all these treasures consigned them to the benefit of future artists, as a school for study, together with an ample provision for due attendants and proper repairs. We do not know that a boon of equal extent has ever been bestowed by an individual upon the country; and we rejoice in the circumstance of the architects of this country having associated for the purpose of striking a medal in honour of one who is so entitled to the respect of his contemporaries, and the gratitude of posterity.

History of Southern Africa.

It is with great pleasure that we have perused this important accession to the British colonial library. Certainly not the least valuable of our foreign possessions, in either a political or commercial point of view, is to be found in Cape Town and its dependent settlements, to say nothing of the great advantages which the colonization of the western coast of the African continent appears to promise, with daily increasing probabilities of their realization. To no part of the population of the British empire ought the statistics of her distant dominions to be a subject devoid of interest, closely connected as they are with our national greatness and prosperity; and the series of works, of which the "*History of Southern Africa*" forms a part, may be considered as useful as any which have yet appeared under the title of popular libraries. Mr. Montgomery Martin has condensed into the compass of a small octavo volume every fact of importance relating to climate, productions, government, natural history, and population of the Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay, and the Mauritius, which his own personal experience, or the records of others, could supply. His views are those of a liberal and enlightened mind, and his style of writing pleasing and unaffected, precisely of the character which his subject demands, and which is likely to ensure it favour among those for whose information it is intended. If the present volume only succeeds in calling the public attention to the

importance of preserving a colony, which latterly seems to have been in considerable danger, and of presenting our settlements in South Africa to more general notice, as affording a field in which the industry of the enterprising may be most successfully exerted; and that benevolence which surveys the whole earth for subjects on which to bestow the means of religious and moral amelioration, may find every chance of an advantageous application of its efforts, an object of no transient or limited importance will have been gained. That the volume contains enough to ensure this, and more than this, will be a sufficient recommendation to all whose approbation is worth possessing.

The Mining Review and Journal of Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy.

Under the abilities and conduct of Mr. English, the *Mining Review* continues to exhibit increasing claims to the patronage of all connected with theoretical and practical mineralogy, as well as geologists and men of science in general. The present Number is enriched with a paper on Metalliferous and Mineral Deposits, by Frederic Burr—on the Mexican Process of Amalgamation, from the same pen—on the Mineral Topography of Great Britain, by Mr. A. W. Tooke—and on the Geological Features of the Carn Menellis District, by Mr. Thomas of Falmouth; together with an essay on the occurrence of precious metals in England, transactions of the British and French Geological Societies, and a variety of miscellaneous information, and shorter papers, all on subjects of great interest, and written in a manner which shows the work to be supported by a most respectable body of scientific contributors. There is, moreover, a plate of Schaufelen's hot air furnace-feeder, and a coloured geological section from the Land's End to the German Ocean, &c., and all this information is to be obtained at the price of five shillings. Truly we are living in an age of liberal encouragement to scientific publications, and of as liberal exertions to deserve it; and of this fact the existence of such a work as the *Mining Review* is a sufficient indication, without further proof or comment. It is an undertaking which, for the spirit with which it was commenced, and the style in which it has hitherto been carried on, must ensure the good wishes of all who, without ransacking the bowels of the greedy earth, in quest of her hidden treasures, have a sufficiently just idea of the importance of the labours of those who do, to look with satisfaction on any attempt to increase the scientific character of their researches, and to render their operations more extensively useful to the community at large.

The Althorp Picture Gallery and other Poetical Sketches.

The authoress of these pleasing and elegant Sketches at least possesses one of the most essential qualifications for the production of genuine poetry, a deep and unaffected love of Nature, in all her beautiful and varied modifications. She is also possessed of considerable power in metrical harmony. Her verse is like gentle and soothing music, always replete with feeling, and often enriched with graces which only a vivid imagination and well-cultivated taste could supply. The "*Althorp Gallery*" is a poetical description of the principal portraits contained in that collection, a subject which has already received justice in prose from the pen of Mrs. Jameson. The "*Ocean's Own*" contains many truly beautiful passages, and one or two sketches of marine scenery, of a highly-finished and strikingly faithful character. We regret that we have not space to extract one or two stanzas from the former poem, and that we are obliged to confine ourselves to general commendation instead of specifying particular instances of merit. The authoress, Mrs. Colonel Jourdan, we believe, has proved herself qualified to

take a respectable rank among the female poets of the day. The lyrical pieces, at the end of the volume, though not without merit, are not quite so successful as those of a greater length.

The Amici.—Selections from the Contributions of The Amici.

"The Amici!"—Such is the name of a club, and such is the name of a book: the one holding its hebdomadal meetings in the good town of Maidstone, and the other a production of the same soil, which has found its way to our study. That dull, money-making, trading town, which all the world has hitherto suspected to have been distinguished for nothing but hops and foolscap paper, should have its nest of philosophers and poets is as marvellous as it is true; and to the Amici, and to the Amici only, is this paragon of provincial towns indebted for its intellectual distinction. On the Saturday of each week (and a *fine* day it is found to many of its members), a knot of good fellows assemble for the discussion of all pleasant topics (politics not being ranked in the category), and of the good things that mine host of "The Bull" has in store. Antiquity there holds grave yet cheerful converse with Geology; Law *dallies* with Poetry; Thalia joins in a *pas de deux* with Euterpe; and wit, good humour, and playful satire, keep up the ball of conviviality.

In truth, we like the plan of this social and literary re-union, where the higher qualities of the mind are stimulated by friendly and generous competition, and where all uneasiness of rivalry is dissipated in the glowing atmosphere of conviviality. Of the book itself, its appearance is most inviting, and does infinite credit to the Maidstone press. We are, however, bound to take notice of a hint on the back of the title-page—"For private circulation"—which, we suspect, means that the book is to be considered as a close preserve, where critics have not the privilege of sporting.

The volume, with one or two exceptions, consists of poetical pieces of a very mixed order of merit; and were we disposed to be very critical, we might display our acumen in the contributions of several of the members, who are evidently unpractised hands in "the idle and unprofitable art." Considering the offering as a specimen of the spirit and object of the society whence it emanates, we feel ourselves bound to accept it with a grateful, and, in some respects, forbearing feeling. We do not mean this in a deprecatory mood, for there are gems in this little volume which will bear the test of the severest rules of criticism.

The Inquisitor. 1 vol.

A Daniel come to judgment! Oh, wise young judge, how we do honour thee! There is something insufferably impertinent in a nameless writer, aiming his weak but ill-natured shafts at those who labour under the disadvantage of being *acknowledged* authors. We say *disadvantage*, because we are ignorant of any privilege *known* authors now-a-days possess,—unless being stared at, and misrepresented, be considered in that light. The dead, as well as the living, are doomed to the philippic of this "inquisitor's" gousse-quill. Poor Inglis, whose books were in admirable keeping with his gentle and kindly character, is called "prosy, pompous, and conceited;" taxed with having the word "charming" ever on his pen. "I, myself," continues our elaborate critic, "took the pains to count it seven times in a single page." He also accuses Mr. Inglis of wilful falsehood in his work on Spain, which is certainly an unmanly charge to bring forward against one upon whom the grave has closed, and who, we firmly believe, left no such blot upon his memory. On turning over a few more pages, we find the "Inquisitor" himself in Spain. Doubtless he had intended to make his tour a profitable one; but Mr. Inglis's work anticipated his. Be that as it may, we neither

like the spirit of these criticisms, nor the temper of the critic. At times his observations are acute and interesting; but, as a whole, the volume is more unworthy public patronage than the literature it condemns; though *that*, in many instances, deserves censure. The observations on Dante are by far the most valuable in the "Inquisitor;" and assure us that, when the writer gets rid of petty irritation, there is more matter in him than we should have believed, had we not read beyond the commencing chapters.

The Training System adopted in the Model Schools of the Glasgow Educational Society.

A greater blessing than the establishment of infant schools has, we are firmly of opinion, scarcely ever been bestowed upon any age or nation. Every day's experience points out more strongly the immense advantages to be derived from a proper cultivation of the powers of the human mind during the early periods of childhood; and as the system to be pursued in such a course of education improves in its character, this important truth must be shown in a proportionably stronger light. We have not time to enter into a minute examination of the different methods pursued in the infant schools of Glasgow, to engender habits of morality and early industry, during, perhaps, the most critical part of life; but we earnestly recommend to all engaged in the establishment and regulation of these benevolent institutions, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principles and method of practice advocated in the "Training System." If they are not led, in consequence, to adopt all its suggestions to their fullest extent, they will at least gain many useful hints, the results of much actual experience, and assuredly a deeper sense of the utility of their labours, as well as additional encouragement to proceed in their praiseworthy endeavours to the formation of such a character in their infant pupils as may lead to their own individual happiness, and materially add to that of all around them.

The Age of Humbug. A Satire.

An exceedingly clever imitation of the "Dunciad,"* and evidently the production of a person of considerable genius and no small scholarship, yet too strongly impregnated with party spirit to allow us to regard it merely in a literary point of view. In any other light it is neither our place nor inclination to consider its merits.

The Tailors; or "Quadrupeds." A Drama. Illustrated by Robert Cruikshank.

We notice this publication chiefly because of its illustrations, which are exceedingly clever, and full of humour. Robert must yield to his brother George as a comic designer; but, at times, he very nearly approaches him. Here he has done his best. The immortal rows of the "Quadrupeds" are very successfully exhibited; and the sketches may be recommended to Mr. Yates, as so many tableaux, when next he produces the drama at his theatre. Mr. Ryan has prefaced the publication by some pleasant and useful remarks. The prologue was, it appears, written by Foote, and first produced at the Haymarket, in 1767. He has given a history of the *real* row which followed the performance; and detailed the true, as well as the mock heroism of "The Tailors."

LITERARY REPORT.

A Work that promises to excite great interest is announced, among a variety of others, for speedy publication by Mr. Colburn. It is entitled, "Original Memoirs of the Court of George IV. By a Deceased Nobleman," and is to be printed from the original manuscript.

Among other literary attractions, we are promised immediately the "Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress." This work is to be edited by the Lady Charlotte Bury, who is also busily engaged in seeing through the press her own new work of fiction, with the all-interesting appellation of "Love."

Mr Ward, whose celebrated stories of "Tremaine," and "De Vere," have placed him among the leading writers of fiction of the present day, has in preparation a new novel, called "Fielding, or Society."

Mrs. Charles Gore has nearly ready for publication a little book, entitled the "Rose Fancier's Manual, comprising an Account of the Culture and Propagation of Roses."

In the press, the Auto-Biography of William Godwin, together with his Correspondence, and a Continuation of his Memoirs to the time of his Death, by his daughter, Mrs. Shelley. The life of so prominent a literary character as the author of "Caleb Williams" cannot fail to command general attention.

A new edition is on the eve of appearance of "The Diary of a Desennuyée," universally admitted to be one of the most brilliant pictures extant of Parisian society and manners.

Just ready, a new and much cheaper edition of "Horace Walpole's Correspondence with George Montagu, Esq., and other celebrated Personages," forming a companion to his "Correspondence with Horace Mann." Many original and valuable Notes are now first added to the present edition.

The Fifth Monthly Part of Capt. Brenton's "Naval History of Great Britain," now ready, contains fine Portraits of Admiral Duckworth and Sir Alexander Cochrane, with Plans, &c.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, Authoress of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c., has a new work of fiction in preparation, called "Uncle Horace."

A Biographical, Historical, and Chronological Dictionary of Remarkable Persons and Occurrences connected with the Art of Typography, by C. H. Timperley, is announced in Parts.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1837, edited by Frederic Shoberl.

Streams of Knowledge from the Fountains of Wisdom, consisting of Extracts from Shakspeare, &c., interspersed with Sayings of the Wisest Men since the days of Solomon.

Journal of a Tour to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, with a Series of Twenty-four Illustrations from Drawings taken on the spot, comprising the most interesting Views of the

Country between Grand Cairo and Beirut, by F. Arundale.

The Biography of the Early Church, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A., Author of "The Rectory of Vale Head."

Second Series of the Flowers of Loveliness, by P. Haines Bailey, Esq.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Reminiscences in Prose and Verse, consisting of the Epistolary Correspondence of many Distinguished Characters, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. D. Polwhele.

The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine, by D. D. Davis, M.D., 2 vols. 4to., plates 4l. 4s.

The Atoneum and other Sacred Poems, by Dr. Oke, post 8vo. 6s.

The Rev. Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, with 57 plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 15s.

Bacon's Essays, edited by B. Montague, Esq., 12mo. 5s.

The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, by H. M. Coleridge, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Collections, Historical, Genealogical, and Topographical, for Bedfordshire, 114 plates, by T. Fisher, 4to. 10l.

The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, edited by Dr. Todd, vol. I., royal 8vo. 2l.

The Doctrine of Particular Providence, illustrated and defended, by G. Pilkington, 12mo. 5s.

Selections from the Phrenological Journal, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

The Flower and Fruit Garden, by Martin Doyle, 12mo. 2s.

The Protestant Preacher, vol. I. 8vo. 6s.

Hoffmann's Legal Outlines, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 21s.

Hoffmann's Legal Study, 3 vols. royal 8vo., 21s.

Hansard's Debates, 3rd series., vol. XXX 11 2nd of sess. 1836, royal 8vo. 30s.—33s. 6d.

Glances at Life in City and Suburb, by C. Webb, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Schomburg's Commutation Tithe Act, with Epitome of the Law of Tithes, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Major's Guide to reading the Greek Tragedians, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Bentley's Works, vol. I. and II. (Epistles of Philaretus—Epistles ad Milium) 24s.

Charles's Essays, Letters, and Papers, by Morgan, 12mo. 7s.

Noble's on the Professional Practice of Architects, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Book of the New Moral World, by R. Owen, 8vo. 5s.

Augustine's Confessions, abridged, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 8mo. 1s. 6d.

Tracts on Hydraulics, edited by T. Tredgold, royal 8vo. 12s.

FINE ARTS.

Removal of the Royal Academy.—The porters of the Royal Academy are now busily employed, under the superintendence of Sir M. A. Shee, and the members of the council, in removing from their ancient resting-places the valuable antiques, bas-reliefs, and paintings belonging to the Academy. The Professor of Anatomy will commence his sessional lectures in the room at Somerset House as usual; but it is expected that the Professors of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture will deliver theirs in the new building, as they occur later in the season. The council are equally busy at the building in Trafalgar-square. Negotiations are going on, not only with the council of the Royal Academy, but also with the managers of the National Gallery in Pall Mall. It has been intimated to the officers of the institution that many valuable donations by distinguished patrons of the art will be made to the gallery as soon as it is removed to Trafalgar-square. His Majesty has been mentioned among the number, together with the Duke of Bedford and Lord Egremont. A portion of the vacated apartments of the Royal Academy will, it is believed, be given to the Royal Asiatic Society, the council of which, with Earl Munster at their head, some time ago made application for it at the Woods and Forests. They were not refused, but simply informed that there were then no apartments in Somerset House at the disposal of the crown.

Enamel Pictures on Glass.—There is at present a very pleasing exhibition of pictures in this branch of art at the residence of Messrs. Hoadley and Oldfield, No. 6, St. James's-place, Hampstead-road. The subjects consist of the "Fall of Nineveh," and "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still," after the celebrated pictures of Mr. Martin; "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," after Danby; "Charity," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the figure of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke and his Countess Maria, in the costume of the period. These subjects are admirably selected to display the peculiar qualities of the material on which they are represented; and at the first glance the effect is almost startling. The "Fall of Nineveh," and the "Joshua" are especially beautiful; and the effect of light on the face of a child, in the group of "Charity," is such as we imagine could not be produced on any material of a less transparent nature than that on which these pictures are wrought.

PUBLICATIONS.

Ryall's Portraits of Conservative Statesmen,

Of which the second Number is before us, progresses in a very satisfactory manner, and will, we have no doubt, amply recompense the artist with whom the plan originated. The first portrait is the Duke of Newcastle, one of the most excellent and upright of English gentlemen, whose character has been assailed with about as much success as follows the attempt to level a forest with a pruning-knife. The picture from which Mr. Mote has engraved this print is one of Pickersgill's most successful works. It gives the mind of the man—gentle and fearless. A portrait of Lord Sidmouth follows; and is accompanied by a very sensible biographical notice. The third is Sir William Webb Follett, the member for Exeter; of a sound, able, and eloquent lawyer. The head is a fine one; the dark eye is finely set under a broad and lofty brow; and the mouth, although the painter has graced it with a smile, in order to soften down features—somewhat of the sternest, perhaps—exhibits energy and decision. The likeness is striking, and more characteristic than we should have expected from the artist, Chalon, who is much more alive to the graces of a pretty danseuse of the Opera than to the attractions of intellectual expression. Sir William was, it appears, born in 1798, at Topsham, Devon, and is therefore in the very prime of life.

THE DRAMA.

MR. CHARLES WHITEHEAD, one of the few writers of talent who, in this age, have thought it worth while to ply their pens in favour of the stage, has produced a drama at the Haymarket, called the "Cavalier," which is in many respects entitled to rank with the most intellectual productions of the time. Its success seemed at first to be equivocal, and though its merits are clear enough to a dispassionate listener, they have not won an unanimous assent. Mr. Whitehead possibly is not a member of some particular coterie, theatrical or literary, and therefore his claims have to force a recognition which might otherwise be accorded to them even without examination. The "Cavalier" is an admirably-written and well-constructed drama; its interest is strong and continuous, its situations are picturesque and dramatic, its characters conceived with all the instinct of truth, and wrought up into powerful and feeling agents working out a terrible action. In its catastrophe, as performed on the first night, it was alone wanting in fidelity to nature and sense of dramatic effect. The author committed a curious, and it had almost proved a fatal, mistake, in crowning a natural production with a most superfluous and unnatural horror. This would be equally true of the *dénouement* had the production been cast even in a dramatic mould; but as a play to be acted, the false conception of what truth required, and the feeling of an audience would bear, was singularly apparent. For this unfortunate error in judgment, Mr. Whitehead has suffered severely. His piece was listened to with the profoundest attention; and the intellectual tenor of its style, its general force and character, and the exquisite sweetness of many passages containing images equally appealing with irresistible effect to the feelings and the imagination, seemed to insure it unequivocal success. This hope was at once dashed down by the unexpected and apparently wanton wound inflicted upon the sympathies of every listener, when the fine nature of the story was merged in a gratuitous sacrifice at the close. The audience with one pervading and ungovernable feeling condemned the savage ending of so natural a beginning—"the sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,"—not, however, be it observed, out of any general disinclination to a dish of horrors, of which audiences are ever ready to "sup full,"—but because it appeared wilful and was certainly unnecessary. The point is this: a loving, honourable, and high-minded wife has, in defence of her honour, killed the wretch who would have violated it. She is condemned to die for murder. No hope of justice appears to remain, and her husband, a wronged, sensitive, and irritable cavalier, after enduring the horror of a supposition that the violation had taken place, resolves to die with her. The truth, however, comes out—the wife's moral innocence becomes apparent—she is saved: but no sooner does this prospect of "poetical justice" dawn upon the mind of the spectator, than the cavalier is seen obeying the blind and hurried dictates of his frenzy, by stabbing his innocent wife just as the door of her prison is thrown open, and consummating the sacrifice by self-destruction. It is the error of this catastrophe that has led to imputations in some quarters unfavourable to the general morality of the story. To us, now that the catastrophe is changed, it appears free from every shade of objection. It has since been repeated with marked success; and its attraction will be increased by the effect of the fine reality of Ellen Tree's acting as the wife, and the energy and discrimination of Mr. Vandenhoff's cavalier.

Covent-Garden has commenced its performances with "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Shylock," and the "Gamester,"—the first fruits of Mr. Charles Kemble's last season. Better fruits than these are to follow, for Mr. Kemble is already announced to appear as Falconbridge, to the King John of Mr. Macready.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SIXTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THIS Society, which consists of scientific men belonging to all parts of the kingdom, held its annual meeting this year at Bristol, and commenced its proceedings on Monday the 22nd of August. It has met, very appropriately, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, and comes with "kindest change" to refresh the national mind by the calm investigations of science, after it has been heated by political strife.

The mere existence of a Society composed of between five and six hundred men of science, collected from different parts of the empire, who are met by nearly 600 more dwelling in Bristol and its neighbourhood, is calculated to excite a sentiment of national pride.

Almost every branch of precise knowledge seems, as might be expected, to be embraced by this Society; and we present the following to our readers as an abstract of the divisions under which every department of science is cultivated, and the names of the gentlemen who preside over each:—

Mathematical and Physical Science	Rev. W. Whewell.
Chemistry and Mineralogy	Professor Cumming.
Geology and Geography	Rev. Dr. Buckland.
Zoology and Botany	Professor Henslow.
Medical Science	Dr. Roget.
Statistics	Sir Charles Lemon.
Mechanical Science	Mr. Davies Gilbert.

Amongst these are some very celebrated names; but some of the Vice-Presidents and other functionaries are not less illustrious. We notice Sir D. Brewster, Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Babbage, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Henry, Mr. Herapath, Mr. Greenough, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Richardson, Mr. H. Hallam, with scores of others, equally or more eminent perhaps than these, whom we mention only because they were the first to catch our eye, or suggest the recollection of considerable scientific achievements. We are reminded, too, by recollecting the political opinions of some of those whose names we have written, that in the scientific halls of Bristol the Radical, the Tory, and the Whig, all meet as on neutral ground, and forget in the cultivation of science, the narrow opinions of these separate political parties.

In the Mathematical and Physical section, on the first day, the President read a paper on the construction of a theoretical Rock-Salt Lens; which, unfortunately, no workman has yet been found capable of making. Some skillful workman, it is hoped, however, may yet be found to grind it; though Sir David Brewster did not explain the advantages which will be derived from its great refracting power. Something was said about the tide, promised about the stars, and expected by next year—through appointing another committee, the researches of the first not having been successful—towards ascertaining the levels of the land and sea. One notable conclusion reported, we notice in the proceedings of the Mathematical and Physical Section on the first day; namely, that the height of the tide appears to depend on the barometer. Of course the reporter meant, the weight of the atmosphere as indicated by the barometer; and though the pilots all round the coast have come, we believe, to a similar practical conclusion long ago, the scientific deduction is not without its value; it refers the well-known fact to a general principle, and expresses it in scientific language.

On the 2nd day, the Section was engaged with experiments on waves, and with refractive indices. The polarizing structure of the crystalline lens after death, electro-galvanism as a moving power, a new anemometer, the mathematical theory of fluids, some algebraic formulæ, and naval architecture, also occupied its attention.

On the 3rd day, electrical repulsion, the mathematical theory of fluids, voltaic light, the laws of double refraction, and the integral calculus, were all taken into consideration. In each of the other Sections, a similar or greater variety of subjects, corresponding to the chief object of each Section, was served up; so that the most fastidious lover of scientific pic-nics might find something to his taste.

Among the subjects which seem, by the lengthened notice taken of them, to have excited most attention, was Dr. Richardson's introductory report on North-American Zoology; comprising a description of the physical geography and climate of that country. Judging from the brief account given of the paper, we should suppose it is the most scientific description of the configuration of the mountains and valleys of that immense continent, and the peculiar influence of that configuration on climate, and on some habits of animals, which has yet been presented to the world. Dr. Richardson brought under notice a new kind of wheat, of speedy growth, from South America; which Mr. Webb Hall would probably object to, as tending, particularly during such a season as the present, to prevent the price of wheat of old English growth on stiff clay lands, from rising to a remunerating price. Some ingenious gentlemen exhibited models to illustrate physical geography, which are hereafter to be coloured; and one (Mr. Griffith) praised the Ordnance Map of Ireland, as "enabling him to take hedges and fences with ease." Did he mean, in hunter's phrase, to leap over them? Professor Mosley read a useful paper on Locomotive Engines, as used on railroads; and he seems, in conjunction with Dr. Lardner, to have demonstrated that the expense of propelling carriages on inclined planes, was in all cases greater than the expense of constructing railroads on a perfect level. The latter gentleman has observed, that a very small quantity of dust on the rails adds very much to the friction; and he suggests the propriety of each wheel of a locomotive carriage being provided with a kind of watering-pot, to precede it a few inches, and continually wash the rail. Probably a brush running before the wheel might answer the purpose.

A series of ingenious experiments by Mr. Russell, of Edinburgh, on the resistance of the water to vessels impelled through it, were made known to the Society. They were remarkable for showing, that when a great degree of velocity is given to a vessel, such as twenty miles an hour, she skims, as it were, on the surface of the water, and hardly meets any resistance. At that velocity, we are inclined to say, the resistance of the water becomes so great, that it partakes rather of the properties of a solid than a fluid in relation to the moving body, which is carried over and not through it; as it would be carried along an inclined plane of wood or iron, and not through it, by a force applied at an angle to the line of the plane less than a right angle.

To mention some other topics which attracted attention—Professor Phillips gave the results of some examinations on subterranean temperature, which confirm the theory of its being greater than that of the atmosphere: in one case the thermometer below the surface for some time averaged 78 degrees, whilst in the external atmosphere it was only 48 degrees. A paper on arsenical poisons, by Mr. Herapath, and a description of an apparatus for the analysis of mixed gases, by Professor Hare of Philadelphia, were both considered interesting. Mr. Herapath also gave a new theory of the Aurora Borealis; stating his opinion that this phenomenon was only produced by electric clouds, gradually withdrawing and leaving streams of electric fluid behind: from which opinion, however, Dr. Dalton expressed his dissent. Among the curiosities must be noticed a living specimen of the *aranea avicularia*, exhibited by Mr. Rootsey, of which he gave a description. This is a monstrous species of spider, that sometimes seizes the eggs of small birds, particularly of humming-birds, and devours them. It was brought over alive from South America amongst some log-wood.

On the fourth day Andrew Crosse, Esq., of Broomfield, Somerset, came

forward, and stated that he came to Bristol to be a listener only, and with no idea that he should be called upon to address a Section. He was no geologist, and but a little of a mineralogist; he had, however, devoted much of his time to electricity, and he had lately been occupied in improvements in the voltaic power, by which he had succeeded in keeping it in full force for twelve months by water alone, rejecting acids entirely. Mr. Crosse then proceeded to state that he had obtained water from a finely-crystallized cave at Holwell, and by the action of the voltaic battery had succeeded in producing from that water in the course of ten days, numerous rhomboidal crystals, resembling those of the cave. In order to ascertain if light had any influence in the process, he tried it again in a dark cellar, and produced similar crystals in six days, with one-fourth of the voltaic power. He had repeated the experiments a hundred times, and always with the same results. He was fully convinced that it was possible to make even diamonds, and that at no distant period every kind of mineral will be formed by the ingenuity of man. By a variation of his experiments he had obtained blue and grey carbonate of copper, phosphate of soda, and twenty or thirty other specimens. If any members of the Association would favour him with a visit at his house, they would be received with hospitality, though in a wild and savage region on the Quantock hills, and he should be proud to repeat his experiments in their presence. Mr. C. sat down amidst long-continued cheering.

Professor Sedgwick said he had discovered in Mr. Crosse a friend, who some years ago kindly conducted him over the Quantock hills on the way to Taunton. The residence of that gentleman was not, as he had described it, in a wild and savage region, but seated amidst the sublime and beautiful in nature. At that time he was engaged in carrying on the most gigantic experiments, attaching voltaic lines to the trees of the forest, and conducting through them streams of lightning as large as the mast of a 74 gun-ship, and even turning them through his house with the dexterity of an able charioteer. Sincerely did he congratulate the Section on what they had heard and witnessed that morning. The operations of electrical phenomena, instances of which had been detailed to them, proved that the whole world, even darkness itself, was steeped in everlasting light, the first-born of heaven. However Mr. Crosse may have hitherto concealed himself, from this time forth he must stand before the world as public property.

Professor Phillips said the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Crosse and Mr. Fox would open a field of science in which ages might be employed in exploring and imitating the phenomena of nature.

The proceedings of the Botanical Section consisted of the conclusion of Dr. Richardson's report on the Zoology of North America, which was drawn up at the request of the Association; some remarks by Dr. Corbet on vegetable physiology, in which the absorption of different solutions into the circulating system was proved to be distinguished by the application of chemical tests, producing the distinguishing colours; a communication containing some general remarks on the reproductive spherules of the Marsiliaceæ of the cryptogamic class of plants; and a paper by J. B. Yates, Esq., on the vegetating wasp in the West Indies. The author was of opinion that the vegetative process in a cryptogamic plant commenced during the life of the insect; which was, however, doubted by many of the naturalists present, several instances likewise being given of a similar excrecence on silkworms and other insects. A communication was also made, by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, on the formation of peat, which he considered formed in stagnant waters, by successive layers and deposits of aquatic plants; when Mr. Mackay exhibited some specimens of pine-wood and leaves, in a remarkable fine state of preservation, found under a layer of peat sixteen feet in depth. In connexion with some remarks, by Mr. Royle, on the subject of caoutchouc, Mr. Rootsey gave his opinion that the elasticity of

the fibre of silk produced by the silkworm was owing to the plants on which it fed containing this substance, which he found to exist in mulberry leaves. Several specimens of different varieties of silk were also exhibited and presented to the members.

At the Statistical Section, an interesting communication was made by Professor Forbes, on the relative height, weight, and strength of the Belgian, English, Scotch, and Irish nations, the comparison being the least favourable to the former, and the most to the latter. The experiments from which these deductions were made, were conducted from those made by Professor Quetelet at the meeting of the Association in Cambridge. The average height of the Belgian was stated at 5 feet 7 8-10 inches: and Irish, 5 feet 10 1-10 inches. The strength of the Belgians was also less than that of the English by 50 lbs.; in every case of experiment, 25 years being taken as the age of maturity. Baron Charles Dupin, whose name has so long been known in connexion with English statistical inquiries, next exhibited two maps of this kingdom, in which the several counties were shaded according to the density of population and proportionate criminality. The deductions formed from his inquiries into the latter were as follows:—He calculated six different degrees of density of population to the 1000 acres—Firstly, 100 inhabitants to 1000 acres; secondly, 218; thirdly, 465; fourthly, 555; fifthly, 1100; and sixthly, which was in highly-populated counties, such as Middlesex, 7000 inhabitants to the 1000 acres. In the first district the proportion of offenders to the population would be 1 to 2963; in the second, 1 to 1427; in the third, 1 to 593; in the fourth, 1 to 550; in the fifth, 1 to 493; and in the sixth, 1 to 558. In Ireland the same proportionate regularity did not exist, as there society was not in such a state as to allow the laws to be fully developed; and, although the population was more condensed, there was less crime in the north than in the south; owing to the more industrious habits, greater degree of education and comfort of the inhabitants. Some curious comparisons were next given of the relative ages of prisoners in England and France, in which the proportion of juvenile offenders was much greater in this country. A paper was also read by Mr. Heyworth, being a report from the Statistical Society of Manchester on the state of education at Liverpool, the investigation of which had taken a period of nearly fifteen months to complete. It represented that of the lower order to be of a very incomplete description, as out of 62,700 children, 32,700 alone received instruction, whilst 30,000 were altogether destitute of it. A paper was then read by Mr. Fripp, on the statistics of education in Bristol.

On the fifth day, the papers read were by Mr. Whewell, on a new Anomometer. Professor Stevelly, on the Mathematical Rules for constructing Compensating Pendulums. Sir D. Brewster, on a contrivance by which he was enabled to render distinct the dark lines of the spectrum under the most unfavourable circumstances, and obtain other useful effects. Mr. Russell on Certain Elements of the Resistance of Fluids that appear to be intimately connected with the application of analysis. Dr. Hare on the Electric Spark. Dr. Carpenter on a System of Teaching the Blind to read, similar to Mr. Lucas's, &c.

Section B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.—The following papers were read: Some Improvements on the Voltaic Battery. By Mr. Crosse.—Observations on Atmospheric Electricity. By Mr. Crosse.—On a new Compound formed during the destructive distillation of Wood. By Mr. Scanlan.—On a peculiar Compound of Carbon and Potassium. By Professor E. Davy.—On a new Gaseous Bicaruret of Hydrogen. By Professor E. Davy.—On the Conductive Power of Iodine. By Dr. Inglis.—On Fluorine. By Mr. Know.—On detecting Strength of Spirits by diluting with water. By Mr. Black.—Communication on the Aurora Borealis. By Dr. Trail.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.—Lord Nugent read a communication respecting some sea rivulets in the Island of Cephalonia.—]

Charlesworth read an elaborate paper on some fallacies in Mr. Lyell's test, in determining the ages of tertiary deposits by the per centage of existing spheres.

Pyrenean Hot Springs.—Professor Forbes made a communication on the connection of the Pyrenean hot springs with the geology of the district, in which he gave an outline of the Pyrenees.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke stated the circumstance of two hot springs at Longfleet, near Poole, maintaining their temperature of 54 degrees in all seasons of the year.

Section E.—Medical Science.—Several valuable papers were read—valuable towards arriving at the true knowledge of disease, and of those remedies which are calculated the most easily to allay it, and that in the shortest space of time.

On the sixth day, Saturday, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone (on the Somersetshire side) of the New Clifton Suspension Bridge took place by the Marquis of Northampton, in the presence of the members of the British Association, and a vast concourse of spectators. The sight was an extremely imposing one. On the far-famed and magnificent rocks of Clifton and Leigh Woods, and, indeed, wherever a view of the ceremony could be obtained, multitudes were congregated to witness the commencement of a work of science and art such as the skill and ingenuity of man have never before attempted. The picturesque character of the scenery, the crowds congregated on the spot, the steam-vessels passing down the river, firing salutes in honour of the occasion, and the numerous smaller boats gaily decorated, flitting about on the stream below, presented an appearance that can never be forgotten. The car, or rather square box, in which Mr. Brunel had signified his intention of passing into the chasm, was drawn with much difficulty and apparent labour across the rod by means of pulleys. The inequalities in the rod, caused by a previous accident, might have rendered the experiment one of extreme danger to Mr. Brunel had he persevered in his intention of crossing in the car.

At twelve o'clock the general committee met in the chapter-room, for the purpose of making arrangements for the next meeting; 2270*l.* was voted for various scientific researches during the ensuing year. Liverpool was fixed upon for the seventh meeting of the British Association in September, 1837. The competing towns were Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, and Worcester. The Earl of Burlington was elected president for the ensuing year. The secretaries appointed were Dr. Dalton, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hergrey, and Mr. Parker, of Liverpool; local treasurer, — Turner, Esq.

VARIETIES.

Bank of England.—The quarterly return of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from 31st May to 23rd August, presents the following results, on comparison with the like return made up to the 26th of July:—The circulation of the Bank has increased in the sum of 121,000*l.*, and their deposits have increased in the sum of 301,000*l.* The securities in the possession of the Bank have increased in the amount of 1,030,000*l.*; whilst, during the same period, or rather since the last monthly return, the stock of bullion in the coffers of the Bank, to meet liabilities in paper and deposits, the same in effect, to the amount of 32,857,000*l.* has been reduced to 6,325,000*l.*, which is 601,000*l.* less than on the last return. The amount of the *rest* has increased in the small sum of 7000*l.* On the half-year, that is, from the 9th of February, the stock of bullion has decreased in the sum of 146,000*l.*; but the circulation has increased in the sum of 634,000*l.* On

the year, the stock of bullion has decreased in the sum of 1000*l.*, but the circulation has increased in the sum of 279,000*l.*; and, notwithstanding the late large investments in hand, the deposits on the year, have increased in the sum of 15,000*l.*

Railroads.—Bills have been obtained this Session of Parliament for nearly 1100 miles of road, requiring for rails, chains, carriages, and other works, at least 220,000 tons of iron, independently of that required for roads for which Bills had been previously obtained, and are now in active preparation; these will amount to about 70,000 tons, making a total of 290,000 tons probably in requisition for the next four years. To this may be added now for several extensive railroads now in the course of survey, and for which Bills will be solicited in the next Session of Parliament. When the iron required for railroads in this country is added to what will be in demand for roads now in actual progress in the United States, and on the Continent of Europe, we think that the iron-masters of this country may fairly look forward to a greatly increased demand for their produce for some time — *Mining Journal.*

A General Order has been promulgated, by the Secretary at War, abolishing the system of granting additional pay to soldiers who have completed certain periods of service; and substituting a scale of rewards (in the shape of additional pay and by honorary marks) for uninterrupted good conduct during specified periods. Under these regulations a soldier may, for a first offence of a serious nature, be adjudged, by the sentence of a court martial, to forfeit all or any part of the advantages he had derived from his previous good conduct, either absolutely, or for a longer or shorter period, according to the circumstances which shall have appeared in evidence.

The Militia — A Bill was passed in the late Session of Parliament for suspending the balloting for the militia, and the calling them out for exercise and training during the present year. This is the first time since the Peace that the period for which the men were enrolled in 1831, namely, for five years, has been allowed to expire without having had recourse to a fresh ballot to supply their places: consequently, the militia are, at present, rather an anomaly, the regiments having at this moment their staffs and officers only, there not being a single rank and file belonging to any regiment of militia in the United Kingdom. This branch of the service cannot now therefore be said to be attended with any great expense to the country.

London and Dublin Police.—By a Return, published by order of the House of Commons this Session, it appears that the metropolitan police force of London consists of 17 superintendents at 200*l.* a-year each; 70 inspectors at 100*l.* each; 342 sergeants at 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per week; and about 3000 constables, at 1*s.* a week. In Dublin, the chief constables have 92*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* a-year, the peace-officers, 14*s.* 3*d.* a week; patrol constables, 11*s.* 8*d.*; and watchmen, 9*s.* 3*d.*

Report on the Poor-Laws.—The second annual report of the Poor-law Commissioners has been presented to the House of Lords by the Marquess of Lansdowne. It now appears that the savings during the year 1835 were 800,000*l.* During the parochial year, ending in March, 1836, the savings were, in round numbers, 1,800,000*l.* The savings in the expenses of litigation alone were upwards of 86,000*l.* during the last year, or just double the whole of the expenses of the new central machinery of commissioners, the secretary, assistant-secretaries, and the twenty-one assistant-commissioners, &c. The Report, it is said, settles the problem of a surplus of population, by showing the entire absorption of the apparent surplus, and the general employment of the agricultural labourers at good wages, together with the employment of their children. So scarce has labour been in some of the dispauperised districts, notwithstanding the absorption of the alleged surplus,

that the farmers have been compelled to bring into use again the machines which were put aside in consequence of the agricultural riots in 1830. This has been accomplished in districts which were but recently complaining loudly of distress, and where there has been no assistance from demand for labour in the new railroads, or from emigration. Districts in Essex and Norfolk, and other places, which have not yet received the aid of the new measures, are as deeply prostrated as ever. In some of the metropolitan parishes, nearly three fourths of the rates will be saved, and reductions equally great in several of the rural districts.

The object of the Common Fields Inclosure Bill, just passed, is solely to facilitate by one general measure the inclosing of common fields, the lands in which had been already defined by some known landmarks, but in using which much inconvenience was experienced, the allotments being intermixed and dispersed and the proprietors possessing no powers to fence and inclose. Its provisions will not affect downs or open commons.

It appears by the twelfth Report of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry, that, in 1821, when the revenue was above twenty six millions, the total number of persons employed in the Excise Department was 7077, and their salaries \$31 052/—and now when the revenue is only 10 800,000/, there are no fewer than 5780 persons employed, whose salaries amount to 706,237 1/. And as it is not alleged that there was any deficiency either of officers or salaries in 1821, it necessarily follows that both the one and the other must be grossly excessive at present.

Punishment of Death.—The Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments have issued an Address, in which they state that experimental proofs of the inefficacy of capital punishments might be adduced to a vast extent. Our own times afford a practical testimony against them. The criminal returns prove, for instance, that there has been less horse stealing in the last six years, without any execution whatever, than in the preceding six year, with thirty eight executions—that there has been less sheep stealing during the three years elapsed since the abolition of capital punishment than during the three previous years—that there have been fewer acts of burglary and house breaking in the last three years, with only two executions, than in the three years ending with 1829, when thirty eight persons suffered death for those offences. But not so of other crimes, for which capital punishment still continues: they have increased. Attention is directed to the melancholy fact of the frequent infliction of the punishment of death in Great Britain, compared with other civilized countries. In France, by the penal code of 1832, its enactment is almost exclusively limited to the crimes of treason, murder, and setting fire to a dwelling, being sparingly inflicted even for these. In Prussia, during three years ending with 1834, but six persons underwent this punishment while the number of those who suffered in England and Wales during the same period was 124, or, allowing for difference of population, nearly twenty times as many as in Prussia. Does not this superior tenderness for human life, in an absolute state, reflect shame upon constitutional England? In Holland and in Austria, as well as in the German States, sanguinary punishments are exceedingly rare and in Belgium the discontinuance of the capital penalty, during five successive years, has been accompanied by a diminution in the number of murders. Thus experience proves, that, in order to render the laws against crime reformatory, they must cease to be revengeful. If the people of England would have a more effective system of justice for the protection of both property and life, let them petition Parliament for such a full and complete revision of their criminal code as will be consistent with Christian civilization and morals, and will therefore—instead of enlisting the sympathies of the public on behalf of offenders—obtain, for the law itself, the respect and voluntary co-operation of the people.

The costs and charges for collecting the public money from five sources of the revenue only amount to 3,550,238*l.* The distribution is as follows:—Customs, 1,356,725*l.*; Excise, 1,072,392*l.*; Stamps, 203,813*l.*; Taxes, 209,372*l.*; and Post-office, 678,387*l.* The expense incurred in erecting the new General Post-office, Dublin, is 115,401*l.*; and of St. Martin's-le-Grand, 237,863*l.* There are 90 distinct Acts of Parliament which regulate these five branches of public revenue.

The expenses incurred for the Houses of Parliament since the fire appear, by a paper just published by the House of Commons, to have been 45,581*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*: namely,—for erecting the temporary houses, 32,140*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*, and for furniture, 13,441*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; of the latter, 5,317*l.* 12*s.* has been expended on the House of Peers, and 8,023*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* on the House of Commons.

Bills of Exchange.—An act of Parliament has just passed, which settles a disputed point in regard to bills of exchange, and which ought, therefore, to be known to men of business generally. The point alluded to is that respecting acceptors or referees for honour, in which no uniform practice existed, some houses presenting the bills so marked on the day when they became due, and others on the day after. It is now declared, however, that it shall not be necessary to present such bills of exchange until the day following that on which they become due; and if the address of the acceptors or referees for honour shall be in any other place than that in which the bills shall be made payable, they need not be forwarded until the day succeeding that on which they become due. If the following day shall be either Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day, they need not be presented or forwarded until the day succeeding such day of non-business.

Two-Wheel Carriages.—By an Act just passed, exemption is granted for any carriage with less than four wheels (not let to hire) drawn by one horse only, whatever may be the construction of the carriage—provided the value of the carriage, together with the cushions or other articles used, shall not exceed the value of 21*l.*, and shall be marked with the name, residence, and occupation of the owner, in Roman letters of two inches at least in height, and of a proportionate breadth. This latter requisition it is intended rigidly to enforce.

Dr. Dalton, who has for many years turned his attention to the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, says that he has satisfied himself that its average quantity is one part in 1000. He is also of opinion that the quantity of this gas in the atmosphere is constantly the same in town and country, and that even in a crowded theatre it seldom rises to one per cent.

In the year 1835 there were distilled in Ireland 11,161,580 gallons of proof spirits, which was nearly equal to the distillation of England and Scotland in the same period. The amount of duty on last year's consumption in Ireland, was 1,327,309*l.*

Newspaper Statistics.—In Spain, there are 12 newspapers; in Portugal, 17; in Switzerland, 36; in Belgium, 62; in Denmark, 80; in Austria, 82; in Russia and Poland, 84; in Holland, 170; in Great Britain, 274; in Prussia, 288; in the other Germanic States, 305; in Australia, 9; in Africa, 12; in Asia, 27; and in America, 1138. The total number of newspapers published in Europe, is 2148.

Foreign Wines.—The number of gallons of foreign wines, upon which duty has been paid, for home consumption, for the year ending 5th January, 1836, was as follows:—Cape wine, 522,941 gallons; French, 293,635; Madeira, 154,433; Portugal, 2,866,015; Spanish, 2,314,884; Rhenish, 51,243; Canary, 53,976; Fayal, 1906; Sicilian, &c., 380,913; total, 6,640,533 gallons. The duty on Cape wine is 2*s.* 9*d.* per gallon, and on all the other sorts, 5*s.* 6*d.* The net amount of duty was 1,691,508*l.*

It appears from a Parliamentary paper that the number of licensed brewers in England is 2099, who consume 16,412,440 bushels of malt; of victuallers 54,551, of whom 36,962 brew their own beer, and consume 6,521,797 bushels of malt. There are 36,536 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, of whom 14,840 brew their own beer, and consume 3,702,417 bushels of malt; and of the 4118 licensed sellers of beer not to be drunk on the premises, 987 who brew their own beer consume 218,616 bushels of malt. In Scotland 242 brewers consume 988,800 bushels of malt; and out of 17,026 victuallers there are 335 who brew their own beer, and consume 140,380 bushels. In Ireland there are 245 brewers, whose consumption of malt is 1,829,587 bushels.

Regulations for conveying Newspapers by Post.—Newspapers sent by the general, or delivered by the twopenny post, and *vice versa*, will be henceforth free of postage. Newspapers sent by twopenny post only, to pay 1d.; as likewise those sent within limits of the delivery of post-towns. Newspapers open at the sides, to and from the colonies, are free of postage, if by post-office packets; if by other vessels, to be charged 1d. Newspapers to or from all foreign countries to pay 2d., except where the nation to which the newspaper is sent sends and receives newspapers free of postage, when no postage is charged, unless sent by other than a packet-vessel, when 1d. is to be charged. The above-named rate of 2d. to be again chargeable, at the discretion of the postmaster general. No paper to go free except in an open cover, so that it may be freely examined. No writing or mark other than the address allowed, and all papers to go free must be put into the post offices within seven days after their date, if going out of the kingdom. The postmasters empowered to charge treble postage on all papers marked. Newspapers may be sent by any other conveyance than by the post. Papers re directed, if not opened, are forwarded free.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Paris Political Journals.—Circulation of the Paris Political Journals on the 1st of June and the 1st of August last:—

	June 1.	Aug. 1.
Débats	9400	8320 Loss 1080
Gazette de France	9800	8200 Loss 1600
Constitutionnel	9300	8180 Loss 1120
Temps	6200	5500 Loss 700
Journal Général de France	3600	4200 Increase 600
Courrier Français	6300	4050 Loss 2250
Quotidienne	4400	3330 Loss 1100
National	4200	3270 Loss 930
Bon Sens	2300	2050 Loss 250
Journal de Paris	2200	2400 Increase 200
L'Echo Français	2100	1950 Loss 150
Impartial	1500	1800 Increase 300
Messenger	1500	1750 Increase 250
Moniteur	1900	1700 Loss 200
Le Siècle	—	1700
La Presse	—	1550
Commerce	1400	1400 Stationary
La Paix	2530	1300 Loss 1200
La France	1100	1250 Increase 150

Russian Imports and Exports—In the course of the year 1835 the value of goods imported into Russia was 244,857,044 rubles, being 5,012,217 rubles less than in 1834. The value of the exports in the same year was 237,640,246 rubles, being 4,777,827 rubles less than in 1834. The receipt of the Customs was 79,000,000 rubles, being 2,000,000 less than 1834.—*Journal de St. Petersburg*, Aug. 11.

The French Courts have lately pronounced some important sentences, of which the repetition may prove fatal to the system of duelling. They have given damages to the widow or orphan, to be levied on the slayer. The Royal Court of Bordeaux seems to have set the example, by giving the widow Cheurlet damages against Dethoul, who had killed her husband in a duel. It applied the same principle in another case, and an appeal being made to the Court of Cassation, the sentence was confirmed. The trial of young Sivey, for killing M. Dutrepane in a duel, occupied the Assize Court of Paris for many days, and it terminated by a verdict of damages in favour of the widow.

New Island—The rocks which have gradually appeared near the surface of the sea in the Gulf of Santorini, in the Grecian Archipelago, continue to rise so rapidly, that in 1810 (should they continue to do so in the same proportion) they will be worthy of the name of an island. The volcano has been supposed to be extinct, but this lifting up of the soil would show, that, during the last fifty years, it has made many efforts at eruption.

Java—The Batavian Journals contain a very long report on the measures taken within the last two years for extending the cultivation of rice in Java. From this it results that, since 1831, there have been brought into this cultivation 25,000 parcels of land of 5000 square ells each, to which there will be shortly added 67 000 parcels. In 1833 the aggregate quantity of these settlements in produce was 1,100,000 fulis of wet rice, and 250,000 of dry rice. Of these fields 11 000 are now employed for the cultivation of sugar and indigo, but they will be greatly more than replaced by the quantity of land drained for the growth of rice.

Scientific Congress of France—The fourth general meeting of the Scientific Congress of France was opened on the 11th September, at Blois. M. de la Saussaye is appointed secretary general. Among the various men of science invited from England, are the Earl of Munster, Dr. Roget, Dr. Charles Holland, Messrs. Children, Carlisle, Pratt, Hopkins, of Cambridge, and Spencer Smith, F.R.S.

Fossils—Dr. Klippstein has in the environs of Alzei, found a head of the *Dinotherium giganteum* in perfect preservation. This is probably the most colossal of all ante-diluvian animals, and the existence of which was first pointed out by the renowned zoologist, Dr. Cuvier. The head is six feet long, and three and a half broad. At one thousand feet below the surface in the mines of Anzin, an entire fossil palm-tree has been found, in an upright position. Its roots pierced the soil to a depth of several feet, its trunk measured thirty six feet in diameter.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Results of the Harvest—Prospects for Speculators—Mr. Lefevre's Pamphlet—Backwardness of the Bailey Harvest—Increased Consumption of Malt in England and Ireland—Important Advantages derivable by the Farmer from a Knowledge of the Leading Principles affecting his Business—Mr Webb Hall's Communications to the Bristol Meeting—The satisfactory Termination of the late Parliamentary Inquiry relative to Agriculture—Exportation of Hay to America, &c

THE first object of inquiry to the agriculturist is doubtless the range of price in the markets, metropolitan and provincial, for upon this he must form his calculations of future advance or depression, and must regulate according to this appearance his determination to hold or sell. It seems to our judgment that there never was a period when it was more difficult to separate the false from the true than at present. The wheat harvest in England except in the extreme northern parts, was undoubtedly well conducted and prosperously concluded, yet few new samples of fine quality have been shown. In Mark lane, especially, they are described to have been moist and smutty. Yet price has advanced but little—that is of the new—for the old are of course in demand to mix with the new, and at better rates. Still, however, the miller 'buys from hand to mouth,' and it is not yet time for the speculator to come upon the ground, for he whose purposes to hold till opportunity of profit shall arise, must purchase such a commodity as will bear the keeping. There are indeed three considerations which affect the markets—first, the fact—the known fact—that of the abundance of the last two, and even three years, a stock still remains, which not only indicates a production more than equal to the consumption, but that the time is coming when the loss of interest of capital—the loss also from expense of warehousing, and of waste and care, must impel the holders to come to sale, particularly now that old wheat fetches a higher price. The second is the belief that the wheat-crop of this year is an average crop at the least—and then, thirdly, that the flail is not yet in full work, and that the supply now withheld must ultimately be brought forward, while the buyers, especially the millers, will take off no more than their immediate wants require, till a more perfect understanding of the relation of the crop to the consumption can be ascertained. These causes, with a slight additional allowance for weather, govern the amounts of purchase and sale, which at present afford few or no data for any permanent judgment. May we hazard to declare weaken to the belief that wheat will not long maintain even its existing rate? The probability indeed may be, that for some time there will be a wide difference between the price of old and new, between that which is really sound and good and that which is soft, and worse in quality, especially since the estimate of general quality is necessarily lowered by the inferior condition of the new wheats already shown. But the main question still remains—is the supply more than equal to the demand? The answer must be—it has been for the last three years, and should the growth of the present harvest even turn out, as it probably is, a little below those of the years before cited, there will still remain enough of the old stocks in hand to keep the supplies in the market equal to the demand. If these facts and inferences be true, and we do not perceive how they can be controverted, the flour-manufacturer will buy sparingly, and only enough to keep his mills on, whilst no merchant will be hardy enough to speculate for an advance. We found this opinion, drawn not only from personal observation of the crops previous to harvest, but upon the decisions of the Committees of Parliament to make no Report—decisions obviously founded upon the single simple truth that English growth has supplied English consumption in its most active state, and for a longer period than has lately intervened between harvest and

Agricultural Report.

harvest. The Chairman of the Committee of the Commons, Mr. S. Lefevre's pamphlet is conclusive upon this head.

This, we say, is conclusive, as far as fact and just inference can make it. The whole of Mr. Lefevre's tract (which he has published at 3d., that it may command the largest possible circulation) deserves the strictest attention, especially from the tenantry, who will there find the strongest possible support given to the facts and reasoning we have from time to time brought forward, to prove that the protecting duties have operated as a mere delusion to draw off the farmer's capital into the pockets of the landlord and the parson.

It were to be wished that the barley harvest had been finished with as much success as the wheat, and such is by no means the case. Whether from late sowing, or the absence of solar heat, this portion of the crop was undoubtedly much more backward, not only than the wheat, but than is generally the case. At this moment, all round the coast, from east to north, a considerable quantity remains out, and a good deal is not even cut. That which has remained on the swathe, from the rains affording too few and short intervals to allow it to be carted and stacked, has lost its colour and is grown. We have seen pieces which have lain near three weeks, the straw being all but black, and the grain entirely so; this must necessarily raise the price of the bright. A rise of price may also be contemplated from the large quantities consumed, chiefly in consequence of the flourishing condition of employment in the manufacturing districts, for we apprehend there is no portion of an artisan's expenditure so much increased by large earnings, as the article of malt liquors. Indeed, the increased consumption of malt (in London especially) declares the fact. Ireland is also consuming much more than formerly, and the importation of barley into London from that country forms a very curious item in the statistics of the corn-trade. In 1829-30, only 635 quarters came in. In three years the importation increased to something more than 5700. It then fell to 82; in the second year after 1834-5, it increased to no less than 42,885 quarters, and the last year has brought us only a little more than 7000: so capricious appears to be this item. But more barley was sown this year than heretofore, and from the price it now fetches, and will fetch, there can be little doubt that more will be sown; thus tending to equalize, by the only real efficient, the supply of wheat and barley. Nothing is so important to the farmer, as to be taught how grand and leading principles affect his trade. There can now be no question that bright and sound barley will be in demand, and bring very high rates during the whole year. Nothing can contravene this result, but the eagerness of the farmer to possess himself of the market. As the season of wheat setting is now coming on, we would earnestly commend to the attention of growers the experiments, and their general results, communicated by Mr. Webb Hall to the British Association at Bristol. That agriculturist has addressed himself to the investigation not only of soils best adapted to the growth of wheat, but to the possibility of producing it in half the time at present employed—that is to say, by sowing in Spring instead of Autumn. In spite of all that has been done, it is one of the wonders of the time that chemistry has yet effected so little for agriculture. But the fault lies with the farmer, who is certainly the least inquiring of all inquirers in this age of inquiry: Sir Humphry Davy's book upon the subject is so little known, that I think in the course of my whole and rather extensive acquaintance with agriculturists, I never met with above two farmers who had read it, and with not one who had thought it worth while to pursue the use of that extraordinary man's experiments. The treatment of soils is, in the general, mere matter of practice and of example. We do not presume to impugn the value of experience, but surely when we see so many advantages derived from research (the turnip and drill husbandry, and the bone manure, are pregnant instances), surely it is sufficiently obvious that recourse should be had to first principles.

Amongst these, the first must be the composition and nature of the soil. Gardeners (florists especially) know that particular composts form the food of plants and flowers, which they most prefer, and upon which they best thrive. What is done upon a small, may be done upon a large scale; and experiments may always be tried upon a small, before they are adapted to a large extent, without hazard or loss. All agriculturists deserving the name, agree that their art is in its infancy, because it has been so little directed by science. We must then applaud Mr. Webb Hall's endeavours, and we recommend them as an example to all who desire to improve the first of arts, and that of the first necessity, if not the most beneficial to mankind.

The country is by no means satisfied with the termination of the Parliamentary inquiry, for the provincial newspapers teem with letters addressed to the different Members calling upon them for explanations. The distress, indeed, is a little puzzling in its details. In 1822 the cry was even louder and more universal than at present; yet it will be found, by reference to Returns made by order of the House of Commons, that the prices of corn far exceeded those of the last year, *e. g.*:—1822—wheat, 72s. 2d.; barley, 37s. 10d.; oats, 25s. 6d.; 1836—wheat, 56s. 3d.; barley, 31s. 10d.; oats, 22s. In any other trade such a depression would have been utter ruin to the dealer, presuming his expenses to have remained at anything like the same rate. But herein is the solution. The expenses are all decreased, and if an accurate calculation were made from actual accounts, it would be perceptible that agriculture is now in a far better state, taking meat and wool into the computation, than it was at that time.

The turnips are partially recovered from the attack of the tenthredo, and in most instances renewed by fresh sowing, especially by replacing the Swedes by later sorts. They will, however, in most districts, be found deficient; but we have remarked for many years, that the provision of a superabundance a farmer has been taught to make by the uncertainty of the crop, provides something approaching a compensation. In good years there is always a great quantity that falls to mere manure. For this reason we are apt to believe that the loss will not be so seriously felt this year as it was last. We have seen one instance which may induce a suspicion that the farmer has been too precipitate in deciding upon the destruction of the crop by the black-jack. In a piece of forty acres of Swedes, fifteen acres appeared to be so totally divested of leaves, that the farmer ploughed them up, and resowed the land with the white loaf. For experiment's sake, he left a part of one ridge next the hedge, though as completely divested of the leaves as the rest. At this moment, this ridge presents the most flourishing leaves in the field, and the apples are increasing vigorously. The whites are still small, and will not be half as good. In the event of another visitation of the canker, this may be worth remembering.

It forms a curious item in the agricultural commerce of this country, that we are now exporting hay to America. A vessel is about to sail with a cargo of 10,000 stones of hay from Aberdeen, and a larger will follow from the Clyde. Of course we are led to presume that the trusses have been subjected to the compression of the hydraulic press, and that the bulk has been thus reduced.

The last phenomenon of this day's market (Mark-lane, September 19) has been the influx of something more than 13,000 quarters of wheat, and the consequent fall of price and dulness of trade: thus realizing our conjectures at the beginning of this article, notwithstanding the previous rise of price in almost all the provincial markets.

Imperial averages, September 9.—Wheat, 47s. 9d.; barley, 34s. 6d.; oats, 23s. 7d.; rye, 32s. 4d.; beans, 41s. 5d.; peas, 35s. 9d.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hint to Gardeners.—A gardener at Hastings, whose fruit-trees had been much infected by the black caterpillar, having found that some gooseberry-bushes, which were under an elder-tree, and caught the dripping from its leaves, were quite free from the vermin, turned his discovery to account; and, making a strong decoction of elder-leaves, found, by being sprinkled on the trees, that it destroyed the insect most completely.

A Parliamentary Return, directed by the Tithe Commutation Act, has been published, showing the average prices of grain during seven years previous to, and ending at, Christmas last. The result is—wheat, per bushel, 7s. 1½d.; barley, per ditto, 3s. 11½d.; oats, per ditto, 2s. 9d. The general average of wheat lately per week has been only 6s. 1½d. per bushel, or 48s. 10d. per quarter; but the price above given (and which is to be the basis of the Tithe Commutation) will be found to amount to 56s. 10d. per quarter. *

The Somersetshire mode of thatching is preferable to all others. It consists in using unbruised straw, provincially called reed, instead of bruised straw with the ears on it. The practice of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, in this respect, is an example to all England, which we are surprised has not been more generally followed. The mode of preparing the straw is to take a sheaf of wheat and to place it in a reed-press, made of two pieces of timber ten feet long, put on a stool, and having women to lay hold of the ears of corn, who draw out the straw and cut off the ears, and then binding up the sheaf for use. In this process women are usefully employed in wet weather, and the corn is much more easily thrashed when in short ears than when encumbered with the straw. The thatching work done with the reed will last ten years longer than that done with the common straw, and as to the appearance there is no comparison; one is an elegant neat covering, and the other a slovenly ragged one. Many gentlemen, possessing fancy cottages and rural habitations, have been so struck with the neat and picturesque appearance of the cottages in the three western counties, as to have sent for persons to prepare reed for them in the counties where their dwellings are situate.—*Barter's Library of Agriculture and Horticultural Knowledge.*

Letters from different parts of Ireland speak of arrangements being contemplated to introduce bone manure, hitherto much neglected in that country, into use, on a grand scale. Twenty bushels ground into dust are said to be the proper quantity for each acre of land. Its effects are astonishing; vegetation is quickened, and the young plant soon gets into that state that it is no longer assailable by the destroying fly. The expense of bone manure mixed with other manures which may advantageously be connected with it, seems to be about 1l. per cartload. Large supplies of bones, however, are now pouring in from abroad, and it is more than suspected that some of our continental neighbours scruple not to sell the bones of their "buried ancestors" to the merchant. If such be the case the supply is not likely soon to fall off, and the price may be expected to decline; but, according to the views of experienced agriculturists both in Scotland and in England at present, the value of the article is moderate.

USEFUL ARTS.

A Parliamentary grant of 1500l. has lately been made for establishing a "School of Design in the Arts connected with Manufactures." The carrying of this plan into effect is to be intrusted to certain persons of competent judgment in the Arts, subject to such regulations as shall be made by the

Board of Trade. There is to be a normal school of design in connexion with a museum, with a provision for lectures, which shall embrace the art of colouring and the chemistry of colours. The establishment is to consist of a curator, or director, and two masters, with one or more attendants. The public is to be admitted to certain lectures, on paying a small fee. The school is to be divided into four classes:—1. Drawing in outline, perspective, and drawing-board practice. 2. The same, with the addition of light and shade. 3. With the addition of water and body colour. 4. Composition and imaginative design generally. A lecturer to be appointed to give special instruction on the chemistry of colours, as well as other necessary arts. The museum is to be supplied with a proper collection of books, with casts of the best ornamental works, and a collection of accurate and well-coloured drawings and prints on botany and zoology. It is recommended also that the best of our own and foreign manufactured articles should find a place in the institution.

An ingenious plan has been formed to stop waggons, coaches, or other carriages, which may have been run away with by horses. It is simply to apply the governor used to steam-engines, so as to bring a brake into operation. The governor consists of revolving balls, which act as equalizers and regulators of motion, and effectually check extreme velocity.

John Michell, a very ingenious smith, of Redruth, has constructed a model of a high-pressure steam-engine, complete in all its parts, and worked by means of condensed air in the most perfect manner. The material of which it is made is silver; the weight of the model 150 grains, occupying about half a square inch of space; and the whole was wrought on the large anvil in a blacksmith's shop!

NEW PATENTS.

To Nathan Bailey, of Leicester, in the county of Leicester, framesmith, for his invention of certain improvements in, or additions to, machinery for manufacturing stocking fabric.

To John Thomas Betts, of Smithfield-bars, in the city of London, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Webster Flockton, of the Spa-road, Bermondsey, in the county of Surrey, turpentine and tar distiller, for his invention of certain improvements in preserving timber.

To John Archibald, of the parish of Alva, in the county of Stirling, in the kingdom of Scotland, manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for carding wool, and doffing, straightening, piercing, roving, and drawing rolls or carding of wool.

To Ramsey Richard Reineagle, of Albany-street, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of improvements in the construction of carriages for the conveyance of persons and goods, or merchandise.

To Thomas Bluns, of Mornington-place, in the Hampstead-road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of improvements in railways, and in the steam-engines to be used thereon, and for other purposes.

To Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial-road, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of a new or improved screen for intercepting or stopping the radiant heat arising or proceeding from the boilers and cylinders of steam-engines.

To John Burns Smith, of Salford in the county of Lancaster, spinner, and John Smith, of Halifax in the county of York, dyer, for their invention of a certain method or methods of tentering, stretching, or keeping out cloth to its width, made either of cotton, silk, wool, or any other fibrous substances, by machinery.

To Henry Pershouse Parkes, of Dudley, in the county of Worcester, iron merchant, for his invention of improvements in flat pit chains.

To Joseph Douglas, of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, rope-maker, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of oakum.

To Edward Light, of Royal-street, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, civil engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in propelling vessels and other floating bodies.

To William Newton, of the Office for Patents, Chancery-lane, in the county of Middlesex, for improvements in the means of producing instantaneous ignition, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Robert Allen Hurlock, of Whaddon, in the county of Cambridge, clerk, for his invention of improvements in axle-trees.

To Joshua Butters Bacon, of Regent-square, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the structure and combination of certain apparatus employed in the generation and use of steam.

To William Fothergill Cooke, of Bellayse College, in the county of Durham, Esq., for his invention of improvements in winding up springs, to produce continuous motion, applicable to various purposes.

To Joseph Hall, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, in the county of Middlesex, plumber, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of salt.

To Francois de Tausch, of Percy-street, Bedford-square, in the county of Middlesex, mil-

lary engineer to the King of Bavaria, for his invention of improvements in apparatus or machinery for propelling of vessels for raising water, and for various other purposes.

To Thomas Guantley, of the town and county of the town of Nottingham, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making lace and other fabrics, commonly called warp machinery.

To George Leach, of 25, Norfolk-street, in the parish of Islington, in the county of Middlesex, carpenter, for his invention of a certain improved method of connecting window sashes and shutters, such as are usually hung and balanced by lines and counter weights, with the lines by which they are so hung.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUG. 23, TO SEPT. 23, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 23.—H. STEVENS and T. STEVENS, Newington-causeway, Surrey, drapers. S. MICHAEL, Great Clyde-street, Glasgow, warehouseman. W. TOPPIS and T. TOPPIS, Nottingham, drapers. S. HOLLAND, Nottingham, lace-maker. C. H. GREENHOW, North Shields, ship-broker. W. THURTELL, Wighton, Norfolk, miller. R. PARK, Kingston-upon Hull, underwriter.

Aug. 26.—D. JONES, Liverpool, auctioneer. C. EVANS, Manchester, banker. G. COLLIER, Wellington, Shropshire, mercer. T. BOWLING, Shrewsbury, perfumer. D. M. CROOK, Cheltenham, draper.

Aug. 30.—J. W. COSTER, George's-place, Holloway, colourman. J. WILKS, Walling-street, Irish linen warehouseman. R. ROGERS, Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper. J. B. HEDGES, Croydon, grocer. J. SMITH, Goldsmith-street, warehouseman. W. C. HOBSON, Dublin, map-seller. E. JOHNSON, Lostock Gralam, Cheshire, tanner. W. JOHNSON, Wincham, Cheshire, tanner.

Sept. 2.—L. HYMAN and S. LEVI, Plymouth, jewellers. J. SAVILL, Holborn-bridge, baker. J. TWIST, Selby, Yorkshire, timber-merchant. T. BEALE and H. D. BEALE, Birmingham, saddlers.

Sept. 6.—J. LOADER, Hungerford-street, Strand, furnishing ironmonger. J. C. GEDYS, Dawlish, Devonshire, music-seller. E. MARSON, Manchester, hosiery manufacturer. H. SAELE, Bristol, wine and spirit seller. P. GANS, Manchester, cotton-planter. J. MILLER and J. CARPER, Sheffield, stove-grate manufacturers. J. MOXON, Manchester, hosier. T. WILLIAMS, Bristol, tailor. W. CROSLY, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. J. CHESTERTON, Worcester, victualler.

Sept. 9.—J. ALPS, Basinghall-street, hosier. J. JACKSON, Colbrook, draper. R. SMITH, Regent-street, woollen-draper. T. YOUNG, Nailson, Somersetshire, draper. W. H. HOWARD, Cheltenham, upholsterer, G. STE-

VENSON, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder. J. CUNNINGTON, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder. W. H. GALL, Bristol, builder. S. MARTIN, Nottingham, joiner.

Sept. 13.—J. H. SWAN, Ryde, Isle of Wight, hatter. J. HAYES, Clapton-terrace, surgeon. W. CROSBY, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. J. CHARTERS, Manchester, joiner. J. V. JOSE, Reeds, Cornwall, coal-merchant. T. ROWLANDSON, Liverpool, victualler. R. MRADEN, Manchester, innkeeper. T. HILL, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler. J. T. HILL, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler. T. H. DOBBS, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, innkeeper. J. BANKS, Keswick, Cumberland, black lead-pencil manufacturer. W. POULTON, Broad Leaze, Wiltshire, cattle salesman.

Sept. 16.—W. T. WESTON, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, coal merchant. E. W. WILLIAMS, Gerrard-street, Soho, grocer. J. A. MOLTENO, Pall-mall, print-seller. F. W. JACKSON and T. WILLIAMS, Bristol, woollen-drapers. W. BRUXTON, jun., Gloucester, auctioneer and appraiser. J. MENHAM, Stonehouse, Devonshire, shipowner. T. R. FERNISS, Bolton, Lancashire, jeweller. J. LOOKER, Oxford, scrivener.

Sept. 20.—J. CHRISTMAS and W. HART, Church passage, Rotherhithe, cement-manufacturers. R. SPENCER, Fenchurch street, commission agent. J. H. WALDUCK, Birmingham, wine-dealer. G. RICKARDS, Up-ton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, maltster. G. LAWTON, York, dealer. J. WATTS, Bristol, bootmaker.

Sept. 23.—J. WICKS, Basinghall-street, warehouseman. C. PERRY, Billiter-street, Lendenhall-st., dealer in watches. C. ADERS, Crutched-frs., merchant. T. WELCH and J. SELLS, New Islington, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. G. FRANCIS and T. FRANCIS, jun., Cambridge, corn-merchants. J. TEASDALE and G. A. SWALES, Sheffield, timber-merchants.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

NORWITHSTANDING the check which, through the instrumentality of the Bank of England, has been given to the too luxuriant growth of commercial and manufacturing speculation, and the severe pressure for money which has resulted from it, the accounts from all the leading manufacturing districts concur in representing the state of affairs as most cheering. In every direction and in all departments of industrial application, labour and ingenuity can scarcely keep pace with the demand for their creations.

In the Market for Colonial produce, the effects of the scarcity of money have been more evident and have caused a considerable degree of languor. The abstinence from making purchases has not however led to any reduction of the quotations of West India Sugar, as it is known that the grocers and refiners are nearly out of stock; and the deficiency in first hands together with the short arrivals therefore induce a disposition in the importers to hold firmly. The quotations are, for Jamaica, brown, 66s. 6d. to 67s. 6d.; middling to good, 67s. 6d. to 70s.; fine, 71s. 6d.

Mauritius and East India Sugars are equally dull: of the former the prices recently realized by public auction are, for heavy brown, 53s. to 60s. 6d.; fair and good brown, 61s. to 64s.; middling yellow, 65s. 6d. and 66s. 6d.; good and fine yellow, 67s. 6d. to 69s. 6d.

In Foreign Sugars scarcely a transaction has lately taken place; and of that which has been offered at public sale nearly the whole has been taken in at moderate prices.

The only business at present doing in Refined Sugars is for Shipping; and the price obtained is 45s. 6d. for double crushed.

The West India Coffee Market is even more inactive; not a cask has recently been offered for public sale, and the grocers merely purchase for their immediate occasions; but the importers do not appear disposed to submit to any reduction. In Foreign Coffee the demand is limited to Brazil of fine quality.

Rum fully maintains its price, espe-

cially for the middling and superior descriptions; Jamaica, 29 to 36 over proof, brings 4s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.; fine quality, 36 over, 4s. 9d.; Demerara, 32 to 34 over, 4s. 2d. A Government contract for 75,000 gallons is advertised; the present stock falls short of that of last season by 3,000 puncheons.

The Cotton Market is at the present moment in a state of inactivity, the transactions being suspended in contemplation of the approaching public sales of upwards of 9000 bales; the prices recently obtained have been, for Bengal, 4½d. to 6½d.; Surat, 4½d. to 6½d.; Madras, 7d.

The public sales of Wool which have just concluded, comprised 6818 bales of Colonial and 2182 bales of sundry descriptions of Foreign. The Wools from Australia and Van Diemen's Land were in much worse condition than those of the July sales, being almost entirely in the grease, and a portion of them altogether unwashed, a great scarcity of water having existed. This together with the want of money caused a reduction in the rates of from 5 to 7 per cent.; superior qualities however sold readily at full former prices.

The approaching sale of upwards of 7000 chests of Indigo, and the heavy prompt which falls due on the 1st of October, present a great impediment to transactions in that of East India origin, and holders are willing to submit to some reduction on last sale's prices. Cochineal also is very heavy on the Market.

The public sales of Tea have terminated for the present; but such has been the indisposition to purchase, except at a reduction, and so firm have the importers been in their resistance to it, that of 132,000 packages of Free Trade Tea recently announced for sale, only about 27,000 have found purchasers; and as many of these were small packages, the actual quantity of Tea sold was not more than a seventh part of that which was put up: 23,000 packages are announced for sale on the 11th of October and 27,000 on the 1st and 28th of November; still the importers refuse to abate in their demands.

Since last month the Money Market has been seriously agitated by causes both domestic and foreign; the heavy and long continued drain of bullion from this country, in consequence of the large purchases made here of shares in loans and joint-stock speculations of every description in America, at length compelled the Directors of the Bank of England to interpose a check to the efflux, by lessening the facilities for discount, and thus increasing the value of money, with a view to rendering the state of the Exchanges more favourable to this country. Such a restriction necessarily induced a depreciation in the English Funds, in common with all other marketable commodities. The fall in Consols has been no less than 3 per cent.; and that of the other descriptions in proportion. Exchequer Bills threatened to be at a discount, but the Government having advertised an increase of the rate of interest to 2d. per cent. per diem on the Bills to be delivered in exchange for those recently called in, the outstanding Bills at the old rate of 1½d. continue to support a trifling premium.

In the Foreign Market, the proclamation of a liberal constitution in Lisbon, following close upon the intelligence of a like nature from Madrid, has added to the confusion and alarm of the holders of the securities of either of those States. Portuguese 5 per cent. Bonds, which were a month ago at 71, are now below 50; the 3 per cents. have fallen from 44 to 31. The fall within the same period, in Spanish Active, is 10 per cent.; in Deferred, it amounts to 4 per cent.; and in Passive, to 3 per cent. It is not, however, in the securities of those States alone that are the theatre of political revolution, that an unfavourable impression has been produced; all descriptions have been more or less affected. The depreciation in Belgian is 4½ per cent.; in Brazilian, 9 per cent.; in Dutch, about 5 per cent.

The Share Market has been much neglected of late; and, generally, sales have not been effected, but at reduced

prices. The London and Birmingham Railway is, however, an exception; the shares in it are still at a premium of 75.

The closing prices of the various securities on the 26th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut—Three per cent. Reduced, shut—Three per cent. Consols, 88½ ¼—Three and a Half per cent. 1818, shut—Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, shut—Three and a Half per cent. New, 97½ ¼—Long Annuities, 1860, shut—India Stock, 255 6—India Bonds, 2 4 pr.—Exchequer Bills, par 2 pr.—Consols for Account, 89½ ¼.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100 1—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 78 80—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 22 3—Danish, 3 per cent. 75 6—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 51½ ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 106½ ½—Mexican, 6 per cent. 22 3—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 16 18—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 49½ 50½—Ditto, 1834, 6 per cent. 32 3—Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 105 6—Spanish Active, 5 per cent. 21½ ½—Ditto Deferred, 5 per cent. 9½ ½—Ditto Passive, 5 per cent. 6½ 7½.

RAILWAYS.

London and Birmingham, 73 5 pm.—London and Southampton, 4½ 3½ dis.—London and Brighton, ½ 1½ pm.—London and Greenwich, 1 ½ pm.—London and Blackwall, 1¼ ¾ dis.—London Grand Junction, 1 ½ dis.—Great Western, 12 14 pm.—South Eastern, 1 ½ pm.—North Midland, 4½ 5—York and North Midland, ½ dis. par.—Derby and Birmingham, 1¼ ¾ pm.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Acts passed this Session.—Acts to continue other Acts.—Administration of Justice (New South Wales), Arms (Ireland), Insolvent Debtors' (England), Insolvent Debtors' (India), Insolvent Debtors' (Ireland), Turnpike Acts continuance, Turnpike Roads (Ireland), Western Australian.

Tax and Revenue.—Assessed Taxes, Excise Licences (Ireland), Gold and Silver Plate (Scotland), Newspaper Stamps, Post-Horse Duties, Revenue Departments Securities, Spirits (Excise), Sugar Duties.

Church Commission.—Bishopric of Durham, Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension, Established Church, Secular Jurisdiction (York and Ely). The Benefices Pluralities Bill, introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, after having passed the Lords, was abandoned in Committee by Lord John Russell. The Church Discipline Bill, introduced by the Lord Chancellor, and amended in the House of Lords, was dropped in the Commons. The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell, was withdrawn by him.

Annual Indemnity, Admiralty Jurisdiction (Prince of Wales's Island), Aliens' Registration, Bankrupts' Funds, Creditors (Scotland), Court of Exchequer (Scotland), Consolidated Fund, Consolidated Fund (Appropriation), Dean Forest, Exchequer Bills (No. 1), Exchequer Bills (No. 2), Exchequer Offices (Ireland). Foreign Lotteries, Horse Patrol, Land-Tax Commissioners' Names, Militia Ballots Suspension, Militia Pay, Marine Mutiny, Mutiny, Pensions Duties, Poor Law Loans, Slave Compensation, Slave Abolition, Slave Owners' Compensation, Slave Treaties, Slave Trade (Spain), Sunk Island Road, Tithe Compensation (Ireland), Transfer of Aids. Administration of Justice (West Indies), Constabulary Force (Ireland), Constabulary Force Amendment, to increase the salaries of the Paymasters from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year, Bankruptcy (Ireland), Dublin Police, Registration of Births, &c., Stannaries Courts, Tithe Commutation. Borough Boundaries, Borough Funds, Borough Justice Administration:—these three bills contain clauses which were agreed to by both Houses, forming part of the Municipal Corporation Act Amendment Bill. Cape of Good Hope Offences, Consuls Ottoman Dominions, Corporate Property (Ireland), Church Temporalities (Ireland), Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland), the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill was amended by the Lords; the amendments, some of them, affected "money," the Bill was therefore "laid aside," and the present measure substituted, embodying the Lords' amendments. Greek Loan, Kings-town Harbour (Ireland), List of Voters, Lighthouses, Marriages, Petty Sessions (Ireland), Polls at Elections, Public Works (Ireland), Richmond Penitentiary (Ireland), Valuation (Ireland).

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

By accounts from Bermuda we learn that the following taxes are to be levied in that colony until the 5th of July, 1837, to cover the supply (5,836*l.*) granted for 1836-7:—24 per cent. on sales at auction; 6*s.* 8*d.* on horses; and 6*s.* 8*d.* per wheel on wheel carriages. On importations—whale, seal, and fish oil, 6*d.* per gallon; rum, 9*d.*; brandy, 1*s.* 3*d.*; gin and whisky, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cordials, 3*s.*; French wine, 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; all other wines, 5 per

cent.; arrow root and starch, 1s. 1d. per lb.; 33½ per cent. on hats, bonnets of straw or chip; and 5l. each on horses. On other merchandise generally, 2 per cent. except malt liquors and Indian corn.

The quantity of sugar produced in Demerara, in the year 1833, the last year of slavery, was 99,106,827 lbs.; in 1834, it was 81,085,483 lbs.; and in 1835, 107,586,405 lbs. It is thus evident that the new system of apprenticeship has not worked so badly as some interested persons would fain make the world believe.

CANADA.

Further accounts have been received from Canada to the 20th of August. From their contents it appears that the Royal Commissioners had taken into their consideration the propriety of the removal of the seigniorial burthens, and it was proposed that a per centage should be paid upon the value of land at the period of commutation. It was intended that this measure should commence operation at first with the heads of the seminary at Montreal. It was, however, expected to give so much satisfaction, that it was likely to be adopted generally. The Legislatures of both provinces had been prorogued; the Upper Province to the 18th of August, and the Lower Province to the 25th of that month. An improvement had taken place in the weather, which had been favourable for the crops. On the low soils an abundant harvest was expected, but the drought had greatly injured the fruit trees; the leaves had fallen to the ground as in autumn. At Toronto an additional newspaper had been published, making the sixth within a short time, and one at Bytown: the latter place a few years since was a perfect wilderness. The advices contain a statement of the comparative number of ships, tonnage, and settlers arrived at Canada in 1835 with those of 1836. In 1835, 540 ships arrived, of the tonnage of 156,284 tons, and the number of emigrants 7900. In 1836, 673 ships had arrived, of the tonnage of 177,434 tons, the number of settlers being 18,128. The increase in the present year is as follows: 133 ships, 21,150 tons, and 10,328 settlers. Since the preceding statement had been made there had arrived at Quebec and Grosse Island 3783 emigrants, making an aggregate, up to the 25th of August, of nearly 22,000 settlers. In Quebec and Montreal it was computed there were upwards of 20,000 emigrants from Ireland, which includes the arrivals of former years. It is also stated that more than 50,000 Irish settlers were at New York.

The following is the comparative return of the arrivals, tonnage, and emigrants at the port of Quebec, up to the 18th of July, 1835 and 1836:—

	Ships.	Tonnage.	Settlers.
1835	540	156,284	7,108
1836	673	177,434	18,128
Difference...	133	21,150	10,318

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney.—Receipts of the revenue for the last quarter:—The several branches, of which the Customs form more than one-third, are on the increase—a convincing proof that trade is on the increase. The sale of crown lands has also produced a considerable sum; and it would seem that the time has arrived when this productive branch of revenue should be placed under some wholesome regulations, instead of being left to the uncontrolled disposal of the Secretary for the Colonies for the time being. The receipts of the internal revenue for this year are expected to amount to 300,000*l*.

The Swan River Colony is in a very flourishing state. Landed estates are to be purchased from the original settlers at 1s. per acre. By energy

and perseverance the colonists have succeeded in so improving the land that they grow more wheat than they can consume. As to their wool, their annual produce increases in quantity and improves in quality. The Aborigines no longer molest the settlers, and a large tract of very fertile land has recently been opened to their industry. All seems harmony among themselves, and one circumstance is mentioned as extremely favourable for them, namely, that convict-labour is there unknown.

The wool trade in New South Wales goes on well. Progressively improving from year to year, the published official returns show that in the exports the increase for the last year amounts to no less than 3060 bales, being double the increase of 1834. Estimating the average weight of each bale at 224 lbs., 3,145,408 lbs. may be taken as the total export of wool for the year. If we average the value at 1s. 6d. per lb., the amount would be 235,905*l*. The total increase in four years amounts to no less than 8442 bales, or nearly 2,000,000 lbs., and is nearly equal to the whole shipment for 1833.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The French Ministry is completed. The arrangements we must consider, however, as only temporary. General Bernard has not sufficient weight, either with the nation or the army, to entitle him to the post of Minister of War; and it is probable that he will not retain it much longer than he did under the brief ministry of the Duke of Bassano. For the present, the Administration is under the apparent government of either M. Guizot or Count Molé—we cannot well say which. It is indeed superfluous to add that the real government is in the hands of the King himself.

SPAIN.

The Royal decree nominating the Spanish Ministers was issued on the 12th September. The following are the appointments:—Calatrava, President of the Council and Foreign Minister; Rodil, War; Corchado, Justice and Grace; De la Cuadra, Marine; Lopez (Joaquin), Interior; and Mendizabal, Finance. The same "Gazette" also appoints Mina, the Captain-General of Catalonia, to the office of Inspector-General of the National Militia.

PORTUGAL.

From Portugal, the news is of the highest importance. As might easily have been foreseen, the recent occurrences in Spain, combining with the wishes of the Portuguese nation, and the unpopularity of the Queen's Ministers, have effected a revolution, and led to the proclaiming of the Constitution of 1820 at Lisbon, happily with but little tumult, and entirely without bloodshed. The old Ministry having been dismissed, the task of forming the new Cabinet devolved upon Viconde Sa da Bandeira, and the Conde de Lumlaires; and Vieyra de Castro was named for the department of Justice, Cæsar Vasconcellos for the Marine, and Garrek, or Lionel Savarez, for Foreign Affairs.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL SIR J. GORE, K.C.B.

THE death of Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B., G.C.M., the late Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships in the East Indies, took place at his seat, Datchett, near Windsor. Sir John Gore was for many years actively employed during the war. He was a Lieutenant of Lord Hood's flag-ship, the *Victory*, at the occupation of Toulon in 1793; and in May, 1794, was made Commander of *La Flèche*, of 14 guns, and in the course of that year promoted into the *Windsor Castle*, of 98 guns, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Linzee. The fleet was employed in a variety of skirmishes with the French near Bastia, between March and July, 1795, and took some prizes: to one of these, *Le Censeur*, of 74 guns, Captain Gore was appointed, and ordered to England with a convoy of the homeward-bound trade. On the 7th of October, the convoy fell in with a French squadron, consisting of six ships of the line, besides frigates, about 83 leagues from Cape St. Vincent. Captain Taylor, the senior officer, made the signal for the merchant ships to disperse, and formed the line with the men-of-war: but just as the van ship of the enemy had reached within gun-shot, *Le Censeur*, in wearing, unfortunately rolled away her fore-topmast. The British ships *Fortitude* and *Bedford*, seventy-fours, a frigate, and a fire-vessel, being so situated as to be unable to support her effectually, and the enemy's fire being principally directed against Captain Gore's ship, he was compelled to strike his colours. Having regained his liberty, Captain Gore was, in the summer of 1796, appointed to the *Triton*, of 28 guns. He was actively employed against the enemy's privateers, &c.; and on the 18th October, 1799, assisted at the capture of the *Santa Brigida*, of 36 guns and 300 men, laden with treasure from Vera Cruz, and bound to Old Spain. (Captain Young, of the *Ethalion*, had captured her consort, the *Thetis*, only the day before.) Captain Gore's proportion of prize-money for this capture was 40,000*l*.

In 1801, Captain Gore was appointed to the *Medusa*, at that period one of the finest frigates in the navy: he was also very successful in her. On the 5th October, 1804, the present Admiral Sir Graham Moore, with four British frigates (*Indefatigable*, *Medusa*, *Amphion*, and *Lively*), captured four Spanish frigates laden with treasure. Captain Gore was in the *Medusa*. The other officers were the present Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Digby, and Rear-Admiral Sir G. E. Hamond. One of the Spanish ships blew up during the action, with 811,000 dollars on board, yet we understand that each Captain's share was near 30,000*l*. The following month, Captain Gore intercepted and took a Spanish ship laden with quicksilver, called the *Matilda*, of 38 guns. In February, 1805, Captain Gore received the honour of Knighthood, and shortly after, in the *Medusa*, conveyed the late Marquess Cornwallis to India, as Governor-General. His voyage from thence to England, with the remains of that lamented nobleman, was performed with astonishing celerity—the *Medusa* having run from the Ganges to the Lizard in 84 days, two of which were spent at anchor in St. Helena Roads. The distance computed to be traversed in 82 days was 13,831 miles.

In January, 1806, Sir John Gore joined the *Revenge*, 74, and continued in her for some years, being employed off the coast of Spain. He afterwards had the *Tonnant*, of 80 guns, and was in her in the Tagus. In 1813, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and hoisted his flag in the Mediterranean, in his old ship the *Revenge*, as a junior flag-officer. In 1815, Sir John Gore was nominated a K.C.B., and has, since the peace, served as Commander-in-Chief of the fleet in the river Medway, and latterly in the East Indies. Sir John Gore, on his passage from Calcutta to the Cape of Good Hope, in his Majesty's ship *Melville*, last year, lost his only son, Lieutenant John Gore, who was drowned in an attempt to save the life

of a seaman who had fallen overboard. It is believed that Sir John never recovered the shock, as well as the unfortunate event attending that melancholy catastrophe—viz., Lieutenant Fitzgerald and a boat's crew being sent to the rescue, and upset within sight of the *Melville*, when they all perished. Sir John Gore married a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Montagu, formerly Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and has left a family of daughters.

BARON SMITH.

The venerable Sir William Smith, second Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, died at his seat, Newtown, a short distance from Philipstown, in the King's County. While recently on circuit, he had been compelled, by severe illness, to absent himself several days from court, and subsequently he was attacked with a bilious fever, under which he suffered for some weeks previous to his death.

The announcement of this melancholy event created a considerable sensation in Dublin, for the demise of a Baron of the Exchequer, under the very peculiar circumstances of the tithe contest in Ireland, is regarded as a matter of public importance. This is the first vacancy that has occurred on the Exchequer bench during the administration of Lord Melbourne; and it is not improbable that the successor of Baron Smith will entertain opinions very different from the three other Judges of the Court, in relation to the employment of the police in aiding commissioners of rebellion, and other details of the tithe-question.

Baron Smith was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1788. He had been a member of the Irish House of Commons at the memorable period when the discussion of the question of the Legislative Union convulsed this country from one end to the other; and he took a very decided part in support of the measures of Mr. Pitt, as well in the House as in some very able pamphlets, which produced a great impression at the time.

Soon after the Union, Mr. Smith was elevated to the bench, his father, Sir Michael Smith, being at that period Master of the Rolls. On the death of Sir Michael, Mr. Smith succeeded to the baronetcy, and Mr. Curran to the Rolls.

In the intervals from judicial labours, Baron Smith devoted himself to literary pursuits, to which he was passionately attached, and presented the world with several curious and valuable works, chiefly on politics. He published a very remarkable pamphlet on the Hohenlohe miracles, and a singular treatise on metaphysics.

Until within the last four or five years, Baron Smith was considered a member of the Whig party; and at the time of the celebrated trial of Father Maguire, at which he presided, he was regarded as one of the most popular men in Ireland. But on the outbreak of the passive resistance to tithes, the learned Baron delivered some charges in Westmeath and other places, assailing the system, and from that period his popularity was gone for ever. The grand juries of various counties, however, presented him with very laudatory addresses, and his conduct was warmly applauded by the Conservatives throughout the country.

In private life, Baron Smith had crowds of friends, and he was without an enemy. He was an able, acute, and erudite lawyer; and he was certainly an impartial and merciful judge.

JOHN POND, ESQ., F.R.S.

Died, at his house in Greenwich, John Pond, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, corresponding member of the French Institute, and an honorary member of most of the astronomical societies in Europe. During nearly twenty-five years Mr. Pond filled the office of Astronomer-Royal, from which a hopeless state of ill-health obliged him last autumn to retire. As a practical astronomer, Mr. Pond had no superior; few, if any, equals. His perception of the capabilities of instruments gene-

rally, and of the mode of so using them as to render all their strong points available, and their weak ones prejudicial, formed a very striking feature in his professional character. The numerous bulky folio volumes of his observations, so highly appreciated by scientific men in every part of the globe, are alone sufficient to show the extent and utility of the work performed at Greenwich during the time that the establishment was under his direction. The accuracy of a portion of these observations is to be attributed to improvements in the mural circle, suggested by Mr. Pond, which converted it into the most perfect instrument used in the Observatory; but the correctness of the chief part must be ascribed to a mode of observing of which he was the sole inventor. This consisted in the union of the two circles, and the observing with one by direct vision, with the other simultaneously by reflection, thus correcting those errors which are incidental to observations made by a single instrument. A result, and perhaps the most important, of the application of the mural circle, has been the formation of a catalogue of the fixed stars more perfect than any before or since produced. Here it may also be stated, that the vast superiority of the Greenwich transit observations made by Mr. Pond has been publicly recognised by several contemporary astronomers of the first rate. To his earnest and reiterated solicitations our national Observatory is indebted for many of the new instruments which have, confessedly, rendered it so pre-eminent and complete. His skill in the use of these was very remarkable; his talent for observing quite unique; and it is a question whether any of the most skilful of his countrymen are thoroughly, or at least practically acquainted with his mode of operation; but MM. Arago and Biot, as well as M. Bessel, the great French and German astronomers, have borne witness to the decided merit and originality of his method. In order to study it, M. Arago not long since visited Greenwich, and was deeply impressed both by its novelty and efficacy.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At St. George's, Hanover square, Mary Helen Gordon, daughter of G. J. Guthrie, Esq., to the Rev. Richard Dawes, late Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, and Rector of King's Somborne, Hants.

At Stoke Damerell Church, Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq., Captain in the 32d Regiment, of Burgmoy, county of Donegal, to Augusta Mary Cotton, only daughter of Major-General Sir Willoughby and Lady Augusta Cotton.

John Bull, Esq., of Charles-square, Hoxton, to Sarah, daughter of William Tomlinson, Esq., of Mile-end.

At St. Giles's Church, Oxford, George Glen, Esq., of Brompton, Middlesex, to Harriet Erskine, widow of the late William Lennox Cleland, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Calcutta.

At Brighton, Edward Simeon, Esq., second son of the late Sir John Simeon, Bart., to Eliza, daughter of Fienes Wykeham Martin, Esq., of Leeds Castle, Kent, and widow of Philip Thomas Wykeham, Esq., of Tythrop House, Oxon.

At Ore Church, William Masters Smith, Esq., of Comer, in the county of Kent, to Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart., of Ore-place, Sussex.

At St. Ann's, Soho, Thomas James Serle, Esq., to Cecilia, second daughter of Vincent Novello, Esq.

At Christ Church, St. Marylebone, John Chaytor, Esq., Royal Engineers, to Annie

Martha, only daughter of the late Thomas Greatorex, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., of Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

At St. Marylebone Church, Thomas Hddleston, Esq., of Welbeck-street, to Mary Esther, widow of the late Lieut.-General Armstrong.

At Hampstead Church, Samuel Bush Toller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth Mellor, daughter of Mellor Hetherington, Esq.

At Epsom, Arthur Philip, second son of the late W. Groom, of Russell-square, Esq., to Emma Margareta, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hesketh, Rector of St. Dunstan's, East.

Died.—At Hastings, Henry Hoare, Esq., aged 52, only son of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wiltshire.

At Shepperton, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Nilson, widow of the late General Lawrence Nilson.

At Weston, Robert Lambert, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

At Hampton Court, in her 86th year, Mrs. Poplett, sister of the late Earl of Uxbridge.

At Lark-hill, near Liverpool, Arthur Heywood, Esq., banker, aged 84.

At Bath, aged 78, the Right Hon. the Baroness Rayleigh.

At Claybrook Hall, Leicestershire, aged 25, Charles Rudsdell Clark, Esq., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

A Central Society of Education has recently been established in London. Its object is to procure accurate educational statistics, with a view to ascertain how far the different systems in use among the various classes of society are susceptible of improvement. The labours of the Committee of the Society will be divided under five heads:—1st, Primary or Elementary Education; 2d, Secondary Education; 3d, Superior or University Education; 4th, Special or Professional Education; 5th, Supplementary Education. It is said that much good may be effected by this Society, for whose exertions a very wide field indeed lies open. Its usefulness depends upon the discretion, care, and industry with which its inquiries are prosecuted; and we are glad to see on the Committee the names of several gentlemen likely to make the Society an instrument of much practical good. Mr. Thomas Wyse, M.P., is the Chairman of Committees; and he will have the assistance, among others, of Mr. William Allen, Mr. Howard Elphinstone, Mr. Edward Bulwer, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Ewart, Lord King, Mr. Ward, Mr. Strutt, Mr. Ashton Yates, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and Mr. A. Hill.—*Spectator*.

An interesting discovery has lately been made by the keeper of the regalia in the Tower. In clearing out some secret places in the Jewellery-office, a royal sceptre was found, equalling in splendour and in value the others which are there exhibited. It is imagined, from the decayed state of the case, and the dust wherewith it was enveloped, that this sceptre must have been thrown into that neglected corner in the confusion of Blood's well-known attempt on the crown jewels, nearly a century and a half ago.

The Apothecaries' Court of Examiners last year examined 566 candidates, the greatest number in any preceding year: 450 passed, and 106 were directed to "resume their studies;" of which last number 36 have been rejected solely on account of defective knowledge of Latin. The proportion of rejected is nearly 1 to 5. The Court instituted last year a

preliminary examination in the Latin medical classes, which came into operation under the direction of three members of the Court, who take the duty in rotation. Since May, 1835, 1200 students have undergone this examination; and this plan has proved highly acceptable to the students, not only in London, but throughout the whole of the provincial schools. The number of pupils registered in the various provincial schools was 322; in London, 640; total, 962.

The Thames Tunnel.—At a recent meeting of the proprietors, it was stated that the success of this stupendous undertaking was placed beyond a doubt. The new shield had fully answered its purpose, and had enabled the work to proceed through some portions of the ground in almost a fluid state. Since its introduction, an additional advance under the river had been made of sixty feet. It was further stated that the progress of the work was now conducted through good hard ground.

Roads round London.—Recently an inquiry was instituted by order of the Stamp-Office, for the purpose of ascertaining the real amount of the duty which ought to be rendered, and also the value of the "time" or privilege of running vehicles for the general accommodation of the public on the Paddington, Hackney, and Surrey roads. From the report it appears, that on the road from Paddington to the Bank (via Pentonville) there are sixty-four public conveyances (omnibuses), and that they pass and repass between Paddington and the city 370 times daily, conveying, on an average, upwards of 4000 passengers. The toll received at the city-road gate upon these conveyances amounts to 5*l.*, and the duty to Government to 35*l.* 8*s.* daily. On the Hackney-road (including the long stages) there are forty-five, running daily 288 journeys; the toll is 6*d.* each journey, and 1*s.* duty! On the Surrey road the immense amount of carriage traffic may at once be comprehended from the fact that lately the right of farming the tolls was put up for sale by auction as the Sessions'-house, Horse-

monger-lane, when, after a spirited contest, it was knocked down at the sum of 26,450*l*.

CHESHIRE.

An important meeting has been held at Manchester, for the purpose of taking steps for the formation of a railway from that town into Cheshire, which, at a cost of only 540,000*l*., would unite Manchester with Chester and North Wales, and, by means of other railways now forming, with Wolverhampton and the iron districts, the West of England, and London.

CUMBERLAND.

Roman Coin.—A silver coin of the Emperor Vespasian, who flourished in the year 70 A D., was last week found by a person when digging a trench adjoining to the river Wiske, about a mile and a half N.W. of Northallerton, near to where the ancient Roman road or stratum leading from the station of *Derwentia*, now Aldby on the Derwent, to *Catteractonum*, now Catterick, is supposed to have crossed that rivulet. The coin is about the size of a sixpence, and is in a very good state of preservation. A few copper coins of Severus and Constantine were last year found near the same place.

DERBYSHIRE.

One of the most important discoveries connected with the science of geology has been the recent one of Mr. Hopkins, with respect to the phenomena of elevation. In the mineral veins of Derbyshire, according to his account, the result of his examination had been to this effect—namely, that the direction of the axis of dislocation, which has caused the fissures in them filled with mineral matter, was true north and south, while that of the structure of the work was magnetic north and south; thereby showing the connexion between magnetism and the theory of the mineral veins.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The first general meeting of the proprietors of the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway Company has been held. The report was of the most satisfactory kind. It is now quite clear that not only will this important line be proceeded with unaltered, but that every step has been taken to prosecute the work without a moment's delay; and that there is little doubt of the line

being finished in a much shorter period than any other line of similar extent. It is possible that its completion may be effected in little more than two years, and that there is no prospect of the estimates being exceeded. The whole expenses incurred by the Company, from the commencement of the undertaking, including every known outstanding claim, to the end of June last, amounted to little more than 20,000*l*., leaving a sum of about 28,000*l*. in the hands of the Company. In the next session of Parliament the Company will apply for a Bill to enable them to complete the arrangements made for effecting a communication with Worcester, and also a branch to Tewkesbury. Samuel Baker, Esq., of Gloucester, is elected Chairman of the Company, and Joseph Walker, Esq., of Birmingham, Deputy Chairman. The shares in the undertaking are now selling at 6*l*. 5*s*.; and a further advance is expected, in consequence of the favourable nature of the report,—*Worcester Journal*.

HAMPSHIRE.

We are happy to learn that the South East Hants Association, recently established (and having for its object the encouragement of industrious and meritorious agricultural labourers), is likely to prove so highly beneficial. We rejoice to find not only the landed proprietors and yeomanry, but the clergy and other classes, contributing so liberally to its support, and sincerely hope that it will continue to exhibit as respectable a subscription-list as it does this year. It is highly satisfactory to find that the candidates for the premiums offered by the association this year are not only exceedingly numerous, but are highly meritorious characters, and there cannot be a doubt that there are to be found amongst the poor of every parish, persons whose conduct is worthy of every encouragement, and which a society like this, by its honourable and valuable rewards, will exhibit for the imitation of others.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

At several points between Winchester and Southampton the Southampton railway is proceeding with much rapidity. Considerable progress is making in the rising ground west of the King's House Barracks. The principal excavation in hand is below Showford, between which and Compton the quantity of earth to be removed is immense. The

excavation between Winchester and Southampton will exceed 1,200,000 cubic yards, the whole of which is to be accomplished by the spring of 1830. Similar activity has been displayed on the line near London, the excavation over Wandsworth Common being completed, and the completed line is rapidly approaching the terminus near Vauxhall bridge. The great chalk embankment between Basingstoke and Odiham proceeds rapidly; the bridge over the canal is completed, as well as another. The elevation of this part of the road above the level of the valley is from eighty to one hundred feet.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

The Tomb of Offa.—A curious piece of antiquity has lately been discovered in the churchyard of Hemel Hempstead. In digging a vault for a young lady of the name of Warren, the sexton, when he had excavated the earth about four feet below the surface of the ground, struck his spade against something solid, which, upon inspection, he found to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein, on being exposed to the air, crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin is an inscription, partly effaced by time, yet still sufficiently legible to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who built the Abbey of St. Alban's, and died in the eighth century. The coffin is very curiously carved, and altogether unique of the kind. The church was built in the seventh century.

The monthly meeting of the trustees and managers of the Hertfordshire Savings' Bank was held at the Town Hall, on the 7th September, at which the accounts were examined. The Board was opened on the first Wednesday in February, and down to the end of last month the deposits amounted to 10,463*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*, of which 146*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* had been returned, and 9800*l.* had been invested with the Commissioners of the National Debt, agreeably to the Act of Parliament. The average amount received weekly during the last three months is about 135*l.* We are glad to find that several of the Benefit and Friendly Societies have deposited their funds in the Bank, and it is very desirable and proper they should do so. These societies are valu-

able auxiliaries to a Savings' Bank, having similar objects in view; and the managers of them will, no doubt, be glad of the opportunity of investing their funds in a place of safety, and with the certainty of receiving their interest.

LANCASHIRE.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company have opened their new tunnel, at the entrance of the railway at Liverpool, to the public. The tunnel is a mile and one-third in length; it is 21 feet high, and the span of the arch is 25 feet. The tunnel, from one end to the other, is cut out from the solid rock, which, in some places, rises as high as the spring of the arch. The crown of the arch is composed of very strong brickwork. The cost of this laborious undertaking amounted to 150,000*l.* It will be attended with great convenience to the public, as the former station was about two miles from Liverpool. It occupies about six minutes for a full train to pass through the tunnel.

The members of the Church of England, residing at Liverpool, being dissatisfied with the mode of teaching pursued in the Corporation Schools, have, in seven weeks, subscribed 10,670*l.* in donations, and 420*l.* in annual subscriptions, for the erection and endowment of new schools, where the course of instruction will be more accordant with their principles.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The late half-yearly meeting, being the sixth, of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, proved satisfactory to the subscribers. The receipts, up to the 30th of June, had amounted to 1,953,608*l.*, the disbursements to 1,492,100*l.* With a balance of 461,507*l.* it was supposed they would be enabled to push the works vigorously. The greatest difficulties were stated to have been surmounted in the tunnels at Ken-sall-green, Primrose-hill, Watford, and Kilsby, which are nearly completed. The first 21 miles from London are to be opened by next spring, and the whole is to be finished in two years from this time.

YORKSHIRE.

The only link that was wanting to complete the railway communication between the north and south of England, and between all the manufacturing dis-

tricts, is now supplied by the Hull, Lincoln, and Nottingham great junction line, which meets the others at various points, and will unite London with Hull by a journey of eight hours; Hull with Birmingham, by a journey of six hours; Hull with Nottingham, by a journey of about three hours; and thus open the Baltic and the German Ocean to the raw and manufactured produce of all the great districts of the kingdom.

Railroad Iron.—Bills have been obtained this Session of Parliament for nearly 1100 miles of road, which will require for rails, chains, carriages and other works, at least 220,000 tons of iron, independent of the iron wanted for roads, for which Bills had been previously obtained, and which are now in active preparation, which will require about 70,000 tons, making a total of about 290,000, which will probably be supplied in the next four years. To this must be added what will be required for several very extensive ones which are now in course of survey, and for which Bills will be solicited in the next Session of Parliament. When the iron required for railroads in this country is added to what will be required for railroads now in actual progress in the United States and on the continent of Europe, we think that the iron-masters of this country may fairly look forward to a greatly increased demand for this produce during the next few years. With respect to the United States railroads, the following extract from the "*American Railroad Journal*" will give our readers a tolerable idea of their extent: "Railroads in the United States, either actually under contract or in progress of being surveyed, amount to more than 3000 miles. Each yard of rail weighs 82½ lbs., consequently to lay a double line this distance will take 750,000 tons of iron." The whole of this iron must be taken from the English market. We may, therefore, confidently expect a long continuation of the present prosperous state of the trade.—*Liverpool Times*.

New System of Rating.—The Parochial Assessments Bill, which has passed both Houses of Parliament, and re-

ceived the Royal Assent, makes an important alteration in the whole system of parochial rating. The Bill enacts that, at any period after the 21st of March next, the Poor Law Commissioners may, upon the representation, in writing, of the Board of Guardians of any Union, under their common seal, direct that no rate for the relief of the poor shall be allowed which has not been made upon an estimate of the *net* annual value of the property rated; that is, upon "the rent at which the same might reasonably be expected to let from year to year, free of all usual tenants' rates and taxes, tithes composition and rent-charge, if any, and deducting therefrom the probable average annual cost of the repairs, insurance, and other expenses." There is little doubt that, after next March, the Commissioners will bring this Bill into general operation; or, at least, that they will order the adoption of its provisions in all those districts where Unions have been formed. The effect of the measure will, of course, vary in different parishes; where the rate has been assessed on a fair proportion of the value of property throughout, the alteration will be only nominal; it will not enable the collectors to dip deeper into the pocket of any one; but where, through ignorance or design, one person has been assessed at one-half, and another at two-thirds, of the value of their holdings, justice will step in and fairly adjust the weight of the burthen between them. The only objection to the measure is, that it will, in many instances, render necessary a new valuation: a proceeding which will throw additional expense upon the rate-payers, and this too, as experience shows us, without adjusting the disputes to which such a general alteration is likely to lead.

A King's letter has been addressed to the Bishop of each diocese, for sermons in aid of the funds for promoting the enlargement, building, and repairing of churches and chapels. This society has, since its formation in 1818, by voluntary contributions, provided additional church room for 313,500 persons, of which 233,925 are free sittings.



Horatio Smith.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. I.

"You are all recreant and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility."

"Our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. 'Tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman—spare none but such as go in clouded shoon."

"All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death."

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

Prefatory Note.

THIS is a work of fiction, and what may be objected to all such works may probably be applied to this—that no one character ever combined all the traits and features that are here ascribed to a single individual. That is perhaps true. But it may be said in answer, that the undertaking is to describe a *genus*, which of course contains many species; and having, he thinks, observed among the ranks of Radicalism, though spread over various characters, one or other of all the traits here described, the author thought it might be a convenient mode of elucidating his object, to concentrate them into one particular portrait.

SECTION I.

Birth, Parentage, and Education of the Radical.

"My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts—
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon.

It may well be—
There is a mutiny in his mind."

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

It was a beautiful evening in a beautiful May, (May, however, is not always beautiful in England,) when two young men, named Crabtree and Hartley, in servitors' gowns, and, according to the fashion of servitors, without tassels to their caps, were enjoying a walk in the agreeable gardens of Merton College, Oxford. The air stole softly on their senses; the studies of the day, and the waiting at dinner in the hall, were over; violets and a thousand other odoriferous "infants of the spring" threw out a perfume which might have softened the most

morose into good humour, if not happiness. There was a delicious concert of birds ; and buds, as well as birds, from every bough, saluted the eyes and ears of listeners and beholders.

"How very charming and soothing this is," said Hartley, a youth of nineteen, to his companion. "There is nothing surely in nature like an evening in spring, after the labours of the day."

"Charming and soothing to those who may please to think so," returned Crabtree, who was three years older than his friend, which at their time of life gave a sort of authority over him.

"And why *may* not every one please who chooses?" asked Hartley. "The sky, the plants, the trees, the flowers are made for us all ; and this turf walk absolutely delights me. Remember the passage I showed you this morning, alluding to the little difference between a palace and a cottage—

‘ That self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks upon all alike.’ ”

Crabtree was moody and dissentient, and, eyeing their gowns and tuftless caps, told his friend to look from the terrace where they were, to the broad walk below, which the fine evening had peopled with company.

"Observe these gowns and caps," said he, eyeing his own dress, "and look at those yonder, and tell me what you can enjoy."

"I see nothing there," said Hartley, "to prevent me from enjoying what I do."

The prospect from the terrace was the broad walk of Christ Church, just then thronged by a number of gay young men and well dressed women, all animated with cheerfulness, and suffering nothing from discontent. How should they ? They were full of the hopes and spirits of their age ; and if they were not all equal in rank or station, there appeared nothing to forbid an equality of intercourse, save and except that a group dressed like our two servitors seemed to prefer one another's company to the rest. These, either by design or accident, kept aloof from the tasselled, and particularly the velvet and gold-tufted caps of others, who seemed to be favourably distinguished by the female deities of the place—wives and daughters of canons, heads of houses, and the rest of University *haut ton*. This was a sight which, on account of its humiliation, the servitor Crabtree could not bear.

"Observe," said he, to his younger companion, "that horror of horrors—look at our proscribed brethren, meanly skulking from notice, like toads in holes, loathed by all around them, while the rest, proud of their butterfly wings, (as gaudy and as ephemeral,) suppose the sun, and the air, and the flowers, to be made only for them. Are we men ? and have we legs and arms, and, much more, heads ? and can we submit to such prostration ?"

At this, his hard and rugged features assumed a more uncommon degree of venom than usually influenced them ; a sort of cast in his eye mounted into a fearful obliquity,—in plain truth, an absolute squint,—and the bronze of a face naturally of several colours, became one glowing hue of jaundiced indignation. He perhaps, while thus, gave the best personification of those terrific lines—

“ Aside the devil turn'd
For envy, and, with jealous leer malign,
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd—
Sight hateful ! sight tormenting ! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust !”

Hartley, who was the reverse of all this, and exhibited a contrast of placidity, meekness, and good humour, wondered what had so worked upon his companion, because he saw ladies and gentlemen enjoying themselves in a fine evening, or because a set of servitors, like other groups who knew one another, chose to keep together, instead of mingling with others with whom they were not acquainted. So simple, indeed, was the young man, that he thought it not more remarkable than that other little knots of gownsmen or townsmen had joined company as chance or their knowledge of one another directed.

“ I see not the harm which you do in this,” said Hartley ; “ and in truth they seem all so cheerful in one another, and enjoying the evening so naturally, that I was going to propose joining them.”

“ Propose joining the devil, if you choose !” said Crabtree ; “ for I would as soon do so, in this hated slave's dress, to be spurned and spit upon by a fellow, because he has got a tassel to his cap. The very menials of the college make a difference between us and those they call gentlemen, and think themselves our equals, though they can scarcely read or write.”

“ You see, then,” said Hartley, archly though mildly, “ we have our inferiors too. But if we had not, it is open to us to better ourselves, and what can most of us wish for more ? You huffed the porter just now for not opening the wicket fast enough, and said he would not have done so to a gentleman commoner. The man declared he did not know who it was, and, as the gate was so thick, I really believed him. Yet you have been out of humour ever since. For my part, I knew what I was to be when I came here, and was content to be——”

“ Born for servitude !” interrupted Crabtree ; and he walked on with quick pace and knit brow. “ If anything,” he then exclaimed, “ could tempt me to doubt the justice of Heaven, it would be this shameful distinction of rank which we see all about us.”

“ I am glad I do not feel it as you do,” replied Hartley.

“ What !” said Crabtree, “ you like to carry their roast meat, do you ?—though our mere equals—perhaps our inferiors ; many of them absolute boobies—fellows whose themes I have sometimes written because they could not write them themselves !”

“ Ay,” returned Hartley, “ but you will recollect, that enriched your pocket.”

“ Yes,” said Crabtree, with a saturnine smile, “ I take their money—money to which they have so little right—but not the less do I despise and hate them.”

“ Shocking !” said Hartley. “ The duty of waiting which so annoys you is at least light ; and if we stand in the hall while others are at dinner, it is by that that we dine ourselves, and obtain what our fathers could not give us—our excellent education. Besides, we knew all this when we were entered, so did it with our eyes open.”

"I am afraid, Hartley," said Crabtree, with sourness, "you were meant for a slave, and a slave's portion will be your lot. It is not, and it shall not be mine. This state of things was never intended, and *must* and shall be altered. The time is approaching fast, depend upon it, when we shall wait on no man."

So saying, he turned from his companion, and though the evening had not closed in, and was remarkably fine, he left the garden, and went up to his chamber among the garrets of his college, and would have gone to bed, to hide himself from the insolence of the aristocrats, as he sometimes said he did, but for the necessity of appearing at evening prayers, —another of the trammels imposed, he said, by the oppression of the college.

By this time the reader has, no doubt, made out Mr. Crabtree (young as he was) to be a most accomplished *frondeur*. Indeed he was fitted by nature to be at the head of that class of beings, and would probably have been so, had he been born in a higher station of life, and not as he was—the son of a yeoman, respectable in his situation, but nothing more. The good father had held his own plough, and wished his son to do the same; but, having advanced in the world, thought some education not a bad thing, and got him into a higher sort of free-school, where he certainly distinguished himself. Here the Plutarch and Nepos, and the Mariuses, Cæsars, and Timoleons he had met with, inflamed his then almost infant ambition, and the plough could never more be thought of. A boys' rebellion, of which he was the leader, expelled him from the school, but only to become sullen and disobedient to his father at home. Every wish expressed, and, particularly, every order given, was questioned, criticized, and opposed; till his father was overjoyed to get him placed at one of those larger endowed free-schools, where not only considerable learning might be acquired, but a servitorship at Oxford ultimately obtained. In this, after having been, two or three years more, nourished on the leaven of complaint and anger at the inequality of mankind, he was at length installed,—at first, to his own delight as well as his father's. But here a sad picture, because a sad contrast, opened upon him. At the school every thing was equal among his fellows, except as abilities and application acquired superiority. Here, what a falling off! what a misery to a high, or rather overbearing, not to say verjuicy spirit, born, in its own opinion, to be a leader of the world! He certainly went to ——— College, Oxford, with the full determination, and as full an expectation, by taking orders, to be a bishop. Such instances among servitors had been successfully preached to him; and, as his scholarship was very respectable, he thought to will was to obtain it. The inequality of conditions at the university he had either never been told of, or despised it as an obstacle which such abilities as his were to overcome. But O! horror! when he found that whatever his learning, and however respectable at lecture, among young men with whom he was there on an equality—the moment the class was dismissed, he was separated from them by a line of demarcation absolutely impassable. Still worse than this, one degrading though light part of his duty was to place the meat on the table, and stand in attendance, when those with whom he had lectured in the morning sat down to dinner. This, and the degradation of a cap without a tassel, which when in his very best humour he would call a fool's cap,

nursed his spleen, till it became unbearable to himself and by no means pleasant to others.

Hartley ventured sometimes to reproach him with his discontent at the rules of the college. He found him once in a deep gloom at an imposition set him for not wearing a band. "The fools!" said he, "as if a band had anything to do with scholarship!" and he absolutely refused to comply with the imposition. For this it was doubled, and he was confined to college till it was finished. This turned his gloom into rage, and he conceived serious thoughts of giving up his servitorship. Hartley deprecated this, and intreated him to think how it would hurt and displease his father. "And am I never to be emancipated?" cried he. "And is parental authority so unlike all others, that it is to enforce obedience to command, merely because it *is* command? Is a son, when of age, not equal to a father in mind, in the powers of reason, in a sense of right and wrong, merely because he is a son? When are our bonds to be broken?—Alas! never. The father, the schoolmaster, the judge, the priest, who are none of them more than ourselves, are ever to control us. All our lives long we are to be beasts of burthen, and this must be till we who have the power, choose to have the will, to revolt, as we ought, against such injustice."

Hartley, young as he was, shook his head; but cowed, perhaps, by the flush of anger and a sort of scowl that was terrific on the brow of his friend, he remained silent for a time, till, fearing the consequences of his persisting in disobedience, he ventured to point out to him how sad it would be to himself and family, if it drew down upon him, as it might do, a sentence of expulsion. "And it would be my glory," replied he, "and, perhaps, deliver me from being the worm I am, if it did. I might then go forth to the world with some real claim to their notice; a martyr in the cause of the liberty and equality which are the right of every man!"

"And all this," said Hartley, mildly, but pointedly, "because you feel aggrieved by not being allowed to go without a band!"

Crabtree, angry as he was with the proctor, became still more so with his younger companion, for presuming, he said, to ridicule him. "However," added he, "you were born of a compliant mould, and if you choose to be a slave, you are worthy to be so." He then flung, indignantly, out of his room, and would have sallied out of the college; but was stopped by the porter, whose duty it was to prevent the egress of those confined. This completed the excitement of his feelings, and he returned with curses on his tongue, not loud but deep, against the tyranny of an usurping aristocracy. I know not that better thoughts succeeded, although in the end he sat down in a fearful sort of tranquillity, like the lowering stillness which sometimes precedes thunder, to finish his impositions, in order to regain his liberty. From that time, his discontent was concealed under an appearance of greater quiet, but, in reality, his heart brooded with tenfold hatred towards almost all ranks of every kind that were superior to himself.

Hartley, who saw all his defects, but still continued to regard him, did not cease to endeavour to reclaim him from his moodiness—but in vain. It continued to show itself in many ways, which his more sensible companion, though so much younger, presumed to blame. "My dear Crab," said he (for such was his familiarity), "you are always getting into scrapes; you never cap the masters."

"What right," replied Crabtree, "have they to be capped, because they are masters? Cannot degrees in learning be marked without such mummary?"

"But there is no harm," observed Hartley, "in showing respect to those who are above us in station and beyond us in knowledge."

"As for their knowledge," replied Crabtree, "we may both soon and easily equal them; and as for station, disparity was never intended by nature, and I will submit to it only when I am forced." At that moment a scout, as he is called,* came into the room, whom Crabtree asked if he had delivered a message to another college which he had charged him with in the morning. The man said he had not. "And why not, Sir?" cried the temporary master, sternly; "What are you here for? Go instantly!"

"That's impossible," replied the scout; "I have infinitely more to do, and more masters to serve than I can manage, without going messages for them; besides——"

"Besides what? you rascal!" cried Crabtree, waxing wrath, and looking so fierce, that the man was glad to lay his hand on the lock of the door.

"You make me do more for you than a gentleman-commoner, though you give me no wages," muttered the scout.

The lover of equality here could not contain himself, but, darting at him, the poor scout was glad to make his escape down stairs faster than he came up.

"Impudent hound!" exclaimed Crabtree, "it is well he was out of my reach, or I would have——"

"What?" asked Hartley.

"Kicked him down stairs," answered the high-minded democrat.

"For want of respect, being your equal, I suppose?" observed Hartley.

Crabtree bit his lip.

SECTION II.

The Radical falls into misfortune.

"Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

Soon after this, a college examination was held, for what was called an exhibition, of twenty pounds, left by a benefactor long gone to his home. As servitors were admitted among the candidates, Crabtree was resolved to obtain it, and studied hard; and, as his abilities were not inconsiderable, it was thought that his chance was good. But he was opposed by a Mr. Neville, a young man of family, and also of talents, genius, and industry. Crabtree was surpassed, in the opinion of all the college officers, and never forgave it. He swore the award was corrupt, and given by aristocratic partiality to a scion of the aristocracy, merely because he was so. He became more sullen, and more slovenly than usual, till his friend Hartley was almost ashamed of him: and certainly his moroseness was so increased that few could live with him. At length it broke into action, and in a neighbouring liberal county

* A scout is a man of all work, who waits upon as many collegians as he can, receiving a small stipend from each.

paper there appeared 'Strictures upon the University Institutions at large, and on the Conduct of various Heads of Houses and Tutors, particularly those of ——— College;' in which the late decision was handled in no measured strain, and at once attributed to a contempt for merit if attended with poverty, and a grovelling prejudice in favour of birth. The merits of Mr. Neville, as a scholar, were openly questioned; and the head of his college and his assessors accused of intentional partiality by name. This made a noise; the printer was sent for, and, as he was within the jurisdiction of the university, readily gave up the name of the author, who seemed to desire nothing more.

Unfortunately he was dealt with in a manner so different from what he expected, that he had no opportunity of showing his Brutus spirit. He was calmly desired by those he had libelled, to substantiate his charge, or undergo the punishment he deserved. He had no proof but his own assertion, and was told to prepare for expulsion for gross breach of discipline. He questioned the right, but was silenced by both the University and the College statutes; and he was forced to content himself with denouncing the University itself as totally incompatible with general liberty and the law and constitution of England. He added a solemn warning, that the day was fast approaching when the power of expulsion, and all other power of the few over the many, would be extinguished. Unappalled by the prophecy, and perhaps a little contrary to his expectation, the college authorities pronounced the sentence of expulsion upon him, to which, having submitted, he assumed the airs of a martyr, and called upon all who valued freedom of judgment, and deliverance from the thralldom of an unjust aristocracy, to subscribe towards a relief from those losses which he had encountered for their sake. He appealed particularly to his brother servitors, who, to his astonishment, one and all declined compliance; among them Hartley, with whom he quarrelled for it. He then—denouncing them as deserving, because willing, to be slaves—mounted a knapsack on his back, and set out on foot for his father's, not to excuse himself, but to demand an allowance sufficient to maintain him in commencing the career of a Radical Reformer, which from that day forth he made a vow, for *the sake of the people*, pertinaciously to pursue.

To his dismay, however, his father, who had other children, refused. Nay, he sided with the college against the martyr. "Thou wast always," said he, "froward as a child and as a man; and as thou hast brewed, so thou must bake. I had hoped to have seen thee in pulpit, but thy only pulpit, I trow, will be pillory."

"Pillory!" exclaimed the hero martyr, "depend upon it, that infamy is for ever crushed; no government will dare venture so much in defiance of the public mind."

"And pray," said the father, who was not without shrewdness, and a stern man withal, "where is public mind, as you call it, to be found? In thy own noddle, I suppose. No, lad! no! Thou wouldst not plough as I did myself; thou wouldst not sow, and hast now refused to reap. Cross-grained as thou hast always been, I will not turn thee out of doors, and thou mayst have the run of the house, if thou wilt teach thy young brothers something of what they say thou knowest; but as to allowance, to enable thee to run at thy betters in London, as thou didst at Oxford, where thou threwest away what thou hadst, I say thee nay."

The junior Crabtree, finding himself thus received by the parent stock (both, perhaps, a little deserving their name), had nothing left but to tell his father he might repent this unnatural reception; that he was born to plough and nothing else, but *he* would get justice from the people; and, pitying his father not so much for his want of bowels as of patriotism, he shook off the dust of his feet against him, and betook himself to the next town with exactly seven shillings, and no more, in his pocket, resolved to seek his fortune.

SECTION III.

The Radical's Progress towards Recovery.

"I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind."

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III.*

The master of nature, with prophetic eye (that eye which saw all hearts in all conjunctures), had, it should seem, many of the present men in his mind when he penned the above lines. The apostle of liberty and reform, who was to preach, and therefore restore freedom to his oppressed and miserable country, like the apostles of a still higher character, was, as we have said, poor, and his seven shillings would not last long. But what then? He was very sure that his beloved *many*, to whom he had devoted his services to rescue them from the *few*, would, as they ought, repay them, perhaps with interest. The apostles of a still holier cause (if such there can be than to rescue the lower orders from the fangs of the higher) were in themselves always poor, but always protected till they became leaders, and bishops, through spiritual influence over the minds of their followers; and why should not this village Hampden, this embryo Cromwell, obtain the same power over the multitude through political influence? To be sure, it was not yet acquired; his very name was unknown—at least where to be known was most efficacious. His *début* at Oxford had been a failure, and, as a political prophet, he had not been honoured in his own country. His father had cast him off, or rather he had cast off his father. No matter, it would tell better when he came to approach the great arena he was about to enter. Meantime, he began to feel something like a necessity for settling where he should eat, and where drink, and what he should feed on. He opened his knapsack under a hedge, and found the remains of a loaf, some cheese, some books, a shirt, and a pair of black breeches. What then? he was free from aristocratic oppression, and reminded himself of some of the Dutch deputies proceeding to the assembly of the States in the infancy of the Republic, who were seen, on their journey, under a hedge at their dinner of bread and cheese like his own. The very thought ennobled his undertaking. If, said he to himself, I could contribute to the getting rid of our English Philip the Second, and our infernal English Duke of Alva—if we can but restore our natural equality, how high may I not myself rise above all my equals? He almost dined upon that thought; and, as he stalked on to the county town where he meant to commence his great career (how, he did not exactly know); but, as he stalked on, crowns and mitres and academical gold tufts (the latter his insuperable aversion), all seemed to his charmed eyes to be tumbling off the heads that wore them. At that moment the open landau of a great official nobleman, who was then filling the public

eye in the cause of reform, and bearing some of his family to their country residence, dashed by him as fast as four fleet horses could carry them. Behind was a caravan with four more, filled with servants; and these carriages, after forcing him to retire from his immediate path—being, in fact, in the very middle of the coach road—both alarmed and covered him with dust. He revenged himself by bestowing a curse upon their possessor and all that were in them; and not the less from seeing, by the arms, which were impanelled in the richest blazonry, to whom these hated vehicles belonged.

“Is this to be borne?” said he, dusting his coat as well as he could.

A countryman, who, by keeping a green foot-path by the side of the road, had escaped the annoyance, was amused with his anger, which was very visible.

“Measter,” said he, “if you had known a thing or two, you need not have got that dusty jacket. Why didn’t you keep your own path, like I? There was room enough for us all.”

“Is it right or just,” returned Crabtree, very angry, “that in a free land one single citizen should be made to move one step faster than he pleases, to make way for a fellow who calls himself a Lord?”

“I neither know nor care nothing about that,” replied the countryman; “all I know is, there was room enough for those who did not want their jackets dusted.”

“Must not this be changed?” cried Crabtree to himself. “Is it not time it should? And who is this fellow, whose children and very menials drive honest men out of their way? A man whose ancestor lived by pillaging the country by force of arms, and transmitted the fruits of his rapine to his descendant, who pillages it still more by force of cunning. Yes! he had ever liberty and equality in his mouth, and was, till he got it, a hater of power, and of all aristocrats—himself the greatest and haughtiest of them all. This must not, shall not be, although he pretends himself the people’s friend, and so obtained his object. The fools! did they not see it? Shall they not see it when I have enlightened them? Shall there then be a coach and a caravan to drive people out of their way, and choke them with dust?”

The rebuke of his fellow traveller, however, so far operated, that he mounted the green bank which formed the path for foot-passengers, and allowed several carts and stage-coaches to pass without a reproach to the passengers within. This brought him to the beginning of the town he was bound to, when he stopped to deliberate upon his future plan of operations.

And here he had need of all his virtuous rage at the inequality of the lots of mankind, to keep him from the melancholy of a treasury of seven shillings. Nevertheless, he drew largely upon that other treasury of expected improvements in reform, if not of revolution, in which the annihilation of Church, and above all, of College property (if not an agrarian law, itself), promised an Eldorado to his rapt imagination. A question certainly did occur to him, rather critical and difficult to answer; how he, individually, was to profit by this, were it accomplished? “But no matter,” he said, “once pull down the accursed building, the scramble is open to me as well as to others. The mischief is, that the fools and slaves, my countrymen, are behind what they ought to be, full a hundred

years; and till a great burst can be created, we must still be ridden either by Tory aristocrats, or Whig aristocrats, in one or other of the Houses. No! there can be no real relief, no real liberty in Parliament, till the Lords are again voted useless, Bishops demolished, and universal suffrage universally acknowledged." The thought pleased. "Those were happy times," said he, "when the real people really had a voice in the old state,

"And oyster wenches lock'd their fish up,
And went to Court to cry No Bishop."

SECTION III.

He meets with a patriotic Printer—Its happy result.

"After we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy."

SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer's Night Dream*.

He had now advanced into the town, without much of fixed object, when he passed a stationer's shop which professed to publish the liberal county paper: a thought instantly struck him, that he might here at least gain some information which might eventually prove useful; and he accordingly entered it. The master—a snug, warm-looking, middle-aged man, who wore a well-brushed coat, and shining brown wig—not liking his *piépoudré* appearance, turned him over to his apprentice to serve, who asked him what he wanted. The question was rather puzzling, for he had really not concocted any plan, and had entered the shop on a sort of voyage of discovery. Finding, however, a necessity to answer, he addressed himself to the master, and asked if there were any new political pamphlets in the cause of reform. This caught the printer's attention, and he did not disdain entering into conversation with him.

"You are an advocate, then, it should seem," said the printer, "for that glorious measure?"

"I ought to be," returned he, "for I have suffered enough in its cause."

"I suppose so," said the other, seeing him wipe his face, and rather drooping under his knapsack, which the printer eyed with curiosity. "What, I suppose you are a vender; but you don't seem to have disposed of much of your pack. But, perhaps, the sheets are all Conservative; and, if so, I can supply you with as many as you please on the other side, which is the favourite one here, as it ought to be everywhere else."

"I honour you for that, at least," returned Crabtree; "but you mistake as to my calling. I am rather a reader (perhaps I may call myself a writer) than a vender."

"Ay, ay," cried the printer, eyeing him with most inquiring suspicion. "You seem to have had a long, dusty walk; not, I should think, for pleasure, yet almost all the coaches are just now upon the road."

"My dust," returned Crabtree, "is more the consequence of the villanous pride of the aristocrats, than the mere effect of walking."

"Don't understand," said the printer; which made Crabtree recount what he called the insolent driving of Lord ——'s two carriages. This fixed the patriotic printer, who declared that the aristocracy ought to be
——d!

"I may well say so," cried Crabtree; and he narrated his college griefs, the insolence of the governors, their partiality and abuse of power, his attempt to expose them, from mere love of justice alone, his summary trial without a jury, and his consequent expulsion.

The printer listened with great seeming commiseration; said these and other instances of the abominable tyranny of the aristocracy would soon make people right themselves; then, struck with curiosity, he asked if Crabtree happened to have the *corpus delicti*—the letter they called a libel—about him. "I should be glad to see the composition," said the printer, significantly.

Crabtree, who never was without this proof of his martyrdom, immediately took it from his pocket, and, asking leave to take off his knapsack while the patriot stationer read it, reposed himself in a chair during the operation. The letter, allowing for grossly false premises, being written with considerable powers of insolence, was very much to the taste of this new ally of the author, who complimented him upon his love of freedom and strength of nerve in attacking such powerful enemies. Then, after a pause—"To tell you the truth," said he, "I have for some time wished for the assistance of so fearless a person as you seem to be (to say nothing of your style), in the conduct of my Reform paper, which has rather been going down lately, before a writer thought more able than mine, though I don't think so myself. He manages the leading articles of a confounded Conservative just set up against me; and has, I own, hurt my sale, though that is nothing in comparison of the injury he may do to the cause of the people."

Crabtree complimented his new friend, Mr. Thomas Pounce (for that was his name), on his disinterestedness, and professed a willingness—in the same cause, more than for himself—to render the assistance required. When they came, however, to settle terms—a necessary preliminary—it should seem that neither of them was so occupied with the people as to forget himself.

Pounce wished to purchase service as cheaply, and Crabtree to sell it as dearly, as their respective interests would permit; and the haggling went on so long, that the shop-boy announced dinner, without any prospect of a satisfactory settlement. Each, however, seemed to be softened by the fumes of some boiled pork and greens which smoked in a little back parlour; and as the printer could not well, at such a moment, turn a man out of doors whom he had a huge wish to engage in his service, he very fairly asked Crabtree to partake—an offer which was most gladly accepted.

The repast opened the heart of each; and, a further conversation on the misery of the times, and the shameful slavery in which all the honest—that is, all the lower and middle ranks—were kept by the vicious aristocracy—that is, all the upper—having brought them in perfect unison together, they came at last to an agreement. The chief difficulty on each side, next to something very like avarice on both, was to reconcile their respective claims to superiority. Crabtree soon found out that his intended employer, whom he disdained to consider as a patron, was no scholar; and Pounce, with half an eye, as he said, discovered that Crabtree was poor. This made each more obstinate. The influence of letters, education, and eloquence, had always, in Crabtree's mind, outweighed even that of gold, in producing revolution. It was, in proper hands, as Marc Antony told the Roman mob, "what could move

the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." But was it ever known that a little, snug bookseller, well fed and clothed, and by no means willing to hazard these advantages, had either imagination enough, or enterprise enough, to do more than furnish what Crabtree, with some contempt, called the mechanical part of revolution? On the other hand, Mr. Pounce, who always sat down to a good dish of pork and greens, or something better, and, when he travelled, did it in or on a stage-coach, never on foot, could not submit to be dictated to by an expelled servitor of Oxford. However, mutual interest brought them closer together, as it did Handel and his organ-blower; the story of which, Crabtree, with more pride than prudence, took care to tell his companion in arms that was to be, not greatly to the latter's liking.

It was finally agreed that Crabtree should take the whole literary management of the politics of the paper, and be answerable, exclusively in his person, for all dangers that might ensue, of pillory, imprisonment, or other damage; while the printer should furnish all necessary supplies for the material, with power to disavow whatever he pleased, and also to dismiss his coadjutor when he pleased, should the interest of the concern demand it. For this the bold servitor, and renovator of states, was to be installed in a comfortable garret in Mr. Pounce's printing-house, partake of his table, and receive ten pounds a year for clothes, pocket-money, and washing; and, moreover, in consideration of present need, brought on by aristocratical and ecclesiastical tyranny, he was to receive an immediate bonus of five guineas. After this, each gentleman walked out a different way, to ponder the expected result of his bargain.

SECTION IV.

His first attempt to make Converts.

"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

The prudent Pounce, though a real well-wisher to the dignity and independence of his own class, and therefore, of course, an enemy to all above them, was nevertheless not so much of an enthusiast in the cause, as to be indifferent to any thing that hazarded the main chance. He was, in fact, not a little of a coward, and a considerable deal of a miser, and though a great, a very great reformer, did not wish to endanger either person or purse. He was, therefore, a little startled at the bargain he had made, not only to give such liberal wages, as he called them, to a man whose abilities might, after all, be uncertain, and his story not true, but also to take him a total stranger to his very bosom, as it were, by allowing him a garret in his house. "How know I," said he, "that he may not rob me in the night, or that he has not been expelled his college for some dishonesty, instead of the patriotic feelings he boasts of?" The thought became painful as he traversed one of the streets of the town that led to a friend's house, whom he meant to consult (though too late). "Oh, Pounce, Pounce!" said he, "thou wast ever too confiding, and too rampant in thy honourable zeal for reform. Recollect (ah! why didst thou not recollect before!) the travelling lecturer on government that borrowed thy velveteen thirds to make his speech in at the reform dinner? He spoke, indeed, like an

angel, but never returned the breeches; this not three months ago, and yet again to be perhaps taken in!" These reflections, not over encouraging, brought him to his friend's door, who was a limb of the law, and a sharer with Pounce in his paper called the *Radical Mercury*; a member of the corporation, and remarkable for hunting out liberal candidates at the elections; and who had been prosperous as an attorney, till too much attention to the public welfare had made him neglect his own. The business fell off, of course, but this he attributed to the wicked revenge of the aristocracy, and consoled himself for the necessary loss of a daily pudding at his dinner, by thinking and proclaiming how much he had suffered for *the cause*. As to the *Mercury*, though his influence in the management of the paper was considerable, he did not like to appear in it; for his business lay chiefly among the Conservative gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who had respected his father, and whom he did not, as clients, wish to lose. He had therefore entered into no articles of agreement with Pounce, having even a great fear of a legal responsibility for what might end in trouble. If a halter was to be incurred, he wished his friend Pounce to have the sole honour of it. He, however, in consequence of work and labour done and to be done, stipulated by parole for one-fourth of the profits, without risk, and therefore without anything to show for it. A radical's honour in a radical cause, he said, was different from that of the insultingly-called gentlemen.

Upon learning the object of Pounce's visit, he caught some of his alarm, not at all encouraging for Pounce. "No matter," said the enthusiastic Brainworm (for that was his name), "if you are robbed, your intentions and merits in favour of our just rights will always do you honour; and with this you ought to be satisfied."

Now, Mr. Pounce was anything but satisfied, and asked his friend if the bargain might not be rescinded.

"To be sure it may," returned the lawyer. "Nothing but parole, and nobody by."

"I am afraid," said Pounce, "my shopboy might have overheard."

"How old is he?" asked Brainworm.

"Twelve."

"Pooh! he is not old enough to swear to merits, never fear. But do not be too rash. Let us look at the letter which occasioned the expulsion."

Pounce produced it.

"There are some fine glowing sentiments in it," said Brainworm, "and a great deal of Latin about Brutus. Were it republished in your paper, I think it would sell, and puzzle Mr. Wilmot to answer it."

"He told me it sold the Oxford paper very well," said Pounce, rather brightening.

"I would try him," said the lawyer.

"Yes; but not take him into the house," observed Pounce.

"I tell you what," said Brainworm, "you know my son corresponds with young Squire Melton, his old schoolfellow and friend. I did not like the intimacy; for Melton is a confounded aristocrat, and I feared would corrupt the boy. Nevertheless, the pot must boil; and if I can succeed in getting Jack to hold Melton's courts for him, no harm, you know."

"Harm! Lord bless me, no!" cried Pounce. "As if I would refuse to sell him a quire of paper myself! But what's to come of it?"

"Why, Melton," answered Brainworm, "is at the college from which this Crabapple —"

"Crabtree!" interrupted Pounce.

"Well, Crabtree," said the other, "was expelled. I will make Jack ask Melton what was his real character."

"Excellent!" answered Pounce. "You will do it by to-day's post?"

"I will."

"You are a true friend. Meantime, I will try and disengage him from the garret as not being ready, and get him a bed at my neighbour the pastrycook's. If he is a robber, he may try his hand on him first."

With this he returned home, having promised his new coadjutor to give him tea.

Crabtree all this while was engaged in a walk by the side of a busy canal, full of craft loaded with produce of all kinds, and denoting flourishing proofs of successful domestic trade. "How the fellows slave!" said he to himself; "and let them; they were made to carry panniers. And yet we of the enlightened are forced to court, nay, instruct them, or they would actually not know their own rights or importance. Whom do you work for?" said he, to a hale, florid boatman who had just landed from a barge a hundred feet long, entirely filled with corn.

"For Muster Williams," replied the man, "the great wharfinger, and part-owner of the canal."

"He is rich, I suppose?"

"Don't know about that; but must be; for he has twenty barges like this, and above a hundred of us on shore, let alone what's on board."

"And lives well, I suppose?"

"Got a fine house," replied the man, "and a fine wife and son."

"And the son is, or is to be, a wharfinger too?"

"He! no, not he! He is at Oxford College, wears silk, and keeps hunters."

"Good," said Crabtree, "his father was born before him."

"May well say that. Yet his father and mine were once fellow-boatmen on this here very canal."

"Indeed! and how happened it that your father did not get on as well as he?"

"Can't say, but suppose he did not know so well how. We can't be all alike, you know. There must be somebody first and somebody last."

"What a blockhead!" thought Crabtree. "And are you not unhappy when you think of the difference of fortune in your father and this Mr. Williams?"

"Not at all. I suppose he got his honestly—never heard the contrary; and, if so, has a right to it."

"And yet," pursued Crabtree, "if justice were done, do you think there could be so many immensely rich and so many miserably poor, as are all around us? In a free and happy country that could not be."

"And how would you remedy it?" said the man, beginning to be interested.

"Why, what harm," asked Crabtree, "if every now and then there was taken something from the rich and given to the poor? It would make them more equal."

"That sounds well enough," replied the boatman, "and I should like well enough myself to be rich; but, according to you, how long should I be so? According to you, I might go to bed worth twenty thousand pounds, and get up in the morning not worth a farthing."

"That's not what I mean," said Crabtree.

"And pray what's to hinder it?" asked the boatman. "It's like a boat when drove from her anchors, you don't know where she'll drive."

"You don't comprehend me," returned Crabtree; "but if you would listen, you would see I wish to make you all happy."

"I dare say," returned the man; "but I don't think that's the way to go about it; it be so wild, though I be not much of a scholar. Besides, pray who is to have the power, or be able to know how to alter the shares as you talk of?"

"O! yourselves; that is, the Parliament; that is, the House of Commons."

"Why, bean't there a House of Lords, and the King in a Parliament, as well as Commons?" asked this obstinate unbeliever.

"Yes, at present," answered the apostle of equality; "but perhaps soon there may not be."

"And who is to alter it?" persisted the tyro.

"O! themselves," returned his instructor.

"That's a good one," cried the navigator, with quite a laugh. "As if a king would knock off his own crown, or a lord part with his own estate!"

"What may be your name, friend?" asked Crabtree.

"Tim Naylor," answered the man. "I am not ashamed of it."

"You are but a dull fellow, Tim," said the ex-servitor.

"Perhaps so," returned he; "but I would rather be dull than mad like you; and so good evening to you."

"The prince of blockheads!" exclaimed Crabtree, when he was gone. "No! if all are like him, this Reform has done nothing for mankind, but to confirm the nobles in pride, and enable an insolent lord more than ever to drive over the people in coaches and four. By the way, I wonder some 'man of the people' in Parliament does not move to limit the number of horses to two, except for stage-coaches, where all pay alike. If I take root in my new employ, I will certainly propose petitioning to that effect. I have read, indeed, that during the rearing of that 'most glorious fabric,' the French Revolution, it was proposed to prevent people from riding horses beyond a foot's pace, except in the case of a midwife going to a labour. There was much true notion of equality in it, but the result unfortunately showed that the best philosophical principles can do nothing even to make people feel happy and dignified, if they do not choose to be so themselves;—the proposal was rejected. I trust I shall not find many Tim Naylor in this region of commerce and independence. The existence of a Conservative paper, well supported, is indeed a little ominous; but the greater the trial the greater the glory, and something, I trust, better than glory. Thank Heaven! that vile priesthood that once lorded it over all mankind, and still lords it, to our own infamy, over the men of Oxford, can find no rest for their feet in a place like this, where prelatial hypocrisy and deception are at least out of fashion."

How soon did Crabtree forget the exulting feelings with which he

entered Oxford,—instead of a ploughman, intending to be a bishop! Which was the hypocrite, the reformer, or reformee, may safely be left to the test of experience!

It was with these reflections, however, and somewhat out of humour with boatmen and navigable canals, that he returned to ——— to take tea with the patriotic Pounce.

He found that great spirit in the little back parlour where they had dined, conning over the most specious excuses with his only maid-servant, to elude that part of his contract with the “martyr” which was to give him free ingress into his garret by night and day. As the said apartment, as it was called, had not been inhabited, except by bats and mice, for two years, was damp and even ragged, and the windows furnished with far more oiled paper than glass, the excuse was not difficult to find; and the apostle had only to mount up stairs, to come down again with precipitation, and make a new convention in regard to the article of lodging. As Pounce had settled the matter with the pastry-cook, the rather, because it was only to last till the other member of the future triumvirate could have an answer from Oxford, this was not difficult, and Crabtree’s knapsack, for want of a more aristocratic package, was safely lodged in a room equally high, but far less uncomfortable, at the pastrycook’s instead of the printer’s.

A day or two afterwards, the hero of Radicalism was duly installed in his office, the answer of Mr. Melton to Brainworm, junior, having been received. It was most highly favourable, as may be perceived from the following extract:—

“You ask me after the man Crabtree, who was a servitor here, but expelled, and of whom, I suppose, on some account or other, you may therefore be suspicious. You tell me, indeed, that there is a disposition in some of your town to confide to him some matter of trust. I know nothing against his honesty, so far as to suppose he would steal, and I knew nothing of him myself; but I cannot say his character made me sorry for it. He was for ever discontented; not merely impatient of all rule, but ever flying in the faces of his superiors, both in and out of college. In short, his insolence was unbounded; his whole conduct and person exhibiting a mutinous and impudent spirit, which he termed natural independence. This was the more marked because he was, to the few who were beneath him, notorious for an overbearing, bullying manner, accompanied with meanness. For it is discovered, since he left, that he had long been in debt to his scout, for money absolutely borrowed, exclusive of wages unpaid. He was expelled for libelling the officers of his college, and refusing to give proof of his slander. Our school friendship makes me thus particular, and you know how much I have always deplored the intimacy which your situation is likely to throw you into with persons whose principles you were not wont to approve.”

This letter was so satisfactory to all—except young Brainworm himself, that the air of suspicion in his father, and of fear in the cautious Pounce, was instantly dispelled; and Crabtree was put in full possession of the management of Mr. Pounce’s paper and Mr. Pounce’s garret.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGH CIVILIZATION.—NO. II.

BETWEEN the effects of high civilization as they bear upon the loftier and more opulent orders and upon the middle and trading classes of society, there is one important difference. It is this. High civilization affects the former only in their mode of attaining honour or pursuing pleasure. It turns them from rather than towards business; whereas it assists the latter in their concerns, increasing their profits, enlarging their views, raising them to affluence, or, perhaps—sinking them to poverty. Ambition is indeed the business of the great; but though the direction of the minds of those who have to make their daily bread as well as their way in the world, in relation to ambition or amusement, is not less subject to its influence, the means by which they live and thrive must be the first consideration. Thus it becomes necessary to ascertain what are the results upon their primary occupations.

High civilization in this respect is the accumulation of capital, the increase of skill, the augmentation of mechanical powers, the extension of credit, the variety of methods of business, and the inevitable consequence of these accidents—the severest competition. These affect all the classes below those who live on the interest of capital, whether derived from land or money; and the changes produced upon the morals and manners respond to their several forces.

From all these accidents commerce is become very much a matter of speculation*. The necessary consequence is that there is much more of extended and, we may add, of uncertain trade than heretofore; not in the metropolis alone, not in places of commanding opulence only, but in all the towns of tolerable magnitude throughout the empire. It is, unquestionably, one of the most prominent results of the cultivation of the intellect (in whatever manner, and to whatever degree) to instil the urgent desire and the inevitable necessity of substituting the work of the head for the work of the hands. Formerly, uprightness in dealing was the basis of a trader's practice and fortune. He bought and sold upon the square. He placed, if not an implicit, yet an honest trust in the manufacturer, the grower, or the importer of the articles he sold. He knew their *quality*, he estimated his expenses, and he charged a fair but compensating profit. Whoever bought his articles was also justified in placing a liberal confidence in his judgment and integrity. A child could buy with the same assurance of being well treated as a man, the ignorant with as much safety as the best judges. The passage to wealth was slow, but tolerably sure. Few risks were hazarded—the trader extended his business only with the commensurate extension of his capital, his reputation, and his connexions.

Paper credit introduced a new process. Not only were dealers able to bring their whole property into play, but infinitely more, by the expedient known by the name of "accommodation."

A. and B. engage to lend each other their names—that is to say, A. draws on B. and B. on A., engaging to take up their own bills, or to pay the differences when such bills become due. By the instrumentality of

* For the details, see 'New Monthly Magazine,' No. CLXXIV, (for June, 1835,) page 144.

banks, bill-brokers, private agents, and the acceptance of such bills amongst dealers, the facilities of purchase, speculation, and competition were increased to an extent perfectly incalculable. During the war, many were enriched, and more were ruined by this expedient*. But the momentous consequence was rather moral than pecuniary. The integrity of the parties was broken down and it became so common an usage that the deceit was sanctioned, if not sanctified by its frequency—if universally condemned, it was almost as universally practised. The regular industry of the country was impaired, and a forced, artificial, and gambling extension was given to almost every concern. In the end, competition compelled the adoption of this, and with this of other artifices. So true it is that one false step always leads to more.

The middle classes, as they are called, include an almost incalculable range both in fortune, application of time, habits and manners. Unless we admit a natural aristocracy, such as Burke has described it, and create for certain branches, the faculties and professions, the liberal arts, and the higher branches of commerce, a separate place, below the aristocracy of the constitution and above the other members of the middle orders, it is difficult to bring them into anything like a specific classification. When we are told that one merchant establishment divided 200,000*l.* for a single year (the last) of traffic—when we have understood that another trades to the extent of 14,000*l. per diem*, in goods sold for ready money—when we know that one partner only of many in a London brewery has derived 41,000*l.* for his year's profit—when we have heard, upon something like authority, that a maker of a musical instrument has netted upwards of 90,000*l.* in one twelvemonth, it must be perceived that there is an aristocracy of wealth, for what can money purchase that these men cannot enjoy? When indeed we contemplate the prodigious forces which the accumulation of capital, mechanical power, rapidity of locomotion, and the facility of acquiring knowledge (business knowledge) confer, this concentration (*centralization*, I suppose, it must be dubbed in the vocabulary of high civilization) appears to place the aristocrat of wealth above the wealthy aristocrat. In what does the life of the millionaire differ from that of the peer? He passes a certain number of the hours of the day in the superintendence of his commerce, which the noble devotes to his estate, his justice meetings, his yacht, or his field sports. The rich trader is almost sure to be in parliament. He has his mansion at the west end †, and his seat in the country—he makes excursions abroad, or he relaxes by the seaside. His banquets and his assemblies have all that those of the peer can display. The apartments are as magnificent, the servants as numerous, the viands as various and as costly. They differ in nothing, in short, but in the absence of certain individuals, who are lifted to the distinction of "exclusives" by fashionable convention; and even more, perhaps, by that undefinable self-possession and mannerism which still

* I knew two houses each of which employed accommodation to the amount of 40,000*l.* The one paid a clerk the enormous salary of 750*l.* per annum for managing this mighty engine, and came to a stop—the other reared the most extensive manufactory of the article in England by its aid.

† Brummell happened to be placed near one of this caste. When the wine began to circulate, B. clapped his hand upon his shoulder, and said "Come, my Phœbus, fill." "Why the devil do you call me Phœbus?" "Why Phœbus?" retorted the beau. "Do you not rise in the East and set in the West?"

appertain to the education (I mean the training, company, and habits) of persons of birth and station, and which are never perfectly attained by those who want these accidents.

The proximate reason lies in the employments we have just described. The noble keeps his state. None but his equals approach him like equals. They are few and are careful of their relative dignities. His dependents are servilely subservient, a deference is paid to him by others, which sustains his self-estimation. All is so smooth, that, from his personal intercourses, he might almost be tempted to believe his power universal, and his sentiments the model of all around him. The merchant, on the contrary, mixes with inferior men in concerns which imply sharp competition. No ceremony graces, no etiquette environs their dealing. That dealing, too, is employed about money which, if it cannot be said much to debase, at least must be allowed much to lower the intellect and the manners: hence the alloy*. Neither must we omit the effect of politics in bringing into more absolute contiguity the constitutional and the natural aristocracy.

Politics conspired to change all the dispositions of social and general life. The French revolution introduced no little contempt of others, no slight confusion of ranks. It inculcated two grievous errors—aristocratic oppression and democratic insolence; both having a tendency to lower and vilify the respective parties. The aristocratic principle teaches a destructive exclusion and scorn of inferiors—the republican, a no less ruinous contempt of superiors. The intense stimulus applied to the education of the middle and industrious classes, and the temptations to a relaxation from duties which the immense wealth accumulated during the war, the contaminations of London, and foreign example since the peace, with its accompanying reduction of rents and prices have brought about, has altered all the intellectual, much of the pecuniary relations of society, and has transferred a great portion of the power from one order to another. The classes mixed, and although it was a mixture, not a solution—although the bodies were intermingled, there were no affinities to produce any, hardly the semblance of homogeneity. Still it had its effect; that effect was to taint the higher, without refining the lower. The aristocrat imbibed something of the spirit of the trader, whilst the trader gained little of the true nobility of the aristocrat. In a

* A nobleman, who had mixed much with all classes, maintained that he had never known any one, however remotely connected with trade, that was in mind and manners strictly a gentleman. I mentioned an instance of the most polished, courteous, and universally courted merchant I knew—one indeed, who, though his name stood in a business firm, could scarcely be said to be acquainted with any of its concerns. "No," said his Lordship, "he is not a gentleman. Suppose the gardener of Mr. W. (a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, well-educated man of landed property) were to say to him, 'Sir, we have more pines or more plants than we want, what is to be done with them?' Mr. W. would reply, 'Send them to such and such persons, with my compliments, or inquire of Mr. A.'s or B.'s gardener if he think they will be acceptable.' But were the gardener of your friend K. to ask the same question, his master would immediately inquire what they would fetch, and desire them to be sold." It was in the same feeling that this same noble one day at dinner, when an acquaintance of humbler condition expressed his fondness for hares, turned to the butler, and desired him to take care that Mr. — was well supplied with hares during the season. A brace were accordingly sent him every week. K. would have mentally computed that two hares would fetch four shillings, and that four shillings a-week made ten pounds eight shillings a-year.

word, the qualities of the two are distinct. "Man," says Paley, "is a bundle of habits"—their habits lie opposite ways.

Descend another step to the trader of the second order—if you please, to the thriving shopkeeper. What are his habits? Business for a certain number of hours of the day. He then has his dinner and his evening society; or he visits the opera or the concert. His family is very much trained like that of the noble or the merchant. There is indeed a wide remove between the males and the females. The males are generally "men of business," that is, sharp and hard-headed, knowing very little except of the arts of buying and selling. They are but coarse and clumsy imitators of better manners. In their hours of trade-engagement they are active, vigilant, and methodical—some indeed affect literature, and are smatterers in the arts; even these, perhaps, make more intellectual attainment than the sporting men of the classes above them. Others derive their amusement from relaxation, and good eating and drinking, with the pleasures of public places. Upon the direction of their tastes in these respects depends their domestic society. But they are altogether in mind and conduct below their sisters, who almost generally read and speak one or more foreign languages, draw, play, sing, dance, and are probably instructed by the very same masters engaged by the aristocracy—for the circumstances that produce affinities between trade and art are multifarious and binding. The middle classes have also advantages which the higher have not in making these attainments. They are to them distinctions—the distinctions of life. They have, too, a patience of labour in the prosecution of their studies, and an assistance in the familiarity of artists unknown and inaccessible to the higher ranks, who are fenced round with prejudices and ceremonies. Thus, when the estimate comes to be fairly made, the article (to treat the human animal like a commodity) bears a much greater equality in its attributes than is generally believed. Nor are the higher classes now shielded from comparison as much as they were. The admixture of ranks facilitates that comparison, and facilitates imitation. "What do the middle classes, who are now raving against the aristocracy, know of our dispositions, manners, and habits?" asked a young Viscount the other day. "Much more than your Lordship imagines," was the reply; "they measure your intellect and information by your conduct in Parliament—they see you in public, many of them meet you in private society—they hear of you through all the channels of public information; the doings of your days and nights are registered in the public journals, and described to the life, by authors of your own rank, in novels. In a word, they know you better than you know yourself."

The evil of this is, that it unfits the individual for that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. Its tendency is purely democratic; it inspires that appreciation of personal qualities which induces him to forget everything but these mere qualities; and when he compares them with the share of accomplishment possessed by those who occupy loftier stations, (the attainments of a long descent, the acquisition of much ancestral desert, and the consequences of the laws of property,) he is too apt to consider himself unjustly degraded. This is especially the case with professions which depend upon the ability of the individual. Envy and discontent follow. The character of the class is thus exalted one or more degrees above its true position. The moral affections, which used to be the enduring links that bound the relations

of life, are broken, and everything becomes a bargain, in which all advantages are fairly to be taken. The disgrace of failure is familiarized by its frequency, and success in the acquisition of affluence becomes the test of worth and ability. Even the highest offices of religion have been made the subject of money valuation; archbishops and bishops must have their fifteen, ten, and five thousands a-year, in order to conciliate the due portion of respect for the profession of a faith which enjoins humility, and promises the highest rewards of salvation to a virtuous abandonment of the good things of mundane existence.

But let me not be thought to undervalue wealth. To its accumulations we are indebted, if not for the springs, at least for the aids by which the vast, the universal conveniences, the rare enjoyments, and the exquisite and beautiful adornments of the life we live have been wrought*. The facility, the diversity, the cheapness of production of all sorts, far exceed all that we can suppose to have belonged to any former period of the world's existence. The trader everywhere enjoys luxuries in all that environs him, beyond what the monarch of a few centuries ago could purchase with all his power and dominion. In private life and public diversions,—in education, books, and travel,—in dress, furniture, and viands,—in short, in all that concerns elegance and comfort, there cannot be the slightest comparison between them.

Two contingencies are thus working their way which embarrass the future with difficulties, not unforseen, but hard to evade or reconcile. The property that centres in families or individuals is enormous, and where entails operate, must continue to increase. We have nobles whose incomes reach 1000*l.* per day: we have traders whose property is not short of a million†. These examples necessarily create more. It becomes indispensable to one who desires to perpetuate as well as originate a name, to concentrate his acquisitions upon one branch. The spirit pervades the whole mass; and it was pleaded by a reforming minister, in excuse for conferring upon the first magistrate of the state a sum of 1300*l. per diem*, in order to enable the sovereign to keep “a decent hospitality,” that the Crown must otherwise sink below the opulence of a subject. The contingency in the case which we put is, that the cares, the employments, and the enjoyments incident to such vast properties must occupy the mind to the exclusion of literary cultivation and attainments. There are few who, like Cavendish, either can or will surrender

* De Tocqueville has taken a very able view of the consequences of an aristocratic form of government. Treating of modelling a commonwealth, he says—“We must first understand what the purport of society and the end of government is held to be. If it be your intention to confer a certain elevation upon the human mind, and to teach it to regard the things of this world with generous feelings, to inspire men with a scorn of mere temporal advantage, to give birth to living convictions, and to keep alive the spirit of honourable devotedness; if you hold it to be a good thing to refine the habits, to embellish the manners, to cultivate the arts of a nation, and to promote the love of poetry, of beauty, and of renown; if you would constitute a people not unfitted to act with power upon all other nations, nor unprepared for those high enterprises which, whatever be the result of its efforts, will leave a name for ever famous in time; if you believe such to be the principal object of society, you must avoid the government of democracy, which would be a very uncertain guide to the end you have in view.”

† Not long since, a merchant in a country town, the son of a wheelwright, died, and bequeathed to his only son, a gallant officer in the British service, not less than this amount.

themselves to philosophy, and disregard fortune*. The unshunned consequence must be, that they become inferior in the acquisitions of intellect.

The still lower classes, on the contrary, have been sedulously and thoroughly imbued with the notion that "knowledge is power;" and they cultivate knowledge with an assiduity and perseverance perfectly unintelligible to those above them. If it be common now to find the daughters of tradesmen linguists, musicians, painters, and authors, it is not uncommon to see mechanics, if not profound scholars, men of various and extensive information; competent, not only to the details of their own business, but familiar with those of finance, conversant with the proceedings in Parliament,—not merely the debates, but with the more solid documents—the reports and general papers. They write well, and speak fluently; and, by their commerce with the world, are powerful agents in the great and various public trusts and functions which men in middle life may now be said to direct. It is not long since a journalist, in a great manufacturing town, who had advocated the cause of the journeymen in a dispute about wages, was called upon by two of the principal employers, who requested his attention to their statements. He did so; and it was arranged that he should put their arguments and proposals into his own words, send them to the gentlemen to ascertain that he had rightly interpreted their intentions, and then submit them to two or three of the men for their remarks. This was done in the hope of conciliation. The men took the paper, and in a few days produced so able a refutation of the principal points, quoting sound authorities, but in a style to prove it to be their own, that the masters admitted they were wrong, and suppressed their intended appeal. In a few weeks the journeymen came to their friend the journalist, and, at their request, the process was reversed. He embodied their opinions and propositions, and submitted them to the masters, who saw so clearly the justice and the force of the men's observations, that the journalist was empowered to publish the modified paper as an article emanating from himself. An amicable adjustment took place; each party receded from their hostile position, adopted the general proposals, and the commerce of the place has been greatly and permanently improved. Yet these men were simply hand-loom weavers; but they were clear-headed, and thoroughly informed upon the general and particular bearings of the question, both politically and commercially. Again, the very ministers of the last half century—that is, the ministers of power—have been politicians by education and by trade. Take the whole succession, from Pitt to Spring Rice,—Dundas, Jenkinson, Perceval, Peel, Canning,—force of intellect, not aristocratic connexion, has exalted all these to the head of affairs. The same principle prevails down to the management of an election.

The Reform Bill has lent even more dominion to understanding and literary acquirement. Thus it is that brains will beat blood. The one

* It is related of this philosopher, who was immensely rich, that, while buried in his experiments, he was one day summoned from his laboratory to attend his banker. The banker said he called, in consequence of the vast sum accumulated in his hands, to ask whether Mr. Cavendish was aware of the amount, and whether he wished it so to remain, or that they should otherwise employ it? The philosopher simply repeated the two last words, "Employ it," and left the room, impatient to return to his course of chemical discovery.

class has every stimulus and every assistance to laborious exertion; the other has every allurements to indolence and luxurious enervation. The wonder is, not that the higher classes are quailing before the lower, but that, amid such temptations, they should still sustain the contest with the vigour and success which some individuals, and, as a whole, the entire body, of the aristocracy still exhibit.

While we are thus contemplating the progression of mind, two important phenomena must not be overlooked. The first is, the impulse given to the intellect; the second, the prodigious concentration of knowledge, together with the multitudes who now follow the trade of authorship. These facts, while they render the want of information a disgrace, from the very facility which is thus afforded to acquirement, extend to so vast a grasp the various branches, that most men are absolutely discouraged by the impossibility of comprehending any considerable portion of the abundance that is daily presented. Smatterers are plentiful enough; deep research is rare. It is chiefly to be found in science*. The power of genius soon discovers that it must fix itself to leading objects; and hence, while most departments, through individual exertion, are carried forward to a wonderfully increasing perfection, the general mind is humanized. Reading, in some shape or other, may be said to be universal. After this general softening of the manners, the most visible of its consequences is a spirit of independent inquiry, which renders society at large less governable. The right of private judgment is established so thoroughly in every man's breast, that scarcely any truth is taken for known: conversation is a field for casuistry; and the force of truth is weakened by the dispersion of its rays. The issue of all this stimulus is to create an inconceivable activity—a feverish restlessness of pursuit, incompatible with what used to be considered quiet occupation. Mind and station are no longer at par; the one is, in all cases, one or more degrees in advance of the other†. Whether this phenomenon adds to human happiness is an unsolved proposition; but it is still a law of progression which all must obey; and as the general

* I am free to confess, that I rose from the perusal of Herschel's "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" with the feeling, that if the mental intensity he there describes be indispensable to the method of philosophizing, I should abandon the pursuit in utter and hopeless despair.

† An unknown correspondent, who has been induced by the essay which appeared in the September Number of the "New Monthly" to address the writer, has marked, by instances, one of the effects of this disparity, the most, perhaps, to be regretted—namely, its operation to prevent matrimonial connexions:—

"A near relation of mine," says our correspondent, "whose family never was worth 200*l.* a year in the world, and who has herself married a gentleman with 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year, is now bringing up her only daughter, a very plain girl, with buck teeth, red eyebrows, and white hair, under the determination, which is constantly driven into the child's ears, that she is never to marry a man who cannot keep her a carriage and handsome establishment, although her mother, or none of her family ever had either! I know at present, not one, but twenty families in which the same opinions are cherished; and I know at least forty ladies, and amongst them some of my own nearest and dearest relations, who might long since have been happily married to gentlemen, but *poor* men of honourable and distinguished professions, had they not looked forward to the hope of drawing prizes in this 'lottery of life,' had they been content to live in the same style they had always been accustomed to, and not have attended to the advice of foolish relations, who were always advising 'to wait a little,' until age and wrinkles at length arrived, and they sunk down into old maids, mortified and repentant when too late."

term of human life does not seem to be shortened, a very momentous truth may be gathered from it—namely, that the wear of activity does not consume a man so rapidly as rust wastes him away.

If we have thus engaged in the contemplation of the intellectual and moral progress of society, we must not neglect the improvement of the arts of life. They have advanced, and are advancing, in a sort of geometrical ratio, by capital and machinery; by the devotion of many minds, each to its individual pursuit; and by the direction of masses to the same end—a very striking fact in the history of the present times. One statistical calculation will be deemed sufficient to demonstrate the exercise and the extent of the powers of wealth; and wealth, in this sense, includes all the comforts and all the ornaments of existence. To go back no further than the Revolution, the annual income of the country was estimated at forty-three millions. In 1812, Colquhoun computed it at 420 millions; and it is now greatly increased, to at least 600 millions, and probably more. At the period first named, D'Avenant, the most intelligent writer on public questions of his time, declared the revenue, then about two millions, to be "fully equal to its utmost ability;" and that "the commerce and manufactures of England would sink under a heavier load." Towards the close of the last war, the revenue had reached more than forty times the amount; and what appears even more strange, the country was more orderly and content than now, when the State charges do not exceed half the amount. The apparent contradiction in the first instance, is, however, easily solved by the fact, that it is from superfluous wealth alone that a large revenue can be drawn. "At the Revolution," says Sir John Sinclair in his "History of the Revenue," "the people of England required the greater part of their income to purchase merely the necessaries and conveniences of life; and four shillings in the pound must be less felt, and less liable to complaint, from the additional wealth that has been acquired since, than one shilling in the pound taken from an income that was little more than sufficient for the sustenance of the people." The solution of the second paradox may be found in the state of public opinion, touching cheap government, and the suspicions of profligate expenditure naturally produced by the continual discovery of the misappropriations of public money. Men have also determined not to pay for what they do not enjoy, and hence the just foundation of the refusal of Dissenters to support a church whose doctrines they deny, and whose ministry affords *them* neither instruction nor solace.

The universal diffusion of education is amongst the most prominent effects of high civilization. The subject is too trite—the experiment too recent—to need or to justify any protracted discussion here. Education as it now is, in transition, has done something for the knowledge—something for the external conduct—of the lower orders, but the moral results are not yet visible. Force, indeed, is yielding to fraud, but there is yet no improvement to justify the moral inferences which the theory holds out. I am not amongst those who consider that they who are employed in the humbler offices of life should be kept down to labour in the brute apathy of absolute ignorance, and restricted from any profitable rise in fortune, by such fetters; but I see that all that has yet been taught to the lowest classes, has produced little other benefit than to circulate a good deal of cunning—in the class just above, a conceited comparison with superiors, and often a morbid envy both towards them

and theirs. These, I admit, are the consequences of "a little learning;" but the great evil is (and it will probably now be rendered greater), that the inflammatory, inciting, and immoral publications of the periodical press, are those which are most accessible, and most grateful, to the classes in question*.

If we ascend just a little above these, there is one most remarkable feature—the abstraction of females from the duties of the station in which they are born, to the occupations of teachers, artists, and authors. Hence has arisen a competition, fatal, I fear, to the content, no less than to the prosperity, of most families.

The low as well as the high range of the salaries of governesses, now incalculably numerous, is extraordinary. Whilst from fifty to one hundred guineas are often paid, many well-educated females are content to exchange their services for mere sustenance and lodging; others for a sum far less than the wages of a decent domestic servant. Their lives are thus embittered by the contrast between their attainments and their station. It is to be apprehended that but too many of them fall the victims of a sensibility thus cherished only to be benumbed by disappointment, and impelled to ruin by the notions thus engendered. It is difficult otherwise to account for phenomena but too observable, and but too dreadful, amongst young females, but upon this supposition. There is, however, no order of persons on which the severity of competition is more oppressive than amongst females educated to earn their means of life by pursuits not merely mechanical.

A no less remarkable fact in the progression towards high civilization is, the disdain or disregard, in the middle classes, of taking upon themselves that wholesome superintendence of the conduct of their dependents which used formerly to be so strong a link of the social chain. To this, indeed, I attribute most of the immoral appearances which disturb and vilify the age. In farm-houses, the labourers are no longer inmates, and upon the very ground above described—the masters will not take upon themselves the care and responsibility. In cities, the trader guards against in-door apprentices. These classes are thus all thrown loose, and during the hours which are not positively devoted to labour, they are at full license to give way to the devices and desires of their own hearts. We read the impolicy, no less than the disregard of duty, in the insolence, carelessness, and plunder, of which there is scarcely one—we may, indeed, say no individual, having occasion to employ either domestic or business servants—who does not complain. Even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice in this as in most instances. The misconduct of the servant is but a retribution for the indifference of the master. It is here that the scheme of education is frustrated. The seeds of knowledge require to be matured after they are sown by the fostering care of moral agents. These agents are no longer to be found, speaking generally, in the second and more important stage.

I consider dress, particularly amongst females, to be profoundly connected with manners and morals. In this, a striking change has taken place. All classes are well apparelled. This is the rule—the few examples of the contrary are the exceptions. A superior costume always

* I think I have data which warrant me in affirming that a capital of not less than a hundred thousand pounds is embarked, in the metropolis, in the publication of directly obscene books. Who can be the authors, who the printers, and who the engravers, of the many and various things of this description, baffles all conjecture.

inspires a self-complacency which softens, if it cannot polish, the manners; and if we cannot imagine the possibility of a nobleman or gentleman boxing in a periwig or laced ruffles, it equally revolts our belief to invest blackguardism in a swallow-tailed coat and velvet waistcoat, or downright vulgarity in a silk gown and muslin pelerine; and although we read in the police reports of "an interesting and well-dressed female" being brought up for larceny or an assault—although we know that there is "a swell mob," alias well-dressed pickpockets—yet these again are exceptions. They assume a virtue for the perpetration of crime, and, in general, the effect upon the mind is that we have described. Cheap production has wrought this. The love of finery, however, particularly where, as in large cities and towns, the exterior is a passport to a certain external respect, works very pernicious effects. It is the beginning of the displacement; and many a fraudulent clerk and "unfortunate" female owe their final destruction to the food this passion finds in the facility of purchasing showy garments and ornaments.

The gradations are now so slight, that, up to a high order, it is almost impossible to guess the place in society of an individual by the garb. Nor does it stop here. Cheapness, which ought to be a blessing, has a tendency all through to produce false appearances. The accumulations in furniture, and every sort of requisite, reduce them, at "second hand," to a price so low that all kinds of deceptive semblances are nurtured by this branch of the growth of national wealth.

The power of production is, indeed, the most marvellous of all our wonders. Could the distribution of the commodities which capital, machinery, and skill construct, be rendered equally general and equally facile—could a perfect "co-operative system" be reared—it is impossible to conceive the extent to which "vulgar or civil happiness"—which, according to Burke, "is to covet much and enjoy much"—might be carried.

An author*, whose mind was deeply impressed with the perfectability of this system, has given a singular, and, though it is to be feared, a fanciful view of the possibilities of such a combination of human powers; yet it is amusing to contemplate his portraiture. In his prophetic vision of the future condition of society thus modified, after a visit to the manufacturing, he thus describes the general repast:—

"The room was very spacious, one hundred feet long, and sixty wide, and formed the ground-floor of the large building situate in the centre of one of the sides of the square. Aided by machinery, and by means of aqueducts and other scientific arrangements, all disagreeable employments had been superseded. At each end of this room was a large sideboard, upon which the dishes were placed in the same order as they were to be disposed on the table. These sideboards, when covered, were raised by means of elevators through the ceiling into the first floor, which formed two dining-rooms, so that a sideboard came up at the upper end of each. When the dishes were placed on the table, the sideboards were let down for another set. The whole was conducted in the most orderly and quiet manner. The dining-rooms were just half the size of the lower room; in the centre of these, two long tables were placed; here the company in general sat; but the sides of the rooms were fitted up with boxes, so that small parties or families who wished to dine by

* See "The Revolt of the Bees," published by Messrs. Longman, in 1826.

themselves, could be accommodated. These boxes, however, in consequence of the social disposition of the inhabitants, were seldom resorted to. Individuals or families could dine in their own apartments at any hour in the day, by giving notice at the public halls in the morning. The rooms were lofty, with circular ceilings; and in each were suspended two magnificent chandeliers of exquisite cut glass, which in winter were lighted with gas, producing a splendid effect. The panels of the rooms were fawn colour, with gold beading; and the curtains of a rich crimson, tastefully disposed in festoons with deep fringe. The roof was entirely of oak, and carved in imitation of the richest Gothic fret-work. The dinner, though only of one course, consisted of a variety of dishes that were most in season. The choicest fruits formed the dessert. There were wines and liqueurs of various kinds, contained in a large recess or cupboard with folding doors; they were, however, but seldom asked for. The glass in use was curiously cut; and the earthenware was brought to such perfection as to be superior to that of the Chinese, particularly some large vases which decorated the sides of the room. Between the windows were slabs of the finest marble, supported by bronze figures; upon these marbles were placed large vessels of gold, filled with spring water; and at each corner of the room was a marble figure holding a Roman lamp, suspended by a chain. During the dinner, some favourite airs were played by a band of music in the galleries. The repasts were prepared and arranged by boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, who afterwards waited; and from the number employed, whatever was required was obtained with the greatest facility. Saadi recognised many that he had seen in the manufactories in their dress of business; now, they appeared differently attired. During the dinner, he took occasion to remark upon the splendour of the room, and the richness and beauty of the decorations, and of everything in use—adding, that he was the more surprised when he recurred to the slight effort by which all had been accomplished.

“*Douglas.*—You perceive that every individual is interested in calling forth particular talent, as all derive gratification from the result; and it has always been considered useful to render the public rooms as attractive as possible.”

There is undoubtedly an approximation to this enormous luxury in the club-houses of London; and I refer the curious reader to Mr. Morgan's book for the further development of his Utopia. When we contemplate the vast sums lavished upon public amusement, the splendour of the spectacles, the gorgeous decorations, prodigious space of theatres and saloons, the attainments of the artists—in one sentence, the magnificent preparations for all public entertainments—when we look upon the palaces and residences rising everywhere around us on the parks, gardens and museums of natural objects, animate and inanimate—when we count up in memory the libraries and collections of art—and, in short, when we see all that wealth and intellect are working for man*—and when, above all, when we suffer the imagination to luxuriate in future possibilities, the mind is lost in the unbounded promises held out by science, industry, and talent.

* I am told that the circumstance which inspires the most wonder in the foreigners who visit England, is the immense number of horses, equipages, and carriages of all descriptions, that crowd the metropolis.

MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT.

We have often known a finely-tempered string drawn by the hand of the musician to the right pitch, and tuned to a comma, emit a few exquisitely perfect notes and snap as it were in the effort. Such has been the fate of Malibran. She was an instrument finished by the hand of Nature and of Art, and she has died amid her own music even before its echoes have subsided!

The death of a person with mind and talents of a calibre to influence society at large, is always acutely felt; but, perhaps, those who contribute to our amusements, who toil that we may recreate, and who furnish relaxation to the world, are more universally sorrowed for than any other class of its "great." The philosopher labours quietly in his chamber, his discoveries almost as difficult of promulgation as the secrets of that Nature he studies, and himself as little comparatively known as the agents by which she works. The statesman is mourned by a party—even the monarch is forgotten in the splendour of his funeral; but the poet, the painter, and the actor, who are bound up with our gayest and our tenderest recollections, and by whom our better feelings and warmer emotions alone are excited, are known to all, admired by all, and regretted by all. The death of Cuvier or of Davy—giants in the majestic walks of science—created no such universal sensation as that of Scott, Lawrence, or Malibran; and though we do not fear being accused of wishing to depreciate those who labour more for posthumous than present fame, and whose efforts must be measured rather by the standard of centuries than by that of a single generation, yet it will not be denied that while the stars of philosophy and science command our reverence, those of literature and art attract our love.

How much then must the general sympathy be heightened at a loss such as the latter has sustained in Malibran, who has dropped like a flower in the mid-day heat, in the bare prime of life and zenith of her powers! It is indeed raised to a pitch that fully warrants our turning the attention of the reader somewhat lengthily to a life which, short as it has proved, presents a varied scene of trial and triumph—a picture for the contemplation of the liver in the world and in retirement—the light-thinker and the deep-reasoner.

Madame Malibran de Beriot was the daughter of Signor Garcia, a Spaniard (we believe) by birth, who is reported to have left Italy after a long residence, in evil repute, and who arrived in England as the importer of Roman violin-strings to a large amount. He had originally been a singer of celebrity of the school of Pacchierotti, and, though past his prime when he reached this country, was engaged as first tenor, there being then a want in that department, at the King's Theatre.

Garcia was extremely coarse in his manners, and almost ferocious in his temper. He treated both his wife and "Marie" with unfeeling cruelty, and the only creature who appeared to have any hold on his affections was his youngest child, who, at the time he left England, was about four years old, and who, even at that early period, gave promise of the same talent as her sister possessed. The little Pauline would imitate with the minutest exactness the tones, gestures, and absurd errors

of her father's pupils; or scream a bravura after the manner of her sister, with laughable fidelity, and long after, one of Malibran's favourite exhibitions in private, was an imitation of the little prodigy's *prima donna* airs. Garcia himself reminded us more of a Cossack Hettman, than the *primo tenore* of the King's Theatre; his athletic person, coarse features, and exaggerated force of expression, rendered the portraiture of violent passion his principal forte. Othello was his finest effort, for as his passions* were unrestrained at home, so the paroxysms of the Moor were depicted with terrible truth.

Under the auspices of this fierce protector was "Marie Garcia" brought up. Her toil was incessant; she sung before breakfast—literally, before she was dressed,—she screamed in her father's academy† hour after hour, and she went with him in the evening to private assemblies where her labour was scarcely less light; yet it was upon these occasions that her talents early displayed themselves. After trembling all day beneath the frown of her imperious parent in the mechanical drudgery of her art, she seemed to luxuriate at night in the little freedom granted to her fiery mind, and in her spirited performances of Spanish *St. Antons*‡, French charades, and other freaks of Garcia's eccentric fancy (such as the musical bombardment

* Malibran inherited all her father's force and energy, but tempered by a womanly softness which she perhaps obtained from the partner and soother of her early trials. Most of our readers will have heard her sing her little romance in which the following verse occurs:—

"Je reconnois le vallon, le prairie,
Ce clair ruisseau, les bosquets, les veilles tours
Et l'humble toit d'une mere chérie;
Car de sa mere on se souvient toujours."

† The singing academy of Signor Garcia was conducted somewhat upon the principle of a Lancasterian school—that is to say, a number (as many as from twenty to thirty) of his lady pupils sung their scales and exercises *in chorus* to one accompanist, and then, after a time, were heard separately by the father or daughter. The effect of such wholesome teaching in an art requiring the utmost attention on the part of both master and student to avoid bad habits, may be easily imagined; nevertheless, Garcia's academy was frequented by a numerous class, and that composed of the daughters of the highest nobility. A person who was in the almost daily habit of seeing Marie Garcia, describes her even at this early period as looking harassed and worn by over excitement and fatigue; but with an energy that nothing could damp. To this friend she has since declared that she never in her public capacity knew what it was to experience fear. Even as the companion of Velluti's first appearance, when he was exposed to a persecution, from sharing which one established public favourite was known to shrink—and when she herself was perfectly new to the stage, she never lost her self-possession. In fact, when allowed to commence her dramatic career, it appeared as if every restraint was removed from her genius, and she rose at once into her element, as the bird soaring on his newly-feathered pinions, pours forth his song instinctively, and declines not from its beauty, till he is struck by the hand of the fowler.

‡ It is not easy to explain the nature of these national melodies to English readers; the genius of the Spanish language is so essentially dramatic, and the warmth and vehemence of the national character agree so completely with this peculiarity, that music appears to be only a fresh incitement to its display. The *St. Anton* is usually founded upon some incident admitting of the expression of outward emotion; it is accompanied by a guitar, and after the singer has both sung and acted his solo containing the story of the song, the audience joins in a chorus of a sigh, a laugh, or whatever other demonstration the ditty is calculated to call forth. In these early studies we see the foundation of the infinite grace and variety with which Malibran afterwards invested the little bagatelles that formed not the least powerful of her spells.

of a town, in which Marie sung the cannon,) were given the first glimpses of a dramatic power which has since electrified both hemispheres.

In 1825 her really public life commenced. She was engaged, unexpectedly, at the King's Theatre, to perform the part of Felicia in Meyerbeer's "*Cruciato in Egitto*," to Velluti's Armando, and Caradori's Palmide; and, under the tuition of the former, she made a most successful *début* *. The character allotted to her required, perhaps, as much acting as singing, and comprised indeed all the real poetic interest of the piece; while it presents a curious coincidence between itself and Fidelio, her last dramatic personation. The one is a betrothed girl—the other, a wife; seeking, in boy's clothes, a lost and unhappy lover and husband.

In the autumn of the same year, the impression made by the young *débutante* was followed by an engagement at the York Festival, where she lost ground; but in 1826, her father having assembled a company for the purpose of opening an opera at New York, carried her from the scene of her early triumphs, to enter upon one of a far different nature. The speculation of Garcia failed and his *corps dramatique* broke up; but his daughter remained in America, and in a short time, being not more than in her nineteenth year, married Mons. Malibran, then imagined to be one of the richest merchants in New York, and described, though advancing in years, as a person whose agreeable manners and whose general reception in society were quite sufficient to attract one whose home could have but little hold on her affections. Her prospects were brilliant—but how soon were they clouded! In less than a year her husband became bankrupt, and in 1828 she arrived in Paris totally alone and unprovided for. Here she was received by Madame N., a female friend, who never deserted her while she stood in need of assistance.

This lady, who had known her as a child, was aware of her splendid talents, and urged her to make her appearance at the *Opera Italien*. She took her advice—risked all, and won all; for from the night of her *début* in *Semiramide*, the success of her public career was uninterrupted to the moment of her death. But one other leading event marked the tenor of her short existence—her marriage with M. de Beriot, which, though privately contracted for some years, has only been publicly declared during the two last.

The range of Malibran's abilities was perhaps greater than that of any singer who preceded her. The characters in which she appeared comprised the highest walks of operatic tragedy—the most delicate and refined of domestic comedy. She has trod the stage as the proud and vengeful *Semiramide*, the gentle and betrayed *Desdemona*, the impassioned *Romeo*, the chivalrous *Tancredi*, the dependent yet sensitive *Ninetta*, the arch and playful *Rosina*, the withered prude *Fidalma*, the romantic *Amina*, the heroic *Felicia*, and the devoted *Fidelio*; while in the orchestra she was equally successful in the majesty of Handel, and the *naïveté* of a French romance. Language was no bar to her; she surmounted vernacular difficulties with the same ease that she moulded her

* Her real *début* was made a few nights previous, in *Rosina*, in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*;" perhaps, that nothing might interfere with Velluti's impression—perhaps that the opposition expected against him might not also involve her.

voice to varied expression; she entered into the peculiarities of national character with an equally happy facility; and was, though she boasted of her English birth*, the finest possible illustration of the admitted axiom, that genius is of no country.

In considering the eminence to which these splendid talents conducted their possessor, their very versatility prevents our finding a standard of comparison. Pasta, her great compeer in art, cannot fairly be placed by her side, and yet no other is worthy to approach her. We must be content to compare them by the differences, not by the resemblances that existed between them. The main distinction was this: Pasta possessed that concentration which directs the efforts of genius to one sole end, and in the attainment of that end, is satisfied with nothing short of absolute perfection—Malibran, that prodigality of power which is as little to be restrained as the fertility of Nature herself, and whose productions must, from their very variety, sometimes fall short of the highest excellence. Pasta, like one of the eternal mountains of the Alpine chain, awes and raises us by her sublimity—Malibran, like the rich landscape at its foot, alternately attracts by its extent, and softens by its beauty.

The quality of Malibran's voice was the result of her father's unique method of forming and producing tone. The division of the scale into *three* registers, with the violent and frequent use of the chest-voice (*voce di petto*), if not invented by him, was employed with a new direction, and carried to its utmost extent. By this means he *made* a contralto voice almost where nature seemed to have denied it; and though the mode has since become universal, the effort by which it was acquired under his tuition was prodigious. More than one noble voice was destroyed in the attempt; and although his daughter possessed a physical strength sufficient to pursue the arduous course, even she was compelled to exert her own good sense and prudence in fulfilling the tasks imposed upon her. Nevertheless, it is scarcely to be doubted that the mental and bodily fatigue she underwent as a girl, must, in any case, have shortened her meteor-like career†. Her reward, however, was an extent of compass that enabled her to cope with any singer, with any music, and a variety of tone that fitted her alike for the expression of the deepest pathos or the lightest archness. Her startling execution was the result of the same causes; for, strange as the opinion may appear, it is nevertheless true that Malibran's voice and execution were comparatively *made* by the same process that her knowledge and science as a musician were gained—by *labour*. We have now before us the opinions of professional persons, whose eminence stamps their authority, written at the time of her appearance in the "*Crociato*," which prove, that though looked upon as a marvel for her years, she was thought much more highly of as an actress than as a singer, and was not certainly considered as holding out promise of all she has just lived to achieve.

* She is, however, generally considered to have been born in Paris.

† We can give a striking proof of Garcia's violent mode, and of his daughter's generous sympathy with the objects of his instruction. One day a pupil found a difficulty in executing a *volata*; and Garcia, with a most vehement but expressive swing of the arm, accompanying his tremendous voice in the passage, exclaimed, in Italian, "You must force it." At this instant he was called out of the room. Marie, who was sitting at a distance, tripped, like a fairy, up to the student, and rapidly whispered, "Don't; it will kill you;" and was in her seat as quiescent as when her father left the room, on his immediate return.

Malibran, as a singer, was, in fact, the finest possible proof of the miracles to be wrought by art. Her voice possessed, from nature, little of that loveliness, that "*metallo*" of quality which captivates by mere physical beauty, and its very power made it unyielding, and difficult to manage. On the other hand, she was endowed with an intellect which discerned at once the high standard of excellence, with feelings keenly alive to quick and varied impressions, and an ardour that never flagged till its object was attained. The moment, therefore, that practice had furnished her with the means for developing all that lay within, she did no further than follow those active impulses; she required no foreign study for the attainment of perfection, but founded her style upon nature and passion, aimed at her effects like one who felt her powers unlimited, and fully under her control—like one whose acquired knowledge was amply equal to the support of her natural endowments, and sprung "at one brave bound" to the summit of her art. Her very faults were the mere excess of those qualities which formed her excellence, and resided in the sometimes indiscriminate application of her talents, and in surrendering herself too completely to a vehemence which carried her, now and then, far beyond the sympathy of her hearers. It was this total forgetfulness of all but the impulse of the moment, that led her to waste as much energy in the gracing of an English ballad, as she would in perfecting a song of Mozart, to enhance the pathos of Beethoven's *Fidelio* to a degree which drew down upon her the imputation of uncouth violence. She wanted, indeed, that tempered judgment which feels that there may be as much power in repose as in action—that force is the rare, not the habitual, means by which Nature (the model of genius) produces her effects; but all this might have come, for she had not gained the experience which alone confers maturity. Pasta attained her fame after she was thirty—Malibran died at twenty-eight.

It is not, however, as an artist only, but as a creature of genius, that we would here contemplate Madame Malibran. Not only was she a singer, in the stricter application of the term, but a thorough musician, in its widest sense. Her father reduced the art of gracing more nearly to a science than any other musician of his time, and of this science he had made her a perfect mistress*. The various branches of musical knowledge over which this gave her the command, endowed her with means such as few others possessed; and we have seen her at a rehearsal, conducting a concerto of De Beriot's with the precision and command of one who was accustomed to wield the baton. In the sister art of drawing, she was no mean proficient: her portraits and caricatures were faithful and spirited. She conversed fluently in four languages at least, understood more, and had some general acquaintance with their litera-

* His plan was to make her ornament a song according to every harmony of which the passages capable of gracing were susceptible, as a constant and daily exercise; requiring a complete knowledge of harmony, and very much of composition, as well as bestowing an intimate acquaintance with the means with which any effect might be best produced. We may here add that some of the papers have mistated where the *break*, as it is technically called, in Malibran's voice really occurred. The fact is, that the system of dividing the scale into three registers, occasions two breaks—one between F and G on the line, where the pure chest-voice is left, and the other (generally) between C and D, or D and E, where the head-voice is taken up; and it is the formation of the intervening notes that gives the singer so much trouble.

ture. With such powers, and the susceptibilities with which such powers are of necessity accompanied, their possessor is scarcely to be judged of by ordinary rules—Nevertheless, the energy which led to the desire of such varied acquirement, and the labour which accomplished it, may be held up as an example to the student in the same course. It is impossible to exaggerate the closeness with which the different branches of art and literature bear upon each other, nor the solidity which general cultivation gives to any single pursuit. We wish to enforce this truth upon young artists, as pointing out the means of elevating, both in their own persons and in its general relations, a profession which is lowered in the eyes of the world from exactly opposite causes.

Genius has been described, by an imaginative German writer, as a diadem, whose gems glitter with the tears of its wearer, and whose gold glows with the fire that will consume him. If this beautiful simile apply to the man, how much more closely does it apply to the woman so gifted! She who is above the common motives of her sex, is not a whit removed beyond its common sympathies, its common emotions; but is, on the contrary, influenced by them in a degree corresponding with the susceptibility of her temperament. In the pursuit of science and literature, the mind imbibes a strengthening as well as a stimulating diet; but in art—especially in that branch of it which includes the stage—there is none of this wholesome admixture, except it be cultivated with views that are not prevalent, and a caution that its very nature would seem to forbid. It is all excitement—fierce, fearful excitement; and the exhaustion it produces is not to be conceived, but by those who have watched its progress and its ravages. We remember seeing Pasta one morning after the performance of *Medea*, sitting languidly in a concert-room, with swollen eyes, glazed cheeks, and all the evidences of extreme exhaustion. “Eh, Madame,” we exclaimed, “qu’est ce que c’est? Il faut que vous vous trouvez malade ce matin?” “Non, ce n’est rien, mais je ne m’endors jamais après avoir jouée ce rôle là.” It was the opinion of her nearest friends that every performance of this tremendous character—tremendous, in point of exertion, as she played it—would shorten her life a month.

Those who would fairly estimate Malibran’s character must not only look at it in this point of view, but as having been formed under circumstances the most unfavourable to its right development. She toiled under a tyrannical father, whose only object was to reap the profits of her labours; fled from, or rather was sold by, him to an indifferent husband; and was plunged unprotected, in the very prime of her beauty and her powers, into the vortex of a successful public career. To some who saw her nearly before her second marriage, poor Malibran seemed, in the midst of all the fascinating prodigality of her genius, to be merely striving against the goadings of lacerated feelings, and a heart ill at ease with itself—a heart, in the main, too good to throw off the equitable laws of society without remorse. Since her union with M. de Beriot has been declared, she has looked upon her art, connected, as it must have been in her mind, with acute suffering, as little more than the vehicle which should afford her the means of quietly basking in the sunshine of that affection which has been the single solace of her blighted life. In order to achieve this in the shortest possible time, she moulded her universal talents to every caprice of the public, and strove, by every

and any means, to keep pace with its craving for novelty. Thus were her powers dissipated, her energy often wasted on trifles, her bodily strength destroyed by forced journeys, continual effort, and the excitement fostered by such intense activity; and she has sunk in the struggle after a happiness she was destined never to attain. Had Malibran been taught to regard her splendid talents as given her to adorn and cheer life; had they been more carefully husbanded and more gradually developed; had she been impressed with the dignity of art, and her taste elevated, instead of lowered, by a higher standard in the public judgment; she might still have been alive, and would decidedly have been a more perfect artist.

Unfortunately that public, however much they may have admired and caressed her, have regarded her, in company with the rest of her profession, as a plaything, that could interest and amuse,—as a servant, who might either be censured or worked, as their fancy might dictate,—rather than as a gifted being, who possessed the power to elevate and refine, and who was herself governed by the most acute and wearing sensibilities. Artists are too often estimated as mere public funds, whence the largest possible portion of amusement is to be drawn, and audiences are but too willing to consider the energy which carries them through great exertions successfully, as the effect of habit or unfailing strength, rather than the stimulus of an over-excited mind*. The flush of enthusiasm, the exaltation of dress, the blaze of light, and the ardour of public admiration, are sad deceivers as to the real state of those who live upon the capricious breath of fame. Little do the delighted hearers know or imagine what is often hidden beneath this outward show;—as little did the people of Manchester imagine, when they paid Malibran the just tribute of an encore, and insisted upon the repetition, in spite of her imploring gestures, that life was ebbing with every soul-thrilling note she uttered†.

The fact is, that the views now taken of art, both by its professors and admirers, are erroneous. By the former it is but too often degraded to a mere matter of barter; by the latter, from a means of elevated refinement to one of simple amusement, or, in some cases, to a stimulant for vice. Such views are the effect of causes too widely disseminated through society to admit of very close analysis—of that civilization which now appears to have placed all classes in a state of transition; but their disastrous consequences have been, in the present instance, to deprive the world of its enchantress—the modern Orpheus of his Eurydice.

* Many people think that singers are overpaid; but it should be recollected that a portion of bodily strength evaporates with every effort they make. At the same time, we cannot but reprobate that cupidity which tempts artists to peril both life and fame in the attainment of what can repay them for neither.

† In justice to the conductor at Manchester, whom we have heard arraigned for inciting Madame Malibran to repeat the duet, (which was but the feather that broke the back of the horse,) we think it right to state what we know to be the truth. Malibran, after making imploring signs for remission to the audience, turned to Sir George Smart, and said—"If I sing it again, I shall die." He answered to this effect—that nothing remained but for her to leave the orchestra, and he would address the audience. She said, with renewed energy, "No! I will do it, but I shall die."

WAYSIDE FLOWERS,

GATHERED IN WALES.

THE INN AT TREMADOC.

SHE stood at the door of the barouche, which had just been opened; one small white hand placed so as to shield my dress from the wheel, and the other held upwards, ready, if I needed its assistance. We had driven from the comforts of a cheerful inn, in the valley of Bedd-gellert, through a furious rain-storm: such a storm as can be experienced only in a highland country; and the village, built and roofed with slate, had that cold and leaden aspect which the Welsh villages invariably present in gloomy weather. The clouds had descended the mountains, and emptied themselves on our devoted heads, and when I entered the inn at Tremadoc I regretted still more the cheerfulness of Bedd-gellert; the girl I had first seen was dressed in the deepest mourning; the servant was also habited in black; the rough-faced ostler had a strip of faded crape round his seal-skin cap; the stair carpets were only half down; the dwelling had that drear, lonely, uncomfortable aspect which a bright smile from a good-humoured landlady dispels,—but *here* there appeared neither landlady nor smiles; the very little dog I stumbled over was black, and as he ran to the side of his young mistress, and she spoke a kindly word to him in her native language, I thought the Welsh tongue musical, and the young maiden pretty. I said there were no smiles, yet there was no lack of attentive service; and when we ladies descended to the kitchen to see to the drying of sundry furs, boas, and cloaks, we found the waiter and the pretty maiden alike busy in providing for our comfort. Nothing could exceed the young girl's gentle kindness; it was more like the attention shown by one lady to another than the sort of service rendered for hire. I had been told by one of our party that she had only lost her mother a few weeks before; and that this wayside inn had now two mistresses, sisters, one of whom was the girl whose small white hand had attracted my attention in the rain-storm. "Two creatures," thought I, "left without a mother's guidance, without a mother's care, in a situation like this!" I looked more intently upon the young hostess, and her gentle, quiet beauty crept into my heart; yet I do not know that she would have been considered handsome by many. The gentlemen of our party did not call her so, but men, I have frequently observed, think more of the mere flesh and blood formation than of the *sentiment* which gives the purer port of life—*expression*, to the whole; they value the shape and colour of the flower more highly than its perfume; her figure was slight and delicate,—I do not think she could have numbered sixteen summers, still I never saw a sadder face; it had the unruffled look of silent sorrow, that deep-consuming sorrow which eats into the heart; her mouth was small and beautifully formed, but no smile parted the full yet delicate lips, or dimpled the well-formed cheek. Her eyes were full and round—not hazel, nor black—they had neither the brightness of the first, nor the fire of the last; they were, I believe, a dark deep blue—round, full, not projecting, yet largely set, beneath well defined but gentle brows,—they seemed as windows of the affections, for none, but kindly expressions escaped them, and they discoursed more eloquently than the sweet lips, for which words seemed all too harsh

interpreters of such gentle feelings as only possessed her soul. Again the little black dog crept to her side, and half nestled into the fur cape she was drying most carefully.

"Was the dog hers?"

"Yes."

"What a pretty dog! Was she fond of him?"

"Oh! yes, he was *so affectionate*—followed her everywhere, except on Sundays, and then he always knew she was going to church, and so waited at the door till she returned. She loved him, *he was so faithful*."

"Ah!" thought I, "here is another of the fools who set *their* hearts upon the faithfulness and affection of those they love; and if disappointed, the brightness of their days is gone, the tunefulness of their existence destroyed, their vase broken, and the perfume, which if cared for, would have endured to the end of their days, scattered in an hour to the winds!" I left her caressing *one* creature, however, who would never deceive her.

We waited for the rain to cease, but it poured on, and I watched from a window at the back of the house a wild mountain-rill make its way to a sort of terrace-garden which had been cut out of the solid rock; the mountain towered perpendicularly, and as the eye followed its steep ascent, taking into account the various fissures, the rocky fragments, the different coloured earths—the many-tinted heaths, the groups of alpine plants, and the waving tufts of the pink foxglove—it was a positive relief to find that the summit was lost in the clouds, and, consequently, it was necessary to come down again; the rain ceased as suddenly as it commenced, and there again was my maid of the inn with a plate full of what seemed to me chopped curd, ascending the steps which led up the mountain—her little dog (who, by the way, bore the heroic name of Moscow) walking step by step behind his mistress. On she went, first up one flight, then another, until she came to a shelving flat, where presently I saw her surrounded by a group of young turkeys who devoured their food with very turkey-like greediness, while their silly-looking mother made sundry passes with her long neck at my friend Moscow; but he, cunning fellow, avoided them all by twisting round his liege lady, leaving only his tail exposed to the assault of the enemy. Turkeys, though, are harmless things, *bobbling* a great deal, yet doing nothing: why should we be angry with them on *that* account, seeing it gives them some resemblance to many of *our* fellow-beings?

I ascended the first four steps leading to the terrace-garden, and there was a flat, where flowers once had been, and one or two very fine rose-trees still flourished; but the garden was not exempt from the air of sadness which pervaded the inn. I went higher still,—another cultivated spot—cultivated, but neglected. Alas! it is sad for us if weeds grow as rapidly in our mental as in our earthly gardens, when we cease to watch over and eradicate the evil so quickly planted, and so quickly grown. Higher still, the wild plants of the mountain had quite triumphed over the flowers of the garden, and the young turkeys were hunting the insects which the first gleam of sunshine had almost called into existence.

"Are you fond of birds?" I inquired of my young hostess.

"Yes, Ma'am, they are helpless little things."

Alas! when I looked upon her young beauty and remembered she

had no mother, I thought her more helpless than the birds which their parent was at the instant calling to shelter beneath her wing.

"We shall get the garden done up immediately," she said, seeing I was looking on its desolation; "but we have been sadly put out lately."

"So I was sorry to hear, but the summer will repair the devastation of winter here: and *you* are so young that I trust in God the winter of your summer will pass even more quickly away!"

She shook her head, but made no reply, and stooped to gather some wild roses. Alas! I saw that her tears added to the dew-drops on their leaves—I wished that she might not become as one who presses sorrow so closely to the heart, that it forms therein a cave to dwell as long as life remains.—"Take from me my sorrow," said a widow once to whom I spoke of consolation, "take from me my sorrow, and then indeed I shall be utterly alone in this cold world!"

At last I began to imagine which of the men I had seen about the inn-yard could be this fair girl's father;—it could not be the tall person who sat in the corner, under the long-shaped window; nor the other who read the paper—one eye being fixed thereon, the other on ourselves:—those were the only respectable-looking persons there, and to suppose any of those short thickset old fellows, who guzzled "*crew*," and jabbered Welsh—to fancy one of those the father of my new-found favourite!—it was impossible. One might as well expect to see a moss-rose blossoming on a wayside briar!

"The garden looks so desolate!" she exclaimed, gazing round her, as she placed the roses she had pulled in my hand. "The garden looks so desolate—the very bees seem as if there was no honey for them to gather."

"Yet it is a beautiful spot!" I replied. And so it was:—every little nook where garden shrubs could live was covered by their luxuriant vegetation; all mingling together without let or hinderance, terrace over terrace, each communicating with the other by means of those stone steps hewn out of the mountain—which, as the sun now shone upon it, seemed as if swathed by rainbows, even to the clouds which still hovered upon its head. Oh, those glorious mountains! toppling and towering into the mysteries of heaven; hearkening to the whisperings of Omnipotence, "and remaining unscathed by its lightnings, unmoved by its thunders." I thought we looked like insects at the base of this "small giant of the universe!"—but I remembered, not without pride, that we had that within us which raised us far above "where mountains congregate."

"It is a beautiful spot," I repeated. "Is not your father fond of gardening?"

The girl looked into my face, but did not speak: to my dying day I shall never forget the expression of her eyes—it was that of utter and perfect desolation. Earnestly she gazed—her lips moved—but I heard no sound; then covering her face with her hands, she rushed from the terrace on which we stood,—and—I saw her no more.

Poor girl!—I afterwards ascertained that she had lost both father and mother within one little month!

TAN Y BULCH.

THERE is something about Wales and the Welsh which gives me the impression that I am far, far away from dear England: the thinly-scattered population—the “*hatted*” women, scampering through the country on their shaggy ponies—the unnatural sounds of their barbarous language—the ruggedness of their glorious mountains—and the lack of that systematic cultivation in their beautiful valleys, which, after all, would destroy the rare and peculiar character of their scenery. Much exposure to the weather, and the masculine effect of their head-dress, give to the female peasants a harsh and unpleasing expression. I never met a fine countenance, and but seldom a pretty one amongst them. The men are still more unprepossessing—thick-set, gruff, short-tempered fellows, looking like serfs, yet possessing all the self-satisfied ease of freedmen. Of course amongst the better class there are exceptions, and our host at Tan y Bulch was certainly amongst the brightest.

Those who have not yet journeyed through North Wales will like to know (in case they should do so) that the inn with a horrid name is one of the most delightful resting-places they can find amid the lovely valleys of this romantic country. It is situated in the Vale of Festiniog (by the way, if you pronounce the word *Festiniog* properly, it has by no means an unmusical sound); the accommodation is excellent; the hostess pretty, smiling, and affable. The *prima donna*, Winifred by name, who waits upon you in *reality*, notwithstanding her resemblance to a Dutch doll, is a very jewel for activity and good-nature. The host himself, brimful of all manner of the sort of knowledge I, at least, delight in: the local knowledge of his own country, and especially of his own district. He knew rather too little of the legends of his land; but I think he imagined it would be beneath his dignity, as master of Tan y Bulch—and *finder* as well as proprietor of a real lead-mine—to take too much interest in foolish stories. This same lead-mine he was very proud of, and I looked, as wisely as I do when people talk politics, at the specimens he showed us, which I may now confess, *sotto voce*, I thought remarkable for two things—being very heavy and very ugly; but I was told they were very fine and very rich, and so I suppose they were, for the worthy landlord asked one of our company (who has certainly been bitten by the mania of money-making, both in and out of Liverpool) either two or three hundred pounds for some sort of interest in a mine upon which he had only expended five-and-twenty pounds himself. But though my sympathy respecting the lead-mine was artificial, not so was my admiration of his beautiful Welsh ponies, and his spirited little horses—treasures they were; so full of blood with admirable action, and fire flashing from their wild bright eyes.

The morning (it was Sunday) after our arrival it rained—rained unceasingly. I could not go to church, so I sat half-reading, half-observing in my window; and what did I observe? First of all the deep rich green of the foliage of some noble groups of elm-trees, that dotted an equally-green amphitheatre in front; and then the incessant activity of two little gray birds, who were occupied in catching flies: or rather, until the rain subsided, in flitting restlessly through the damp air, uttering every instant a plaintive cry. My attention was divided

between watching the motions of these untiring birds, and observing the listless curiosity with which different peasants, returning from their worship amongst the hills, peered into a window (which I soon perceived was the dead letter-office of this mountain district) from mere want of occupation. From its being something new to peep at this extraordinary collection, I suppose, numbers paused, and read, and laughed, and chattered, and pointed to the time-soiled epistles over which spiders had woven their nets and mould accumulated. Alas! what records were sealed up within those decaying papers—

“Short and simple annals of the poor!”

Ill-spelt, yet deep-felt tales of hope, of better prospects, of love, or marriage, with their high-heating fancies—others of woe, of misery, of want—the earnest pleading of a child for pardon—the husband's long-expected letter come at last to one now resting where the grass grows high, and cowslips bud and blossom. His turn is come—he may wait, and watch the postman's short, quick step and hasty knock—ay! he may watch for ever! that tedious “ever” whose very sound is as a long-drawn sigh.

The rain ceased! We were a happy and a merry party in that Welsh inn; albeit the gentlemen sometimes quarrelled on party-matters, and waxed warm and noisy. We had a Quaker, too, one of grave aspect but of boyish heart—he loved the scenery. Indeed this love of all the beautiful by flood and field, and towering hill and leafy valley, was the strong bond of unity among us all. We were all, without an exception, alive to the magnificent as well as to the gentler landscape, and prepared to enjoy the banquet which it would almost seem that Nature had freshly garnished for those whose homes were far away from hill and motley down.

The rain, as I have said, ceased, and the warm delicious sun of June poured a torrent of light and heat into the Vale of Festiniog; it was as if a shower of diamonds had fallen upon and gemmed the earth—every blade of grass shook its radiant jewel in the breeze, and every leaf quivered with joy!

We passed from the inn to a rustic gate upon which some sunburnt rosy children were sitting, not swinging, for the quietness of the Sabbath was over them, as well as over the landscape; that holy stillness which must be felt by all Sabbath wanderers in our English glades—*felt*, but cannot be expressed. I saw smoke climbing in a blue column above the trees that clothed the mountain we were ascending, and asked a little girl (who was creeping to the valley, peering every now and then into the calyx of the pink foxgloves, and watching without disturbing the butterflies that rested on the wild rose) who lived up there? She shook her head—I pointed to the smoke, and then she replied twice, “Hal, hal.” I afterwards found that the place from whence the smoke proceeded was called “the Hall.” We pursued our path, which was literally picked from out the mountain, and hung at one side over vast precipices; on the other, trees of all kinds and colours were grouped by the hand of Nature; while rocks of rugged blue slate, overgrown by moss, lichens, and all sorts of wild plants, were lost in the skies. At last the precipitous appearance of our path decreased, and a flat table-land jutted over the valley we had quitted; upon this the “Hall” had been built, at a period when show was sacrificed to comfort. It was a plain

edifice of gray stone, a broad terrace extending from the front to the end of the elevated plain on which it stood, while the back was sheltered by the mountain which towered behind as high as the eye could reach. The prospect from the esplanade was beautiful: the Valley of Festiniog extended at our feet—unfolded like a panorama, glowing and glittering in the sunlight, and we gazed down upon it as from the midway clouds. I looked along and along that beautiful vale, and could not see a single object to disturb its repose. There was a merry child with us, a girl agile as a fawn and restless as a swallow; and after one or two shouts which awoke the echoes of the hills, she felt the stillness of the scene, and murmured her delight. Suddenly something that chilled like ice upon my hand touched it—it was the nose of a beautiful greyhound, black as a raven and shining like satin; the creature looked into my face and smiled—nay, do not laugh, I say *he smiled*—and if you have not noted that *smiling* expression which is so peculiar to a greyhound's face, you are no true lover of my favourite dogs. With him was a roguish spaniel, quite as good-humoured, but not as elegant: a thick, curly, cunning fellow—a spoiler, too, for a heavy log hung round his neck and trailed between his fore-paws; he eyed it every now and then, not with a sorrowful, but a contemptuous leer—as he would say, “Ha, ha! keep *me* down if you can; you will *try* I know, but a free-footed fellow is not to be restrained from his pastime amongst these mountains by an envious *bit* like you—ah, ah!”

And indeed that same log did not impede his progress. Either the “two dogs” were accustomed to receive company, or paid us an especial compliment; of course my vanity leads me to suppose the latter; for they remained with us, escorted us to the mountain-top, and did not leave us until, when very late, we arrived at the gate where the little children had enjoyed their Sabbath evening with such “sweet gentleness.” Before however we commenced ascending still higher, I advanced to take a nearer survey of “the Hall.” What a delightful spot! set on a gentle eminence, commanding a beautiful expanse of the blue-braided sky overhead—hills and mountains piling themselves up, and up, and up, until (for the sun was setting) it was impossible to tell which were the rosy summits and which the rosy clouds. Beneath lay the valley of woods, rills, and cottages, exquisitely interspersed with fields and meadows, which were all sunshine, and seemed a sunshine in themselves. I could not, as my heart filled with the rich beauty of the scene, help exclaiming, “Oh! how I should like to dwell in such a spot, where sorrow could not enter!”

I had hardly uttered the foolish words, when a deep heavy sigh caused me to look round, and I saw it had been breathed by an old gray-headed servant in deep mourning; he did not merely *touch*, he *removed* his hat, and asked if “we would like to see the front of the house?” Of course we said yes, and followed our venerable conductor. My companions went to the edge of the terrace to obtain another view of the vale, but the old man arrested my attention by pointing to the hatchment which was suspended over the hall-door. How slowly did the warm blood which had rushed joyfully from my heart, creep back to its citadel! “I beg your pardon, madam,” said the old man; “I beg your pardon for my freedom—but you see *sorrow has entered there.*” *

And so it had—I heard the story afterwards. A loving tender wife,

deprived of the chosen object of her affections immediately after the birth of her first child. Their tastes and pursuits assimilated—they were nearly of equal age (both young)—their fortune was abundant—they fed, clothed, and educated those who needed—they were blessed by the poor, honoured by the rich. Did I say their tastes and pursuits assimilated? Alas! that conveys but a faint idea of the *one heartedness* of these two creatures; everybody declared they were made for each other, and to be a living blessing to the Vale of Festiniog. But after an illness of a few days the oak was uprooted, and the woodbine, deprived of its support, is crushed and fading—withered and broken in spirit and in beauty, where once it flourished.

THE WIDOW'S WILLY.

It was pouring rain—(I believe it always rains in Wales)—and the rills were gushing down the mountains in mimic torrents, frothing and foaming on their path. I was watching the rapid and singular effect produced by the gathering, and as quickly dispersing, clouds,—now grasping old Snowdon as with a girdle, and then bursting away from him, and leaving his bleak yet glorious magnificence exposed to our admiration and astonishment,—when I heard the landlady's shrill voice exclaim to the ostler, "Look out, David!"

In an instant David stood in front of the hostelry, holding his rabbit-skin cap in his hand.

"Grizzy!" exclaimed the landlady.

"Ea, sure," replied Grizzy.

"Grizzy, mop your face, and look out."

"Ea, sure," responded the domestic; "but how can I? Look at the ruin, and the heat I'm in."

"Don't talk to me about rain and heat, you idle jade," said the bustling mistress of the Golden Goat; but do as you are desired this minute, and bring me a clean cap."

I saw a handsome green chariot, well appointed in all respects, rattling down the opposite hill, which at once explained the cause of the landlady's anxiety. But while Grizzy "mopped her face," brought her mistress's cap, and "looked out," I heard her mutter, audibly too, the everlasting "Ea, sure! yes, sure!" of the Welsh girls adding, "Such a fuss, such a mighty fuss, for the *Widow's Willy!*"

"Mrs. Jones," said I, "*who is the Widow's Willy?*"

The landlady opened her eyes. She was just preparing to step outside the door, for the carriage was drawing up; but she sprang back, and coming into the little room—half parlour, half kitchen—where we had sheltered from the storm, she shut to the door, and in an agitated whisper exclaimed—"La, Ma'am!—Ea, sure, Ma'am!—I see you know, Ma'am!—But if you please, Ma'am!—Don't speak so loud, Ma'am!—Times change, Ma'am!—and people, too, Ma'am!—I must beg, Ma'am, that you will give me leave, Ma'am, to ask him in here, Ma'am, while the horses are changing, Ma'am!—And so I'll just roll this little butter-firkin under the table, for fear he should feel offended, Ma'am."

This piece of eloquence was interspersed with sundry dips and courtesies—illustrations of her humility and activity. She was a round, little,

fat woman, wearing (I suppose upon the principle of that harmony which painters rave about) cherry-coloured ribands, to match her cherry-coloured cheeks : upon no other principle, I am sure, would she have chosen to move upon the earth like an animated peony.

The gentlemen of our party, I must say, one and all, were afflicted by a mania, which, universal as it is, (at least, amongst my acquaintances,) I think the most extraordinary one going, even when the dog-star rages. They would leave us ladies to take our ease at our inn much longer than we desired, and go wandering up and down the brawling streams, casting pieces of twine into the water, and waiting (with more patience than they would for the safe stowage of our boxes) to see what it would fetch out of the water. They called the rain fine weather for "sport." Sport, indeed !—pretty sport ! They would, after half a day's pastime, bring home eight or ten trout, and some wriggling eels ; and then, wet and weary, instead of attending to our amusement, fall upon a discourse relative to the superior merits of London hooks or Liverpool hooks ; which discourse gradually warmed into a dispute, the London angler getting the worst of it, only because, he said, it was two to one against him. And from hooks they would get on to flies, not single or double-bodied flies, into which five or six persons cram, and then tell the coachman to drive fast—not living flies, but caricatures of the insect tribe, stuck upon pieces of wire : and then the merits of London and Liverpool were again discussed, the Liverpudliens being exceedingly proud of their flies, and thinking them, as they think everything else in their town, the best, the most perfect in the world. The next morning they were all certain to wake with colds, and then wonder (after standing stupidly for five or six hours in the rain) how they caught them !

All this has nothing to do with the Widow's Willy ;—I only meant to say, that though it was raining, the gentlemen had gone fishing, and I was occupied in observing, with some curiosity, the entrance of a being so peculiarly constituted, that he *might* have felt offended at the sight of a butter-firkin !

I very much dislike looking at ugly people, it spoils one's taste ; but my utter abhorrence is a "pretty man." The gentleman who descended from the green chariot belonged to this obnoxious class. He was *petit*, fair ; a moustache of light auburn shaded a rosy mouth ; his complexion was brilliant ; his eyes gray, I believe ; his eyelashes almost white. He was enveloped in a velvet cloak, lined with ermine ; and he trod daintily on his toes, until (without seeming to know that a lady was in the room) he seated himself in an old-fashioned arm-chair, and placed his feet upon the fender. He looked round the room, apparently without seeing anything ; and at last he took off his travelling cap ;—*that* had given a graceful air to his head, which it much needed. The instant it was removed, an expression of shrewdness, and I fancied meanness, spread itself over the "pretty man," and my dislike to him increased tenfold. Mrs. Jones entered, courtesying as usual.—"Would he like to take any thing ? Some sherry, some negus, some—She had everything in her house, and all at his service."—"No ; nothing. He made it a rule to drink no wine out of his own house !" Mrs. Jones courtesied again, and withdrew.

I thought over the tones of his voice, and they pleased me as little as

his countenance: it was a vulgar voice, toned by affectation. I was angry to find that he engrossed so much of my attention, and yet I could not help observing him. His hair was stiff, but had been artificially curled over a broad, flat head; the brow was not ill-formed, but was deficient in that height which gives an air of dignity to the most insignificant features; his——But the horses were changed, and stepping out as daintily as he stepped in, the "Widow's Willy," enveloped in ermine and velvet, rolled himself up in his carriage, and then the carriage rolled off; while Mrs. Jones courtesied to the ground, and all the two-footed creatures belonging to the Golden Goat stood bare-headed in the pouring rain.

"I'm so glad I put the firkin out of the way," said Mrs. Jones, gleefully rubbing her hands. "You are sure, Ma'am, he did not see it?"

"How could he?" I replied; "it was concealed by the table-cover."

"Ah! so it was; but bless you, Ma'am, a table-cover is nothing to him. He knows the value of knowing all too well for that. Ah! well, I say nothing!"

I saw Mrs. Jones wanted to say a great deal; and, from my childhood up, I have been an excellent listener.

"Stingy fellar," grumbled the ostler to Grizzly, outside the window.

"Ea, sure!" replied Grizzly.

"And one does want a drop of summat this weather," reiterated he of the rabbit-skin cap.

"Ea!—What could one expect from the Widow's Willy?" replied the damsel.

"Do you know *all* the particulars about him, Ma'am?" inquired the landlady, who, now that he was fairly gone, longed to tell them. Besides, he had affronted her sherry, and treated her cwrw with contempt; and a vulgar person never forgives a slight from those who have risen to high places! Having ascertained that I did not know any, much less *all* the particulars of this nondescript, Mrs. Jones proceeded to gratify my curiosity and her own volubility.

"There lived," said the landlady, "about ten years ago, near Den-high—indeed, close to the town—a very rich, bustling, red-faced, comfortable-looking gentleman. He had something to do with everything going. He fed cattle, hundreds of sheep, scores of pigs. He was the real proprietor of several inns: one at Bangor, one at Chester—indeed, it would have been hard to discover *where* he had not property. Ships upon the sea were his; and many a sleepless night he passed when the winds blew, and made him tremble for his wealth. He married, a few—and only a few—years before his death, a very handsome, noble-looking woman—lady she was not, but handsome she certainly was; and people *did* say, not a bit better than she should be."

"Few of us are," said I.

The landlady looked at me, rather suspiciously, and replied—"That may be true; but you know, Ma'am, when the world says people are no better than they should be, it means that they are a great deal worse than their neighbours. However, she *was* a beauty—that's certain; and one day her husband died, leaving her all he possessed in the world, which, you may be certain, was a great deal more than any one, except his widow, knew.

"The gentleman, I must tell you, was a great tyrant in his way.

He was over head and ears civil to anybody that did not heed his civility, but he was a harsh, stern, bitter man to his dependents. It so chanced that one of his herdsmen was lost in a snow-drift, one very hard winter, about thirty years ago. He was to have been married to a mountain girl; and that he *ought* to have been so, was proved by the fact of her creeping, poor thing, to his lonely grave in the lonely churchyard, and, in the dead hour of a cold spring night, giving birth to a boy, who, it was supposed, drew his first breath as his mother breathed her last. There was not a woman amongst the hills or valleys, that would not have pressed that poor, feeble, wailing infant to her bosom, and kept it as her own child; and, doing so, would have thought it only an act of common humanity. But when the rich master of the lands offered to allow the old creature who cherished it, five shillings a week towards its support, and signified his intention of providing for the boy, oh, sure! but the mountains rang with praises of the great man's liberality. There was hardly anything else talked of, for a whole month, between Denbigh and Carnarvon. In process of time, the little fellow was sent to the village school; but as soon as he got out of his "pot-hooks and hangers," the rich gentleman discovered he was a smart lad, and took him into his own house. The boy was active, dirty, and prying,"—here the landlady paused, and cast an inquisitive look at the butter firkin,—“prying as need be; and that same prying, I have observed, Ma'am, lets people into a deal of news. He was about fifteen when his patron (as they called him) died; and I never could find out what led to it first, (for everything must have a beginning,) but he became quite the widow's factotum. He was an ugly, pale-faced chap, too, for all he is called such a *pretty man* now;—sometimes acting as footboy, sometimes as clerk—sometimes as one thing, sometimes as another—she would snub him, and sneer him, and he would bear it all with such humility. I have heard it was only a word and a blow with her, (some of your beautiful women are very spiteful!) but be it what it would, Willy bore it all, bowing and bowing—yet it seemed to more than one, that he was gaining influence over the lady, and that by the most servile tricks you can imagine. It was strange enough that this woman when a wife, was heedlessly, thoughtlessly extravagant, but when she became a widow she was a thousand times more thrifty than the old gentleman had been, hunting after brass as if it had been gold, and adding farthings to shillings, and shillings to pounds, as if her life depended on accumulating. I heard a person say, who was fond of tracing things to their origin, that she only spent money when she did not consider it her own, but that when the old man's property became hers, then she manifested her *real* disposition. Above all things, she speculated on an immense dairy farm; her mornings were employed in looking after cows, her evenings in calculating her gains; and about this same farm did Willy unceasingly busy himself—he was up with the lark, and away after the boys to see that the cows were early in the byre, then he would go peeping to ascertain the quantity of milk, then pry into the churns to see how the butter was rising, and finally superintend the rubbing of that very butter! That is not all,” continued Mrs. Jones, her rubicund countenance glowing with a deeper tint as she proceeded—“I assure you it became a saying, whenever anything of light weight appeared in our market, ‘that it was packed by the Widow's Willy.’”

Many and many a time have I seen him astride a butter firkin—his keen grey eyes wandering from tub to tub; aye, more—I have known him eat his bit of cheese, and drink half a pint of cwwr in the market-place sooner than leave his precious cargo to the carman's care! Yet he could not touch my sherry, forsooth!"—The landlady paused in her ire. Had I been a man, I would have ordered a pint, or bottle, or whatever is customary of that same sherry, forthwith, to perfect the restoration of her temper, which was, nevertheless, tolerably equalized by being permitted to abuse a fortunate neighbour.

"The widow, Ma'am," she continued, "had many, I may say noble, offers of marriage—but all in vain. She said No, no, no, to them all; and always walked into her pew in the church at Denbigh with what I should fancy the air of a duchess—Willy treading in her footsteps, creeping humbly behind, carrying her prayer-book. There were not wanting those who said Willy was likely to wed the widow; but then it was thought, if he had any idea of that kind, he would have begun to hold up his head in the world; but no, Willy's head poked more than ever, and his mistress snubbed quite as much; and some were silly enough to pity him, and when they hinted as much to the boy, he only laughed a low muttering laugh, which sounded more like scorn than sympathy.

"The widow and her Willy lived on this sort of life for many a day—and people had almost forgotten to talk about them. She continued to amass wealth, and he to look after the butter-firkins and carry her prayer-book—until, behold! the widow fell ill. She grew worse and worse, worse and worse, but it was not until two days before she died that any change became apparent in Willy's manner. He had gone about with his eyes as usual, until, as I said before, the second day before her death; when suddenly he made his appearance at his mistress's chamber door, crept stealthily to her bedside, and, taking her hand, inquired how she did. Ea! but the nurse stared, and from that time till the hour she died he never left her room. The nurse said that once or twice she was on the point of asking him what he did there, but his grey eye twinkled on her, just as an icicle twinkles in a moonbeam; and she had not the power to speak. The widow died at one; and at two—was not Willy a great man!—if he did not command no one ever did: of all things in the world, Ma'am, I have observed that ordering needs no practice—people fall into it so naturally, and he lorded it like a born lord. The moment his back was turned, one said 'I won't do so,' and another swore 'I won't do so;' but yet those who swore the loudest obeyed the most quickly—when his eye was on them: and to be sure good right they had—*Willy had been the widow's husband for four years!*"—

"How very strange!" I exclaimed.

"Ea, sure! so it was," said Mrs. Jones, "very strange indeed—for she was her own mistress. But the minister who married them had an income for life to keep the secret—and the funeral was the grandest ever remembered in Denbigh Church; though they did say that Willy agreed with the undertaker to take the silver plates off the coffin, when it was lowered in the vault, to save expense—though, God knows, he was heedless enough of that in other matters;—to be sure it was to serve an end."

"What end, Mrs. Jones?"

"To be a gentleman, to be sure," laughed the landlady. "No hard

thing, I fancy, with seventy or eighty thousand pounds to back the desire. Didn't I see, with my own eyes, Lord Flanberris eye him from head to foot the Sunday before the widow's death, as if he was a poisonous animal—and the next Sunday didn't he smile at him; a cold, faint smile (for his claim on all her wealth was not believed at first),—and the next Sabbath his Lordship bowed—the next shook hands—and the next—absolutely drove him home in his own carriage to dinner! To be sure, he has four unmarried daughters," added Mrs. Jones; "and none of them much to look at."

"What a strange history!" said I.

"We poor creatures," quoth the landlady, "who live by our civility, might be forgiven for bowing low to this man, though we despise him—but we have our bread to earn, and such as him expect ten times the attention of your real gentlefolk; but since he has got into Parliament he carries it all before him in this part of the world—and I hear that all his odd prying ways are called eccentricities. However, it will be long before I am as civil to him as I have been. Sherry, indeed!—Many and many a month he drank nothing but buttermilk."

The rain had ceased, the gentlemen returned from fishing; when suddenly, the chariot which carried this man of changed fortunes away from the hostelry appeared on the return.

"Ea, sure!" exclaimed the landlady, "I thought he was going to town; but, I warrant me, he only went to pay a visit some five miles on!"

Such is the power of wealth, that the landlady forgot her resolution. Again the ostler and Grizzly were summoned—and again did Grizzly, consistent only because she had never been tempted to the contrary,—grumble at the fuss made by her mistress on account of the "Widow's Willy."

SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

SLEEP, sleep, my love! thy gentle bard
Shall wake, his fever'd maid to guard:

The moon in heav'n rides high,
The dim stars through thy curtains peep,
While thou, poor sufferer, triest to sleep,
They hear thy feeble sigh.

She sleeps! but pain, though baffled, streaks
With intermitting flush her cheeks,

And haunts her troubled dream:
Yet shalt thou wake to health, my love,
And seek again the blue-bell'd grove,
And music-haunted stream.

GREAT PEOPLE.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."—*Twelfth Night*.

"Great let me call him, for he conquered me,"—*Revenge*.

AMONG the popular errors most difficult to eradicate, there is not one more perversely and obstinately retained than the notion that greatness is a positive and substantial quality. Those who have long believed themselves in possession of it cannot conceive that it is not inherent in their persons, or that they are not veritably of the small number "*quis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*;" which, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, may be translated "the china ware of heaven's creation." They, also, who by a caprice of fortune wake some fine morning and find themselves suddenly great, necessarily fancy that the change which has taken place is in themselves, and not in externals, which, to every appearance, go on pretty much as they did in all the foregone yesterdays; or rather, perhaps, the greater number of them have no apprehension whatever of change in anything; conceiving that the whole is a mere development of a long latent quality, like that which turns a chrysalis into a butterfly; and they are ready to exclaim, "Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now? Upon my life I am a lord indeed, and not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly." As for those who have not greatness, they are so dazzled by its aspect, that they see nothing but the halo with which it is surrounded; and all that they know of the matter is, that it is, in some way or other, a representative of pounds, shillings, and pence, and to be venerated accordingly. To such, therefore, he it known, that greatness is not rank nor station (absolutely and *per se*); neither is it wealth, as the wise men of the East opine. It is not the having written a pamphlet; nay, nor even the having compiled a whole quarto volume; nor having painted a great picture (namely, a picture geometrically great). It is not the having gone up in a great balloon, manufactured a great play, nor, as Sheridan happily expressed it, *imported* a great opera. It is not the having, with the assistance of the reporters, spoken a three-column speech at a public dinner, nor failed for a million. Any, or all these things may have happened to very great people, and may even have been the occasional cause of their greatness; but they are not its essence. Greatness is simply a relation of space, and arises immediately out of a juxtaposition to the little. This it is that has given rise to the notion of a republic of letters; because, in that body, all are presumed to be so equal, that there cannot be a *primus inter pares* amongst them. It is only when individualised, and mixed up with the crowd of the little non-literary people, that they become great; the greatest being often very poor personages in the eyes of the confraternity. Greatness, on whatever basis erected, is but the poor and simple gift of those "infinitely smalls" on whom the select few look down with such ineffable contempt—just as among the heathens, it is the worshipper who makes the god; and this truth may serve to take the shine out of some people's conceit, who imagine them-

selves to be (as the Miss Beauclercs have it) "brown stout," because they live in a circle of those, who have less malt and hops in their very small constitutions, than themselves.

That this is the right view of the case must be admitted by any one who will take the trouble of looking about him and thinking for himself. Such a person must see greatness put on and put off, at every turn, like a garment, owing to the slightest changes in the *environage* of the party. Look, for instance, reader, at that humble, fawning, cringing shop-keeper bowing out the lady to her handsome chariot at his door—there is not an atom of greatness in his whole composition! But see, he has turned back to cut a yard of crape for a *grisette*. What an easy, self-sustained familiarity has slid into his address! It is meant for gallantry and patronage, poor man; it is only a sense of greatness *induced* in him magnetically by the littleness of his customer. Look, however, once more; he has adjusted his hair and his cravat at the glass; there go the spurs to his boots, and the tuft of hair to his chin. He leaves the shop behind him, crosses Regent-street, Bond-street, St. James's-street, and, lo! he has become a colonel of the British Legion, or haply one of the marrying Royal Highnesses from Germany, by the patent of every pot-boy and servant-maid who watches his transit. A knowledge of this bit of philosophy would be worth its weight in gold to those who delight in witnessing dethroned grandeur, or, to use their own expression, in seeing pride get a fall. It would furnish them with the materials of their gratification in places where, at present, they least suspect them. Thus, they would only have to watch for the Lord Mayor at Temple-bar, and behold his greatness scale from him, like Peter Schlemil's shadow, with the first breath of Westminster air. Or they might follow to his home the hero of their oyster club, who, in that society, is "wont to set the table in a roar," and burns up the whole tap-room with his effulgence ("*urit enim fulgore suo*"): as the hall-door opens, they will witness the greatness fade away from his whole person and demeanour, before the presence of the white serjeant standing in the entry. Then, there is the parish-workhouse for them, with that truly great man, the overseer, in all his glory. How grand! how imposing! But what on earth has come over the man? Is he ill? Has he seen a ghost? "Just such a man, so pale, so woe-begone, drew Priam's curtains, &c. &c. &c." No, "'tis no such thing;" it is only the squire from "the Hall," who has dropped in to oversee the overseer, and to eclipse him in the apprehension of admiring paupers. A butler, again, is a very great man before the face of the pantry boy; his voice harsh and dictatorial, his gesture imperative; and then, if thwarted in the career of his humour, "Gad have mercy, how he swears!" But what is such a man in the presence of his master!—how completely effaced! There is no one, however, whose greatness comes and goes so frequently as a minister's porter. He changes favour at every instant like a chameleon; but unlike a chameleon's, the fainter the radiance of greatness in the candidate for admission, the brighter is its glow in the rubicund face of "the man wot denies his master." How absolute the knave is, with his "Not at home!" But wait for a moment, and stop your ears, while that footman thunders at the door: a plain, undistinguished person enough is he who descends from the coroneted carriage; but the greatness of the Cerberus of the leathern chair, like Bob Acres' cou-

rage, oozes out of the palms of his hands ; and he is as suave and as complying as a manager, with a pair of wax lights, bowing royalty out of its box.

Now what makes and what mars the greatness in these several cases ?—evidently the concession or denial of the attribute in the estimate of the bystanders, thus brought in contact with the subject ; and for this cause the city knight shrinks into a nobody by the side of him of the bloody hand ; and the rector of the parish is no cock, albeit on his own dunghill, in the presence of my lord the Bishop : so, also, that most puissant prince, the Marquis of Carabus, shrinks in all his dimensions before the face of his Grace of Puddledock.

A great man, therefore, may be defined to intend any man who can persuade others to think him one. Witness the universal effect of arrogance and pretension throughout the wide world, and the success attendant on self-puffing—from the bulletins of a general, to the mural advertisements of a blacking-vender. Much therefore depends on the choice of a theatre to exhibit on. Claremont was as great an actor as John Kemble, when "starring it" in a provincial barn ; and he who has been black-balled on the Stock Exchange, may become great in the Bank Rotunda ; while every bagman is a very Wellington to the Boots of a commercial inn. "*Tel brille au second*," as the poet sings ; and the consequence is that a man's greatness may be affected by that of his friends and acquaintance, exactly as an object at rest appears to retrograde when viewed from a railway carriage at full speed. So, too, our acquaintance lose or acquire greatness, according to the changes in our own feelings ; and the man whom we thought a considerable personage "on Wednesday" may dwindle into a nobody as we pass him on the Sabbath, in our Sunday suit. Just imagine a sheriff figged out for his first levee, and driving his new chariot through the city ; and then judge of his altered estimate of the thousand and one Mrs. Grundys he encounters on his passage. What lots of eminences he dethrones !—eminent cheesemongers, eminent dealers in dolls' eyes, and eminent pin-makers, —every one of whom was, in his imagination, greatness personified, when the said sheriff was only a liveryman, and they were "of the Common Council." Nay, he will scarcely return the salute of his own banker, unless indeed his account be overdrawn, or he has a large bill to discount on the next morning.

One of the greatest men in the hierarchy of social estimation is the gentleman who lodges on the first floor—to his neighbour in "the two pair backwards ;" but how suddenly does he change favour, if, by some lucky accident, that neighbour becomes a housekeeper ! "*Ubi lapsus, quid feci* ?" he might exclaim, with the Earl of Devon. He is neither poorer, nor sillier, nor worse dressed than before ; he frequents the same coffee-house, dines at the same ordinary ; but he has, nevertheless, "bid a long farewell to greatness ;" and it is much if the newly-qualified voter for a member of Parliament acknowledges his acquaintance.

One of my amusements, on rainy afternoons, is to look back through the vista of years, and to summon before me the shades of those great people before whom, at some period of my life, I have bowed with an awe approaching to idolatry, but for whom I do not now feel quite so much reverence ; and as this review will illustrate the subject, and per-

haps amuse my readers at the same time, I shall proceed to introduce them to a few of the choicer specimens.

The earliest very eminent person I can at present recall to my recollection was the mistress of a dame school, an armipotent personage commissioned to lead me into the vestibule of the temple of learning by the *à posteriori* method. I really "want words to express" the sensations of awe I felt on first beholding her amazing grandeur, as she shone in the microscopic field of my infant intelligence. If the reader would approach to some distant notion of this redoubtable lady, and of my deference, let him turn to "Hood's Comic Annual," and ponder over the print bearing for its epigraph "And Telemachus knew that he was in the presence of Minerva,"—Micromegas was less gigantic in the apprehension of Maupertuis*. The next great person that crossed my path in life was an oil-man, or, more technically, the keeper of an Italian warehouse, who was also clerk of the parish. Much was the respect I paid to his solemn intonations, to his sonorous "Amen," but more to the black gown tufted with silk and velvet which decorated his person. Much also was I struck by the dignified condescension with which this *arbitrer elegantiarum* of the vacant pews, or rather Mæcenas of untenanted seats, ushered in the strange sermon-hunter, and, as Farquhar says, "pocketed the simony." Truly he was a very great man, and might have passed muster with far more experienced observers than myself. Nearly on a line with him, however, stood his son: he was in truth a most gentlemanly-looking youth, as he stood at the church-door on Sundays, while the bell was tolling, sporting his dancing-master's bow, with the grace of an Adonis, to the very first people of the parish; not to speak of the paste buckles which glittered in his shoes, and which, "*putavi stultus ego*," simpleton-like, I took for diamonds. Oh, those paste-buckles! How my heart bowed its knee to them!

Once, and once only in my life was I ever truly great in my own apprehension. I was six years old at the time, and my fond grandmother had permitted me to choose a suit of clothes for myself. Being simple in my notions of attire, I selected a red coat, a white waistcoat, and a pair of black satin shorts, in which, with the addition of an old silk cocked hat, my hair powdered, and half-a-dozen gilt counters in my pocket, I peacocked it before the village children, to my own infinite gratification. Whether they took me for a great man also, or only for a great fool, the records of memory do not disclose; but that I myself had no doubt on the subject, I perfectly recollect. Napoleon on his throne was modesty itself to me. Perhaps the reader will ask, in reference to the general hypothesis above set forth, who were the little persons that conferred greatness in this instance? and yet it seems clear enough that it was myself in my ordinary habiliments, looking on myself thus bedizened—unless it were rather certain imaginary enviers of the finery in question, outwardly typified in the persons of every one I encountered: but let that pass.

Shortly after the time here referred to, having put off this greatness, very literally "like a Monmouth-street coat," I bowed the knee to a

* Voltaire's romance of Micromegas. Maupertuis was at the head of that expedition sent by Louis XV. to measure a degree near the Pole, which was introduced into Voltaire's romance.

French cook,—the first "my conversation coped withal." I cannot recall precisely whether it was his white night-cap, and gigantic knife, stuck dagger-wise in his apron-string, his excellent soup, or the importance with which he issued, in foreign accents, his mandates to an host of obedient *marmitons*, that captivated my reverence; perhaps it was "the Cœlia altogether;"—*que sais-je?* Far better founded was the idolatry I paid to the only person I remember to have preserved the old fashion of wearing laced clothes. He was, as may be supposed, an elderly personage, and was of a portly exterior, incased in a snuff-coloured suit of dittoes, garnished, as aforesaid, with gold-lace; as was also the *chapeau*, *moitié de bras*, *moitié de tête*, which kept company with a gold-headed cane, on his occasional visits. Add to this, that he was the only one in those days who greeted my schoolboy hand with a whole golden guinea at a time, and wonder if you can, that "*ille mî par esse deo*," *videbatur*,—that he was greater than the King in my estimate of sub-lunary grandeurs. Even to the present day, though I have witnessed the embroidered glories of the French Institute, the laced splendour of a Parisian minister, and the still more gorgeous glittering of an English deputy-lieutenant of the county,—to say nothing of sundry Turks, (before Turkey had revolutionized its wardrobe,) or of the late Mr. Kelly as the *Seraskier* in the 'Siege of Belgrade,'—I still cannot divest myself of the awe and veneration which association has attached to the memory of those snuff-coloured gold-laced dittoes and that golden guinea! Great, indeed, was Diana of the Ephesians!!!

By far the greatest man, however, that ever existed (you will readily credit the fact) was the head master of — school, who, though a palpable blockhead, and, personally, no small quiz, yet, in virtue of a cauliflower wig, which (pardon the bull) rivalled the unrivalled *μεγαλὸν Σαυμὸν* of Dr. Parr, so celebrated in history, was the cynosure of our fourth-form eyes. I rather think all schoolmasters are, *virtute offiui*, great; but then they must never laugh, except at their own jokes; and they must flog with a forty-pedant-power of arm, or, by the lady, "of familiarity will come contempt." Busby, we are told, refused to pull off his hat to the King in the presence of his scholars, lest he should forfeit his greatness—a striking witness in favour of our hypothesis, and a memorable example to all schoolmasters. The Doctor was, indeed, right; for "nature's copy" of their greatness is not "eternæ;" and I, for one, fairly outlived the deification of my Orbilius.

Thenceforward I bowed the knee to nothing scholastic, until I was transferred from school to college, where indeed I lapsed into something very like polytheism. For the first week, the dean of the chapel was a tolerably well-constituted hero; and for the first month the proctor was a regular-built Juggernaut. In my second year, I worshipped a certain under-graduate who kept a hunter, shirked hall and chapel, and, moreover, never capped the university authorities. In my third year, I revered the two moderators with all my heart, all my soul, and all my strength. Concurrently with these devices of the heart, I paid much heathen homage to the senior wrangler of the year, and was at times more awe-stricken by an hat fellow-commoner, than, in these radical times, I care to mention. * All these grandeurs, however, faded before the effects of time; and I could at length look the head of a college in

the face, though clothed in his scarlet robes. But this was no perfect cure. On quitting the university for the inns of court, I did not the less think the benchers of the Temple very great men, and had even some reverence to spare for the crier of the Court of King's Bench.

On coming upon the town, and setting up for a man of wit and pleasure, I also fell down and worshipped a very great personage in a small way, who had the impudence of the devil, kept a butt (I should rather have said that his butt kept him), and sported other people's jokes to their face. That fellow knew everybody and everything; intrigued with a woman of quality, or her waiting-maid; fathered all the epigrams in the newspapers, talked of his friend Rogers, and called Mr. Moore "Tommy." In this stage of life, too, I naturally got introduced behind the scenes, where I incontinently formed vast notions of the prompter, thought the stage-carpenter a personage, and was proud of a bow in the streets from Bradbury the clown. This lasted till I grew to know Kean, was on speaking terms with Macready, and idolized Venus in the avatar of Madame Vestris. Ultimately, however, I left the Protestant theatres for the Catholic opera; and from that moment, nothing English was great. Pasta was my one god, and Bellini was her prophet.*

Since that period, my idolatry has been more miscellaneous, and not so well worthy of specific mention. Indeed, I think it not quite safe to come so near to the times in which we live, otherwise I could mention a few surviving great men, and also touch on some who condescend to think me great. I shall, therefore, drop my own personal experiences here, and conclude with the enumeration of some of the unknown great, who are the property of particular classes and categories. Among these, I shall begin with the whipper-in of the House of Commons, who is indisputably a great man to the junior Lords of the Treasury, *et id pecus omne*. Then there is the usher of the black rod, who is great to libellous editors of newspapers, and venerable in the eyes of the very members themselves, when they want to sport magnanimous, and to back out of a scrape without showing too much of the white feather. Stage-managers are very great men—to actors of the second class; while, in revenge, the stars are still greater personages to the stage-manager. But greater than either are the *Mammona*, the husband, or the lover (as the case may be) of the *prima donna*,—to all behind the *coulisses* of the opera, from Mons. Seguin, down to the dressers and the call-boys. Another great man is the deputy-licenser of plays, to all candidates for the fame of a successful playwright; which is the more extraordinary, since by those who have experienced his power, he is usually thought a very little personage indeed. The Rothschilds are greater than great; for they are great in the eyes of kings and ministers. They, who could bail the Emperor of Austria, or discount "all the Russias," are not only great themselves, but confer greatness, as kings cure the evil—by the mere touch; and to be seen shaking hands merely with one of their clerks will draw down on you the worship of all the orange and pencil venders in 'Change-alley. The editors of journals are great in the apprehension of their contributors; and the writer of leading articles is great to a

* In the hierarchy of this world, ought not the phrase to be reversed; and Bellini be the god, and Pasta the prophet? This is a nice point; but, on mature reflection, I rather prefer the reading as it stands in the text.

penny-a-liner. Publishers are gods to embryo authors; and the hanging committee at Somerset-house are a pantheon (or a pandemonium, rather) to exhibiting artists. The surgeon of a metropolitan hospital is, oh! how great, to the pupils,—and scarcely less so to the patients. Crockford is a great man to half the aristocracy, who are in his books; and the penny pieman is a somebody to the lame beggar that sweeps the crossing. Mr. Sams is a great man when boxes are in great request; and the showmen at Westminster Abbey are great to all admirers of tombs and wax-works. Lord A. is a great wit among lords; and Lords X., Y., and Z. are great lords among wits. All Londoners are great on their first arrival in a country town; and in villages, he who has received a letter franked by an M.P. is great for the next four-and-twenty hours! Greatness then is everywhere;—and those who are ambitious of greatness and "have souls above buttons," have only to choose their company; while they who are oppressed by too humiliating a sense of their own inferiority may find relief by simply changing their quarters. The world is wide enough for us all; and abject indeed must be the wretch whose heart never expanded with the sense of his superiority to somebody. Thus are all society joined together in one chain of dependence; and the frown which royalty bestows on the premier, passes *de proche en proche*, through all grades in society, and is felt in the kick on the seat of honour which his valet applies to the shoeboy; while half-a-guinea well-bestowed to the waiting-maid of the mistress of the chief clerk of the secretary to the secretary of the great man, may vibrate upwards, till it becomes the efficient cause of a vast financial measure, or of a war embracing half the world.

μ.

ON A SNOWDROP SEEN BY MOONLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

POOR, trembling flower! how dismal are these vales,
 While o'er the moon the clouds of midnight fly,
 Like steeds in battle, and pursuing gales
 Bear winter's strength, like fate, along the sky!
 Lily of winter! daughter of the storm!
 Oh, hide thy lovely whiteness from his ire!
 For, strong to ruin, o'er thy lowly form
 Growls the harsh wrath of thy tremendous sire!
 Emblem of beauteous sorrow! want, like thee,
 Awakes in tears, while heedless grandeur sleeps;
 Toil trembles in the rags of misery,
 And in the desert of existence weeps:
 Like thee, wan flower of winter's soundless snows!
 They dwell with frost, and hear the cold skies moan;
 And when they die beneath the cloud of woes,
 Helpless they die, unpitied and unknown.

FIRST LOVE ; OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE assertion that "What is everybody's business is nobody's," is true enough ; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is everybody's," is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is, of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs and cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others : it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers ;" and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists : it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves ; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention ; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle ; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend ; he said little, but did everything. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers ;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said that it was the cruellest thing in the world ; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of a consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority ; they

had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighbourhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelve-month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts' content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears."

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist upon my lover's smoking: if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventurers—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a tetotum all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favourite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of ope-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sauteuse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you. He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her own sweet languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just eleven. Good bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee;"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

"Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—What a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilette of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself,

he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley-street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensées* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford, that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a very pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should be so interrupted here with morning visitors!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet that they had sang together.

"Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world."

And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford came into his own drawing-room.

"So, Madam," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, Sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been!—He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime what had become of the fair disconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighbourhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to

the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley—and, of course, apologised for her intrusion. He equally, of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together;—and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus:—

“My dear George,

“Miss Smith’s guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress.

“Your affectionate uncle,

“E.”

“Tell them,” said the Earl, “to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour.”

During this half hour he dispatched his luncheon, and,—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man,—dispatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry:—

“My dear Miss Worthington,

“Hurried as I am I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immure myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of

“Your devoted servant,

“ELMSLEY.”

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward’s, and the following words in the envelope:—

“My adored Emily,

“You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven

“Your faithful and unhappy

“EDWARD.”

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily re-

turned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the 19th century.

L. E. L.

THE ABSENT.

'Tis midnight deep. I came but now
From the bright air of lighted halls ;
And while I hold my aching brow,
I gaze upon my dim-lit walls :
And feeling here that I am free
To wear the look that suits my mood,
And let my thoughts flow back to thee,
I bless my humble solitude ;
And bidding all thoughts else begone,
I muse upon thy love alone.

Yet was the music sweet to-night,
And fragrant spices filled the air ;
And flowers were drooping in the light,
And lovely women wandered there :
And fruits and wines with lavish waste
Were on the marble tables piled :
And all that tempts the eye and taste,
And sets the haggard pulses wild ;
And wins from care, and deadens sadness,
Were there—but yet I felt no gladness !

I thought of thee,—I thought of thee !
Each cunning change the music played,
Each fragrant breath that stole to me,
My wandering thought more truant made ;
The lovely women passed me by,
The wit fell powerless in my ear ;
I looked on all with vacant eye,
I did not see—I did not hear.

The skilled musician's master-tone
Was sweet—thy voice were sweeter far ;
They were soft eyes the lamps shone on,—
The eyes I worship gentler are :
The halls were broad, the mirrors tall,
With silver lamps, and costly wine,—
I only thought how poor was all
To one low tone from lips like thine—
I only felt how well forgot
Were earth's best joys—*Where thou wert not !*

SLINGSBY.

LIBERTINO GENUCHI.

VENICE, "the City of the Bridges," and also Naples (by nature the most favoured portion of fair Italy), have been so celebrated by the effusions of the poet, the novelist, and the historian, that they now vie in interest and attraction with imperial Rome herself. Indeed, every town—every lake—every mountain—every relique of ancient splendour, and object of modern curiosity, from Milan to Naples, are as familiar to the travellers of other nations as their own. It is a beaten tract, and has been explored minutely and successfully. But there is another city to vie with them in splendour—less known—less frequented—but affording as fertile a theme for poetry—as rich—as wild—as original a field for romance. Why has the triple-walled Genoa—forming with her palaces, and their porticos, and peristyles of rare and variegated marbles, the finest amphitheatre art ever accomplished—why has she remained so long in historic obscurity, dipping unnoticed her noble front into the azure bosom of the Mediterranean, and backed by her richly-wooded hills? The "Strada Nova" of that ancient republic defies *the world* in competition. Built originally by slaves, and with her wealth and power consisting but in commerce, yet is she worthy the reception of the first court in Europe. To immortalize Venice, the romantic incidents of all Italy herself have been concentrated, and put in requisition—Genoa is known but by the Chart and Gazetteer, save to the comparatively few whose taste has led them to explore her beauties.

Speaking, perhaps, the vilest dialect of the Italian language, yet there is something bold and interesting in the *patois* of the Genoese. Their habits and manners, although in the outline the same as those of other Italian states, are tingured with the characteristics of the French; and there exists among them a *gaieté de cœur* not to be found in Southern Italy. Their amusements also, like their government and laws, assimilate to those of the only conquerors their gates were opened to, and that not from the victory of open warfare, but from treachery and famine. (We speak but of the period previous to the re-establishment of the Piedmontese authorities, when Genoa was under the easy yoke of France). It is our intention to make this unrivalled city the scene of many a story, the ground-works for which are to be found in its own archives; but, on the present occasion, we shall move onwards by the borders of the sea, until we branch off to *Chiaveri*, twenty-four miles distant from Genoa, where were enacted the interesting but appalling scenes which, on the authority of living witnesses, we now portray, if not with a florid, at least with a faithful pencil.

Chiaveri, like Genoa, is situated on the declivity of a mountain. It is a provincial town of some importance, and has an executive government of its own. The chief inhabitants are, for the most part, owners and occupiers of the lands, mountains, and productive forests in the immediate district; and they live contentedly on the annual proceeds of their vines, olives, chestnuts, figs, pears, and Indian corn, and of the various other produce of that rich and fertile soil—laying by, with a prudent foresight, a part of each year's profits as a patrimony for their children.

At the period of which we speak, no two families were held in higher estimation than those of Mazza and Genuchi. Thirty years only have gone their course, and, with one solitary miserable exception, they are swept from the face of the earth: such are the effects of Italian jealousy and revenge!

As we are unwilling that the thread of our narrative should be broken when once we have begun to spin it out, we will give a brief sketch of the *dramatis personæ* who took a part in it.

Pietro Genuchi, who was a widower, had two sons, Joanni and Libertino. Andrea Mazza, three sons, and a daughter, then in her fourteenth year.

The characters of the sons of Genuchi formed a singular contrast. Joanni

was an Italian Orson, rough both in exterior and manners. He gained a considerable influence and power over all around him, more particularly over his brother, but it was a superiority forced rather than granted willingly: he sought for occupation in the hardier pursuits of man. If any injury was inflicted upon any of his townsmen, he was the ready redresser; nor did he cease his efforts, even to the risking his life, until he had procured ample satisfaction. If a wolf appeared in the neighbourhood (not unfrequently the case), destroying the flocks and herds without, or entering the town and making havoc upon the lives of its inhabitants within, Joanni singly would seek the ruthless devastator, while others dared not its destruction even in a body; and not unusually did he return, after nights and days passed amongst the mountains, with the bleeding trunk of the lifeless beast—a trophy of his success and valour. Yet, although his courage was so undoubted, and he had never once been known to espouse an unjust cause, Joanni was an object of fear, rather than of admiration. Not so his brother Libertino; he was beloved by every one that knew him; he was mild, placid, and amiable, yet manly, and excelling in every manly exercise; the chief dancer at the village fêtes, and the best songster in Chiaveri. No wonder, then, he obtained the admiration of the women, or that he had possessed himself of the early affections of Catarina Mazza.

The brothers of Catarina were his constant companions—the friends of his youth, and of his ripening maturity; Catarina, the beloved of his heart—his early, first, and only love. Catarina was the belle of Chiaveri, and, although many envied, none disputed Libertino's claim to her affections. It has already been stated that she was but fourteen; but, in the precocity of an Italian climate, a girl of that age is considered *marriageable*: at thirty, woman bears there the stamp and marks of infirmity. The effeminate life of Libertino (as his brother styled it) gave Joanni the greatest cause to regret, and it was frequently a subject for his animadversion and remark.

"Why," would he often say, "will you not follow me? I live a life of ever-varying amusement and profit. While I range the mountains, and inure myself to hardship, which, in these perilous times, no one can say how soon I may put to the test, you spend your hours idly, at the wine-press, or by a girl's elbow. Libertino, I can make nothing of you; you will be a drone—a spiritless, senseless drone—for the rest of your existence."

Libertino would listen with the deference of a younger brother, whose heart confessed the superiority of him who lectured him; but the domestic quiet of his home, the cheerful fireside of Andrea Mazza, and the affectionate welcome of his daughter Catarina, were enjoyments he could not relinquish or abandon willingly even for a day.

Great events seldom seem to preponderate in the destiny of man, but the small, and apparently insignificant, accidents and occurrences of the day are often, in their result, pregnant with the greatest consequences. Libertino's character had taken its tone from the even tenour of his life. There were but few points on which it was pregnable, and on one of them it was destined that he should be assailed to his destruction.

Amidst the influx of foreigners who resorted to Genoa, after its possession by the French, there were many who appeared there for the purpose of purchasing the commodities of its trade, the leading articles of which are gold and silver tissue, damasks, and velvet; and a house of the first consideration in Paris had sent an agent there in the person of François Mallet, a young and accomplished Frenchman, who made friends wherever he went by his liveliness, talent, and good humour. He had for some time remained among the Genoese, procuring the most choice of their merchandise, and gaining the hearts of their daughters. On a casual visit to Sestri di Cevanto, François for the first time caught sight of the lovely and expressive features of Catarina Mazza, who, with Libertino, had gone from Chiaveri, a distance of four miles, either to join the holy procession of the Fête de Dieu, or more probably to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* morning with her Beloved. François was a

true Frenchman: he was gallant and persevering. Like Omar, "*veni, vidi, vici*," had hitherto been his fortune; and he had no sooner seen Catarina than he resolved on making her acquaintance, and, if possible, on discovering her place of residence. To effect this, he foresaw he must introduce himself to her companion, although something whispered to him that the couple were betrothed. There is seldom a possibility of mistaking that point. Love assumes a thousand disguises, but he is a bad masquerader: he betrays himself to every looker-on. François neared the objects of his pursuit in the crowd; and, under the plea of being a stranger—not to the language, but to the customs of the country—he soon entered into familiar conversation with the unsuspecting Libertino.

Few there are who can repel the advances, or withstand the captivating manners of an accomplished young Frenchman. Many a *John Bull*, filled with ancient and patriotic prejudices, attends unwillingly his curious wife and roving-loving daughters to the Continent, determining to detest every native—simply and abstractedly because he is a *Frenchman*—whose asperities wear off, and whose prejudices are cast off, long ere he again revisits his native shore. An Italian, both in manners and ideas, harmonizes more nearly with a Frenchman, and has less of previous distaste to overcome. François made himself most agreeable—his remarks on the scene before them abounded with wit, and excited laughter—Catarina was pleased with him, Libertino declared him a good fellow, and he received and accepted willingly an invitation to return with them to Chiaveri. François now became the shadow of Libertino, and soon the repository of his inmost thoughts—in personal appearance he was far below his Italian friend—in acquirement and general knowledge by far his superior. From week to week his return to Genoa was delayed, much to the delight of those who felt enjoyment in his society—a dull evening was now unknown—round the supper table, laden with dried peaches, figs, pears, and Italian cheese, with the *vin du pays*, and the sweeter Muscatelle, the lively charade passed with redoubled vigour. The Perregordino and the more exclusive Lucendrina—these, and many others of the Italian dances, were replaced by the light quadrille, but Catarina still remained the constant partner of Libertino.

Joanni Genuchi was sometimes a spectator of the scene; he, however, evinced no interest in it, and betrayed a decided dislike to the lively Frenchman. His brother endeavoured to reason him out of the prejudice, but he only rendered him impatient, and yet more inveterate against François Mallet.

"What see you in him, Libertino, that you have thus taken him to your bosom? as a Frenchman, he is the enemy of your country, dangerous in every way, and to every one, but more particularly to yourself—mark you not, with what an insolent stare he fixes his eyes on her you profess to love, and whom you intend to make your wife? Have you no eyes—no heart—no feeling?—but go—take your course, feed his vanity by your approbation, continue to him the protection of our roof, and a free ingress into Mazza's dwelling, and, as I am your brother, I swear he will play the wolf with your fondling lamb—deprive you of her, and laugh at your credulity. *Corpo di Baccio!* that ever I had a brother so blind, so infatuated as thou art!"

The words of Joanni were not spent in vain—Libertino became more observant of the Frenchman and his betrothed, and, once alive to suspicion, accident gave him a thousand trifles to pervert into alarming facts.

"My brother has not spoken without reason," said he to himself, one evening, in returning home after witnessing with a jealous eye the affectionate farewell bestowed by Catarina upon his companion; "I will no longer press his stay."

By this time, however, François had obtained too firm a footing in the house to be easily displaced without a breach of common hospitality; and Libertino, whose nature it was to avoid, as far as possible, the asperities of life, suffered day after day to pass over his head without resolving on any

plan by which, without an open rupture, he could explain to his companion that he had already out-stayed his welcome.

Jealousy and doubt in the mean time, like noxious weeds, obtained a rapid growth within his breast, and stifled the nobler feelings that had hitherto held it in possession.

François was not long in perceiving that a change had taken place by no means favourable to himself in the mind of Libertino—he made his arrangements accordingly, and, when he announced them, they were wormwood to the unhappy Italian, who wished, yet dared not as yet, express his thoughts.

"I have trespassed long upon your father's hospitality, Libertino," he observed, "and had intended to have taken my leave on my return to Genoa; but, as my employers will not require my services for another month, I have this evening accepted the invitation of Andrea Mazza, and, for a time, shall remain an inmate in his house; but we shall see as much of each other, my friend, as ever, since Mazza's doors are as open to you as your own."

This was too much for Libertino, and with difficulty did he suppress his feelings: had he spoken, the effect would have been as an *avalanche*, and he would have hastened a crisis that he feared to be inevitable; for the time he restrained himself, and received the intimation in silence. For the first week of François's change of residence, Libertino scarcely once lost sight of him; he also became a constant guest (although not an inmate) of Mazza's cottage; but he felt the course he was pursuing to be unworthy him—he was enacting the spy, and his yet unstifled generosity of feeling rendered the task repugnant. He went into the opposite extreme—seldom visited the cottage by day, and was often missing from his accustomed corner at the evening fireside. Catarina remonstrated, but he evaded her inquiries, and was deaf to expostulation.

The terrific fury of a thunder-storm in Italy, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not witnessed its effects. The awful swelling of the thunder—the vivid rapidity of the lightning, carrying destruction in each flash—the ponderous mass of hailstones, that lays prostrate the beasts of the field, and splits asunder the massive trunks of the deeply-rooted trees—the accompanying awful *tremblemens* (which we designate as earthquakes)—oh, it is a fearful sight, and conveys an oppressive and most painful feeling to those who meet its terrors for the first time. Libertino, on returning from the cottage one evening, was exposed to such a storm, and, entering his home, perceived Joanni sitting gloomily before the dying embers of the fire—his head resting on the palm of his hand, his fingers entangled in the matted jetty locks that covered it.

"An awful night, my brother!"

"Yes," replied Joanni, "to fools and maidens. I like the storm, and am now off to the mountains; go you to bed, my gentle brother, and dream of love and petticoats;" he said it with a scornful laugh.

"You do me wrong, Joanni; I am neither weak nor a fool."

"Where is your poppinjay, the Frenchman?"

"At Mazza's"—

"And you no fool! Oh, Libertino, have you not sense to feel, nor arm to redress your wrongs—have I endeavoured but in *vain* to open your eyes? Did he not remain here professedly out of friendship to yourself? *Why, then, is he at Mazza's?* Are you not engaged to Mazza's only daughter? *Why, then, is he her father's inmate?* Awake from this lethargy—feel and act like a man; he is undermining your peace, and will ruin that of Catarina. I know—I have seen more than you imagine—to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Once again, I say, beware of François Mallet!"

Libertino buried his face within his hands. He drank in with too willing an ear the insidious counsel of his brother. After a pause, he remarked—

"Joanni, I am at last convinced of my error; be you my guide and counsellor; I will act as you direct me."

"Spoken like a man," exclaimed his brother, with energy, rising and

seizing warmly his hand ; " but you are cold," said he, " and ill. To-morrow you are for Genoa with the olives, I also shall be at the market, and we will speak further on the subject ! *To bed, my brother !*" He seized his gun, and followed by his dogs, left the house, and, in defiance of the pitiless raging storm, bent his way to the mountains.

Libertino hastened to bed, but sleep was a stranger to his eyelids. He almost repented of having listened to his brother, yet more that he had promised to abide his counsel ; he had, however, gone too far to retract, and awaited with impatience the communication of the ensuing day.

On rising, Libertino remembered that it was the morning of a fête, and to leave Catarina to the enjoyment of the evening dance without his protection, added to the bitterness of his feelings.

Before he set out on his journey, he made his way to Mazza's dwelling, and called his daughter to the door.

" Catarina, it is the fête of St. —"

" Yes ! dear Libertino, and we shall have the dance earlier than usual ; remember, we are to try François's new quadrilles."

" Curse François," exclaimed he, impetuously. Catarina looked alarmed—he soothed her by the softest endearments.

" I am not well, Catarina—I know not what I say—I am obliged to be at Genoa to receive payment for our olives—it annoys me, for I may not be able to return this night."

Catarina expressed her regret in the most lively manner ; he kissed her affectionately, and, after a pause, continued—

" Catarina, I think you loved me *once*."

" Think I loved you ! Oh, Libertino, what have I done ? I do love you fondly and devotedly. I would die to make you happy."

" Have a care, my love, or I may put your affections to the test."

" Name it," she replied, " and judge me by it, if you will."

" Catarina, I have had a dream—a foolish, but a painful dream—I thought I held you in my arms, close to my heart, and a wolf came and tore you from me. It was at a dance, love. I am almost ashamed of my weakness and my request, but—do not dance to-night."

" If that be all that is necessary to give you comfort," replied the smiling girl, " I will grant your request most willingly ; I will not dance this night, or any other when you would that I should refrain from doing so. Ah ! there is your sweet smile again. Heaven bless you, Libertino ! you had almost drawn my tears ; but that smile has more than repaid me the sacrifice, if it be one that you require."

Libertino went on his road with a lightened heart ; his approaching interview with his brother was his sole remaining cause of vexation. " I will no longer dally with that sweet girl's feelings," thought he, " this day will I purchase our wedding-ring, and next week shall see us married. Then—at my own home—at least, she will be safe from the insidious wiles of that crafty Frenchman."

After executing the business which had taken him to Genoa, Libertino made purchase of the wedding-ring ; but fearing, from its size, that it would ill-suit the taper finger of his beloved, he purchased another as a guard, in which a single brilliant was fixed. His brother he found awaiting him at the Piazza del Aqua Verde.

" You are punctual, Libertino ; but I shall not long detain you. Do you stay here the night ?"

" I do."

" 'Tis well, poor boy ; then Catarina is no longer yours. Hear me," he exclaimed—seeing that Libertino was about to interrupt him—" I had intended to have opened to you a long train of suspicions that have entered my mind ; I will now merely state one single damning fact,—*Did not Catarina promise you she would not dance this night ?*"

"She did; but how came you——"

"To ascertain it, you would say. On seeking my horse this morning I found him lame; I went to Mazza's to borrow one; the door was ajar. I heard Catarina decline the dance; but also heard the wily spells of the Frenchman, and his insidious persuasions; nor did I leave the spot until she had consented to forswear herself. François Mallet will this evening triumph over you, and in defiance of the hold you vainly imagined yourself to possess over a woman's heart and a woman's will——"

Libertino staggered against a pillar, scarcely able to support himself.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed.

"Judge for yourself. Return instantly; I will accompany you. Witness the dance from without—yourself unseen—then judge the truth of my assertion, and revenge yourself as a man."

The ride homewards was accomplished with speed, and in silence; scarcely a word was exchanged between the brothers. Joanni had effected his purpose—he had aroused the dormant energies of his brother for purposes which will be explained hereafter. Libertino had given entrance to the direst passions of the human heart; and, like the nursing pelican, they fed upon the heart's blood of their cherisher. The neighbouring villagers had all crowded to the dance; the townspeople had also assembled there in throngs. The brothers, after having changed their attire, entered the extreme end of the building appropriated for that purpose; but remained in another room, where the elder part of the community were enjoying themselves with their various games of cards.

"Will you take a hand at *trecetti*?" said one to Joanni—he declined; "or you, Libertino, at *biscambigia*?"

"No," said Joanni, "he purposes trying a hand at *marriaggio*, if he play at all."

It was said pointedly, and the equivoque was not lost upon his brother.

"This scene pleases me not," said Joanni, "I shall return home; you will find me there, should you require my services."

With his brother departed Libertino's firmness. He longed, yet dreaded to ascertain the truth; for he had sworn within himself a revenge so deep, so fearful, were he *but* betrayed, that the very thought was less bearable than the execution.

After a time, he summoned resolution to ascertain his fate. He went without the house, and approached cautiously the window; by the glaring of the lights too soon did he perceive that he was undone—Catarina was in the act of dancing, and the lively Frenchman was her partner. Then was the die cast; and from that moment Libertino seemed to lose his former self, and to be swayed yet more strongly than his brother by the scorching passions of the soul. He rushed homewards; his brother was already there, and asked him the result of his investigation, but no answer was returned—a livid paleness overspread Libertino's face. His lips were parched—his brows were so contracted that they met together. At last, in a deep and solemn tone he exclaimed—

"I *am* the lost unhappy wretch you painted me. Brother! your counsel."

"Go to my room, you will find abler counsellors and assistants than myself behind the door."

Libertino mounted the stairs—he reached the chamber—he found his brother's belt appended there. A stiletto, or rather *cobellata*, together with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, were placed in it; and a double-barrelled gun, already loaded, rested in the corner. He took them all—affixed the belt to his waist, and slung the gun over his shoulder. He spoke not a word as he passed his brother; but hastening to the festival, he approached the window, and with the diamond of the ring he had purchased that day in Genoa, described two circles in one of the panes, rather larger than the muzzles of his pistols.

For a moment he hesitated—Catarina was smiling, and looked more lovely than he had ever seen her. His own love-knot was at her breast; but she smiled again and again, and that at François. The demon of vengeance triumphed—his pistols were raised, and with a barrel of each, he laid the lovely girl and her thoughtless companion breathless on the ground. Screams rent the air—all was in confusion. Libertino stopped for one moment to gain a last, last look at the still placid features of her he had destroyed; and then, like the fell demon who left his first estate and glorious paradise, he fled—but he was abashed, heart-struck, almost annihilated—although revenged!

There is nothing more destructive of right government in Italy than the sanctuary which her churches afford to the most atrocious of criminals—once within her pale, and they are safe. It engenders crime, since it affords the murderer a hope of escaping; and it diminishes the idea of the atrocity of the crime, to see the most hardened of wretches fed by the priest's hands whilst many a starving man amongst the *lazzaroni* without is pining for the want of bread.

Libertino fled to the portal of the church of la Vergine Maria del Norto, and for three days and nights did he remain there, braving the sullen menaces of the brothers of her he had destroyed; for he knew that he was secure from danger. To attempt to paint the workings of his breast would be in vain; he had the triumph of revenge, but he had also its reward! His nerves were palsied. The eye of fancy conjured up each hour some dire image of terror to his distempered imagination. Conscience, like a scorpion, clung upon his crime; and reflection, like a slow still stream of molten lead, kept dropping on his heart, to scald and weigh it down! Inactivity to him became insupportable—he determined on braving the fiercest danger rather than endure the agony he felt; and on the fourth night fled from his sanctuary, escaped the vigilance of those who watched for him, and endeavoured, on the mountain of Rapallo, to seek for the solace and society of his brother.

But Joanni was not there. He was too shrewd and calculating to endanger his brother's safety by joining him, since he might be watched, and a clue thus be given to the authorities, who were on the alert to capture the murderer and deliver him into the hands of justice. The excitation throughout the town was unprecedented. The family of Mazza were generally beloved, and many of the former admirers of the beauties of the hapless Catarina bound themselves by a general and solemn compact to avenge her death.

Libertino wandered through the day the most wretched of human beings. The cravings of nature he could satisfy with the chestnuts lying under the trees, and he could allay his parching thirst at the mountain stream; but what could cool the burning fever of his heart—his brain? He dreaded, yet almost longed, for the sight of his brother. He began to fancy that he, too, had deserted him, after winding up his spirit to decide on and execute the hellish deed which had plunged him beyond the pale or hope of pardon.

As the sun descended, and night threw her shadowy mantle over the earth, he betook himself to one of the huts (of which there are many in the forest) where the chestnuts are housed, previous to their importation into the town for the purpose of being converted into flour, or for foreign consumption.

With a collection of leaves, and some straw he found about the buildings, he formed a bed, on which he threw his fevered limbs; and, being exhausted from mental rather than bodily exertion, at last he slept. A gentle rustling from without aroused him about midnight. His guilty conscience in every breeze and leaf, fully depicted an avenging enemy; and he started from the spot where he had lain himself, and placed his finger on the trigger of a pistol—"Be it man or beast," he exclaimed aloud, "beware!" A gentle whine, or rather *bark* of recognition, caused him to withdraw his hand, and

Carlo, a fine St. Bernard dog, the faithful follower and messenger of his brother, leaped upon him with every mark of recognition and pleasure. He perceived a wallet tied round the body of the dog; he displaced, and opened it. The contents were meat, wine, and (what he valued more) a letter from his brother. With his flint and steel he struck a light, and set fire to a heap of dried leaves, by which he was enabled to decipher its contents.

"Be on your guard—remain as much as possible in concealment. My coming to you would only discover your retreat. Carlo, each night, shall be my messenger. The whole town is on the alert. Your just revenge they designate a murder. To-morrow a large body will commence a search for you; if you are in the Rapallo forest you can elude their search; or, by a running fight, make them pay dearly for their temerity. The Mazzas, your former friends, are now your sworn and most inveterate enemies. The French authorities are over here from Genoa, and several gens d'armes have already arrived. *In the hour of need I will not fail you.*—JOANNI."

Libertino had no implements for writing; he enclosed, however, a small portion of powder and a bullet, to signify that he might require ammunition, and sent the faithful dog, by a signal, homeward.

He again resigned himself to sleep, but dreams of the most fearful import harassed him throughout the night; and with the sun he arose, and endeavoured, by exercise, to shake off the sad impression they had left on his distempered mind.

He took his station on a point that commanded the outlet from the town, and where he was effectually concealed by a projecting fragment of the rock. About nine o'clock, he perceived that a considerable body were winding their way up the narrow track which led to the mountain. In flight Libertino had little hope for safety. He must repel force by force; and how to overcome the inequality of numbers by the strength of a single arm, was a matter of doubt, and, for the moment, of dismay; at first he almost resolved to oppose their first entrance into the forest, which they could only effect in single file, but he saw that he must then eventually be overpowered. He therefore determined on concealing himself among the trees, and, by hovering within gun-shot of the party, and occasionally knocking off its leaders, to endeavour to strike such dismay into them as would induce them to relinquish their pursuit. By the first discharge he brought down the two leaders of the party: he knew it not, but they were the two elder brothers of her he had already sent to her last home! Imagining that the shots were from a pistol—that their enemy must be near—the whole body broke with fury into the woods. For three hours did Libertino keep up a *running fight*, according to the direction of his brother; nor did the infuriated townsmen relinquish their pursuit, until twenty-seven of their number had fallen victims to Libertino's unerring aim. That this sad havoc had been effected by a single arm they could not imagine; and under a belief that the murderer must be backed by others as desperate as himself, they retreated into the town to procure further aid, and recount the disastrous result of their expedition.

Libertino felt no additional remorse in having spilt so much blood during the day. It was, he argued with himself, self-preservation, and, as such, excusable.

"Oh! how will sin
Engender sin. Throw guilt upon the soul,
And, like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,
'Twill form its circles—round succeeding round—
Each wider."

But a few days, or rather a few hours, had passed, since Libertino had had a heart overflowing with good thoughts towards all mankind. One fatal turn had poisoned all. Fate, like a mildew, had ruined the virtuous harvest, and the crop was—*weeds!*

At night, through the faithful Carlo, Libertino received another letter

from his brother, and an ample supply of ammunition. But a comparatively trifling number of his fellow-townsmen accompanied the last remaining son of Andrea Mazza the following day, who set out previous to the forming of the body of gens-d'armes who were to assist in the pursuit, that he might with his own arm avenge the sad mortality Libertino had caused in his once happy and united family. Libertino recognised him in the wood; but he, of all others, had formerly been most dear to him, and he could not in his heart add him to the number of the victims: nine more of whom, however, he laid low.

The gens-d'armes by this time had approached, and had taken up their position in a masterly style, and had so cautiously and judiciously made their advance in an extended line, aided by several blood-hounds who beat the thicket, that, in despite of all his efforts, Libertino found that, in a few moments, he would be driven from the shelter of the wood. By his gun he shot four of the mounted soldiers; and then, every other hope failing, he resolved on seeking safety in flight. He burst from the wood, and, at his utmost speed, endeavoured to gain the side of the mountain. Adolpho Mazza caught sight of him, and, eagle-like, endeavoured to dart on his prey. "Dastard! murderer! turn and face me like a man!" he exclaimed with fury.

Libertino, for a moment, stopped—Adolpho endeavoured to discharge a pistol at his breast—it flashed in the pan.

"Follow me not, Adolpho! You I would not hurt. Next to her, who has driven me to this wretchedness, I loved you best and dearest. Rush not thus headlong to your destruction!"

"Fiend! murderer! hypocrite! be this your answer." And again he ineffectually endeavoured to discharge his pistol. The gens-d'armes were now issuing at full gallop from the wood, following the dogs, who were at full cry. Libertino turned and fled, bewildered. He knew not the direction he had taken until he came to a yawning precipice, formed by the two mountains of Rapallo and De Rhua, the very sight of which would be sufficient to appal the stoutest nerve. But death was now in front and in his rear—to deliver himself up to his enemies was more bitter to him than death itself; and with a spring, to which despair alone could have given a sufficient impetus, Libertino cleared the yawning abyss, and fell almost breathless on the edge of the adjoining mountain. Adolpho Mazza recklessly endeavoured to follow him: he failed, and his body fell from projecting rock to rock, until it reached the valley below, so distorted a mass of inanimate flesh, that it was impossible for his nearest friend to recognise. The blood-hounds and the horses of the gens-d'armes alike refused the leap. It never was before, nor has it since been, accomplished by man or beast. The yawning gulf has received the appellation of *Il Salto dell' Uomo*, and a stone is erected to portray to travellers and posterity the astounding fact.

Part of the mountain of De Rhua is sacred ground, belonging to the church; and there, for some days, Libertino remained in safety; but his brother's dog came not. There were no chestnut trees to afford him sustenance, and he was constrained to feed on the wild berries he found around him, which were ill qualified to support his existence.

It was on a dark and a stormy night he left this miserable mountain: Wrapping his cloak about him, and concealing, as much as possible, his arms, he ventured to enter into the town, and, at midnight, present himself at his father's door. It was opened by Joanni.

"Heavens! Libertino—is it possible that you are yet alive? I had mourned you as one dead, and followed to the grave a body taken up at the foot of the Prati du Rhua, which was believed generally to have been yourself."

Libertino explained to him that it was that of the ill-fated Adolpho Mazza.

"The mistake is most fortunate. Their pursuit will be, probably, relinquished. Let them live on in their error. But, my brave boy, you must again to the mountains—this is no place for you. I fear the very walls. Away—until I can arrange a plan for removing you to another country. *Joanni will never fail you now, my more-than-ever brother!*"

After partaking refreshment, Libertino prepared to leave.

"Where is our father?"

"Gone! His heart was broken; but he blest you before he died!"

Libertino rushed from the house. His newly-acquired hardihood had not totally destroyed the softer feelings of his nature; and he, who had imbued his hands in the blood of forty of his fellow-creatures, wept to his father's memory.

Although the belief was general in Chiaveri that the mutilated remains that had been taken up and buried were those of Libertino, the gens-d'armes, who had witnessed his successful leap, knew to the contrary, and stated as much to the Prefect of the town. Silence was enjoined them, and the authorities consulted together, in order that, by stratagem, they might accomplish that which force had been unable to effect.

There were, at this time, two brothers in the prison, undergoing their sentence of solitary confinement for a daring robbery they had committed. They were considered efficient, and they became willing agents in the hands of the police to secure the capture of Libertino. Freedom, and a very considerable reward, was a temptation too great to be resisted. Instructed by their employers, they sought the wood, where, it was rightly surmised, that Libertino had returned—dressed in their prison attire, and, to all appearance, men who had effected their escape by their own adroitness.

Libertino met them: considering them men whose case was desperate as his own, he feared them not; and, after a few days, a bond of apparent friendship had been sealed between them over the generous vines with which Joanni still continued to supply his brother. When they felt their ground secure, Nicola Spolini one morning contrived to engage the attention of Libertino, while Baptista, his brother, descended from the mountain to state the progress they had already made, and to make arrangements for the capture of their victim. It was agreed that, at night-fall, a body of dismounted police should station themselves within the wood, to await a signal to be made by Baptista, and that Libertino should be seized and secured when under the influence of sleep—so great was the terror that his successful defence had occasioned.

If he slept, a whistle was to be the sign for their approach; should he be disturbed by it, a remark was to be made, in a loud tone, upon the weather, to afford a clue to those without, and to prevent their immediate entrance.

Baptista had returned to Libertino and his brother in so short a time, that no suspicion of treachery ever entered his mind. His spirits, however, were that evening more than ever depressed. He felt, he knew not why, a presentiment of coming evil. He expressed as much to his companions, who laughed, and endeavoured to reason him out of feelings which might otherwise have interrupted his sleep, and frustrated their well-laid stratagem.

Carlo appeared in the hut at the accustomed time with wine and provisions; he, too, betrayed inquietude; he showed a reluctance at returning home; and, on leaving the house, growled in so unusual a manner, that Libertino was struck with the coincidence. Nicola and Baptista pronounced his forebodings childish in the extreme.

After their repast, they betook themselves to rest. The brothers feigned sleep; but it was long ere, by the deep breathing of Libertino, they ventured to put their plan in execution. At last, however, they were convinced he slept. Baptista crouched towards the half-opened door, and gave a long, shrill whistle. Libertino awoke.

"What noise was that?" he hastily demanded, seizing his fire-arms.

"Nothing, my friend; 'twas only I who whistled, because I could not sleep."

"I liked it not," replied the drowsy man. "Hear you not a noise without?"

It was the police. The second signal was necessary. Baptista, in a loud voice, exclaimed—"Tis but the wind; *it is a stormy night!*" The gendarmes took the hint, and remained still as death.

"Tis singular," muttered Libertino, "but my mind is out of tune." He turned over upon his leafy bed, and again, after a time, he slept.

A whistle, more gentle than the first, was then given by Baptista. The police rushed in—opened their darkened lights—fell in a body upon Libertino, and had bound and secured him before he was enabled to make the slightest resistance. His companions were also seized for the time, in order that the part they had taken in his capture should not be known to any of his relatives, who might be inclined to revenge their perfidy. Not a word, nor a sigh, escaped Libertino; but he saw through the manœuvring of his false companions, and fixed on them a look they could neither misinterpret nor misunderstand; and, in a short hour, he was cast, loaded with irons, into the strongest dungeon of the prison.

We will not annoy our readers with the recital of the tedious formula of an Italian trial. Libertino was placed at the bar; and, on his own admission, was pronounced guilty, and condemned to expiate his crimes upon the scaffold.

After the sentence, the conduct of the keepers of the prisons in Italy changes favourably to the temporary comfort of the condemned. Libertino's irons were struck off; he was permitted to see such of his acquaintances as would visit him; and he was urged, but in vain, to avail himself of the consolations and instruction of his priest—the Padre was denied admission.

The first who visited him was Andrea Mazza. A few days had added years to his appearance—bereaved of his children, he was bereaved indeed!

"I come not," said he, "to curse you, Libertino, or to add to the weight of misery which must oppress you; but I had made a vow to rescue the girl who once you loved—she who was the support and solace of my old age—she whose body I followed, with a broken heart, to the grave—my child—my Catarina—from undeserved reproach. Joanni affirms that she and that unhappy Frenchman deserved death at your hands. It is false. She was true to you as to the Virgin she adored. You exacted a promise from her—I was indignant at your suspicions; and, by the authority of a father—fatally insisted on her joining in the dance. I thought you unjust, and hoped to conquer feelings which might, had you married, been destructive to her peace. All this is true; but you murdered her, and murdered my poor innocent boys. They are in Heaven; and soon my few grey hairs will mingle with their dust. Ponder this well, Libertino, and repent, while time be given you. I leave you, unhappy boy, to your reflections."

"And if all this *be true*," said Libertino to himself, "I then am a villain indeed."

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of his brother. The stout heart of Joanni melted before him; and, wringing the hands of the unhappy prisoner, he exclaimed—

"I thought not to bring you to *this*, my brother!"

"Spend not our meeting in tears and fruitless lamentation, Joanni. I have much, very much, of import to say to you," returned Libertino.

"Speak on!"

"*I will never fail you in the hour of need: these were your words. That hour, my brother, is at hand!*"

"Tell me how I can aid you. Is it possible you can yet have a hope of escape?"

"Escape!" repeated he, contemptuously. "Escape! Why? and for

what? No! I care not for this prison; and can I ever escape the hideous dungeon of the mind? My thoughts are torture. My deeds of blood weigh heavily on my soul; and yet I am not fully, adequately revenged!"

He spoke in a subdued and guttural tone. Joanni drew near, and listened with attention.

"On you it depends to make me happy. I counsel you not how to do the deed I wish; but promise me, by your hope of salvation, that it shall be done."

"Name it, and I swear——"

"It is enough—I believe and trust in you; for *you* have never failed me. You know the two Spolini—Nicola and Baptista. Under the plea of being outlaws like myself, they invaded my retreat—stole upon my confidence—partook the food you sent for my existence. They walked with me—condoled with me—partook my shelter—and betrayed me! *Brother—I must have their hearts!*"

All this was said with a solemn, fearful energy. The eyelids of the wretched prisoner were distended, as he gazed anxiously on his brother; and with suppressed breath, and clenched teeth and hands, awaited the reply.

"Libertino, it shall be done, ere sunset to-morrow. I will convey to you their stony hearts, or perish in the attempt."

"Good, kind Joanni. Then shall I rest, and die in peace!"

Early the ensuing morning Joanni was at the cottage, to which the Spolinis had returned. He affected not to perceive their confusion at his entrance, and took a seat familiarly at the table.

"So, my boys, you then have escaped the blood-hounds!"

"Yes," said Baptista, "so intent were the police on securing our poor friend, your brother, that we effected it without difficulty."

"Ah! poor Libertino, it is all over with him. There is not a chance, nor a hope, of his escape. I saw him yesterday; he spoke much of your friendship for him, and knew well your honest hearts!"

The brothers were relieved by his apparent sincerity.

"Will you not pay him a visit of consolation? He will take it kindly."

"We should endanger our own safety," remarked Nicola; "and should be ourselves recaptured at our entrance."

"My brother has set his heart upon seeing you, and I would not that he should be disappointed now at the very eve of his execution—for he is to die to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, the scaffolding is even now erecting. But a thought strikes me by which we can accomplish his wishes, and secure you both from danger. Where is your old mother?"

"She is from home!"

"The better for our project. She is tall; her clothes will easily be made to fit you. Get them instantly—I will arrange them. We will take the outskirts of the town by the river, where we shall be less exposed to observation. Carry you each a flagon of wine—one we will bestow on the gaoler. I have promised to take the poor boy a home-made loaf; the last of which he ever will partake."

They gave an unwilling consent; fearing, by their refusal, to excite suspicions in the breast of Joanni, of whose prowess they were aware, and of whose anger they would fain avoid being the objects.

Joanni issued forth, with one of the brothers under either arm—each dressed in woman's attire. For a moment he stopped at his father's house, and entered alone to procure the loaf and wine. The brothers were contriving a retreat, when his sudden return rendered it impossible.

"Come, my fair girls," said Joanni, feigning a humour that grated on his feelings, "bear a hand. Carry you *this*, friend Nicola," giving him a small

barrel; "and you *this*, Baptista," placing on his shoulders a heavier keg of wine. "Now, *en route*."

Joanni walked between them; he turned the conversation on his brother. "He fought manfully, but the d—l himself could not stand against such fearful odds. Some think that he was betrayed; if I thought that," said he, unsheathing his stiletto—(*the brothers shrunk from him*)—"I would bury this faithful poniard in the traitors' hearts—thus! thus!" said he, striking forcibly the weapon, with the rapidity of lightning, into their breasts. The disguised men measured their length upon the ground. "Traitors! execrable traitors! take your reward."

Baptista died with an oath on his lips. Nicola's life terminated while he was vainly endeavouring to deny the charge. Not a moment was to be lost; with his knife, Joanni cut their hearts from their lifeless bodies, filled the barrels and the keg with stones, affixed them to the heels of the murdered men, and at a signal Carlo dragged them each to the river, where they sank, from the weight attached to them, with a deep and heavy sound to the bottom. Joanni scooped a hollow in the loaf, in which he placed their yet trembling hearts, and made his way to the prison.

"Back, and so soon!" exclaimed his brother.

"Yes, and your wishes are accomplished." He opened the loaf: "Behold their coward hearts!"

Libertino gazed on them with a savage, but a satiated eye.

"It is enough, my brother; you will see that I now can perish like a man!"

"I cannot attend your execution, Libertino. I must fly instantly to avoid detection; it is, therefore, now that I must take my last—long leave. I would have had it otherwise, but who can combat against fate."

He brushed a starting tear from his face; and the two brothers by nature, and in crime, embraced and parted in speechless agony!

The sounds of erecting a scaffold are not likely to encourage sleep in the expecting victim. Libertino never closed his eyes more in this world; yet, on arriving to take him to the place of execution, the gaolers were surprised at the fortitude and calmness he evinced, and yet more at the smile that occasionally lighted up his features.

The ceremonies which accompany an Italian execution throw no little light upon the sentiments and character of the people.

First came a procession of priests—one of them carrying a crucifix on a pole, hung with black. Then followed a considerable body of the company of *Del Misericordia*, covered with long gowns from head to foot, with holes immediately before the face, through which they could see every thing perfectly; but could not be recognised by the spectators. All of them carried lighted torches; and many of them shook tin boxes, into which the multitude put money to defray the expense of masses for the soul of the criminal. This is considered the very extreme of charity; and even the most negligently sceptic throws his mite into the boxes.

Immediately after these came Libertino himself, seated in a cart, with a Capuchin friar on each side of him. The assistants to the executioner, dressed in scarlet jackets, walked by the side of the cart. The procession having moved round the scaffold, on which the guillotine was placed, Libertino, with a bold step, descended from the cart and walked upon the platform. He disdained the proffered support of the assistants, and the prayers and consolations of the confessors, but petitioned that he might be allowed to address a few words to the assembled multitude. His request was granted; and, in a clear and manly voice, he thus spoke:—

"My fellow-countrymen. Listen to my words—they are the last I can ever offer to the ear of man! I am here to expiate my crime, and appease the offended laws of my country. It is just. I am resigned. Love was my error—jealousy my downfall. Beware of both. I took the life of her who perjured herself; I destroyed him who would have betrayed me. Ask your

own hearts, if, under similar circumstances, many of you would not thus have acted !”

After a pause, he continued—“I was pursued as an outlaw. I sent thirty-eight victims out of the world before me. Thus, confessedly, I am a murderer, and a monster; the blood of forty is on my head. But I escaped the sword to fall by treachery. In the moment of distress I took two wretches to my bosom; they betrayed me to my persecutors, or I should not have been before you now. Yet I lament it not. I repeat, I die contentedly—and why? because I have been revenged !” He stooped upon the ground for the loaf he had carried with him. He tore it asunder, and held above his head the hearts contained in it.

“These—these were the false hearts that did betray me! and thus—and thus I am avenged.” He tore them with his teeth. The multitude stood mute with horror. They were at length wrenched forcibly from his grasp by the executioner.

“My executioners are impatient. I go to meet my fate. Let the betrayer ever meet the betrayer’s reward.”

This meagre translation gives but a faint idea of a speech delivered in his own forcible language and with inexpressible energy. Again did he refuse the consolations of the priest.

“I have no hope!—my crimes are beyond pardon.” He laid his head upon the block—the guillotine descended—it rolled upon the platform; the vessels of his neck poured out their blood with the force of water-spouts—a few convulsive movements of the limbs, and all was still!

The populace beheld this awful scene in a serious and compassionate manner. His crimes they abhorred; yet, when they saw in him a poor condemned man, on the very threshold of eternity, their animosity ceased. No rancour was displayed nor insult offered. They viewed him with the eyes of forgiveness and pity; and joined earnestly in prayers for the repose of his unhappy soul.

Even Andrea Mazza, who was in the crowd, with an exalted voice exclaimed—“*Adesso spero che l’anima sua sia in paradiso!*”

We have little more to add—only one being yet exists who took a part in this appalling tragedy. It is Joanni Genuchi. He is at this time resident in London. His address may be known at the Alien Office, to any one who may have the curiosity to inquire. He is supporting existence by the most nefarious means, and yet escapes the punishment of the law. He is the forger of passports; the inventor of shipwrecks; and the vender of letters to excite compassion towards the self-elected crew who prowl about the country living on mistaken charity. He is bordering on his sixtieth year, and living with a Welsh woman who passes as his wife, and who is as hardened and abandoned as himself.

Should he ever hear of these pages he will be surprised at this accurate detail, which was gleaned and indited on the spot by

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MARTIAL, IN LONDON.

The Devil and Dr. Buckland.

As Buckland was boring for quartz and feldspar,
 And lignite, in Pevensey level,
 The downward Geologist ventured too far,
 And struck the red tiles of the Devil.

"How now?" quoth the demon, aroused by the shock;
 You've broken my vitrified casement;
 My pavement *Mosaic* was primitive rock,
 Till you came to batter its basement.

"Hie elsewhere, and dig for your stratified stuff,
 Your laminate, yellow and blue;
 Your miocene, pliocene, gypsum, and tuff,
 Or I'll soon make a fossil of you.

"Don't stand with your hammer there, tapping about;
 Learn, mortal, to quake at my power!
 Know, then, that I'm Beelzebub, roaming about,
 Intent upon whom to devour!"

"Come, come," quoth the other, "this vapouring smother,
 Your pepper is rather too strong;
 Your horns and your hoofs are infallible proofs
 Of the genus to which you belong.

"I feel not a jot of alarm for myself,
 I go from you appetite free;
 For, ruminant, mild, graminivorous elf,
 I know that you can't devour *me*."

Spring and Autumn, addressed to Mrs. L——.

Emblems of spring, unshaken yet by storms,
 Brown spiral curls around your temples rove;
 Canova thus in breathing marble forms
 Elastic Hebe, with the cup of Jove.
 Me envious Time of tresses has bereft,
 (Do what we may, his waning sand will run.)
 And o'er my brow a polish'd forehead left,
 Somewhat 'twixt Saturn and his regnant son.
 Yet meet we well in converse: I in you
 Find of youth's vanity and folly nought,
 But mark, in every topic you pursue,
 A mind with intellectual vigour fraught.
 Strange! that one head two prizes thus should win,
 Spring's flower without, and Autumn's fruit within.

The Blue Stocking.

Cœlia publishes with Murray;
 Cupid's ministry is o'er;
 Lovers vanish in a hurry—
 "She writes, she writes, boys;
 Ward off shore!"

HORACE SMITH, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," &c.

-(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE opening of the present century was a bright epoch in the *fasti* of British literature. By the working of one of Nature's most mysterious laws, the whole mass of European society had been roused from its ordinary, quiet, eating-drinking-and-sleeping propensities, to a sense of something wanting to its happiness, and to a hot fit of febrile activity in the effort to attain it. The whole of history, properly so called, is made up of such epochs; the intervals being only filled with the dates of *faineant* reigns, and the record of isolated events, which led to nothing. This law of *per saltum* progression is the less intelligible, since, though each epoch has its own especial purpose, and the main current of its movement runs in one determinate direction, yet the intellectual excitement is general, and every corner of man's moral nature is quickened by the stimulus. Instances of this law are found in the constitutive age of Italian story, in the epidemic of monkery, in the crusades, the epoch of maritime adventure, of the reformation in religion, and in the French (or, as it should rather be called, the European) revolution. In each of these eras, the object sought was one; but the impulse given by that one object to mind, more or less aroused all its energies; and the periods were marked by the appearance of great men in almost every department. This has been remarkably the case with the movement which commenced at the close of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth century. Its especial fanaticism—the peculiar end to which the human faculties were then directed—was liberty; the prevailing sentiment was a sense of the unfitness of the existing political institutions to longer promote the happiness of mankind. But though this sentiment worked and warmed to an explosive activity, which shook the frame of society to its centre, vibrating to the extremest points of civilized Europe, yet did it not so far pre-occupy men's minds as to suspend all other pursuits: on the contrary, the restlessness begotten by this new combination was propagated to all other departments of volition; and, in the very height of the political ferment, great warriors, great writers, great scientific geniuses, and great inventors appeared in rapid succession on the scene; so that the then existing generation lived more, in "their petty space of time," than their predecessors during whole centuries. The British Islands, more especially, exempted from the immediate inflictions of the war, and protected from the destruction occasioned by the outbreak of the Revolution, though deeply agitated by its conflicts of opinion, had their energies directed most especially to objects less intimately connected with the main impulse. The era was marked by a sudden and unforeseen outburst of literary genius, for which the previous half-century had made no preparations. The Johnsons, the Churchills, the Thomsons, however considerable their genius, were antecessors, but not precursors, of the Byrones, the Southseys, and the Scotts, who started into existence a Cadmean progeny, self-created, and indebted to no literary parentage. The agitations of revolution, the excitements of war, were their inspiration; and amidst the turmoil and the strife, the wants and the labours these occasioned, they produced a new literature, energetic, intense, startling, vivifying, and comparable to

no other that civilization had yet exhibited. Nor was the bright constellation of authors that then arose without a corresponding world to shine upon. The education of the masses had been both diffused and enlarged; reading had become the great relaxation of the day; the trade of bookselling had assumed a corresponding extension and importance; and criticism was exalted almost into a fourth estate of the realm.

In the midst of this blaze of intellect and bustle of authorship, a small volume appeared, trifling and temporary in its subject, playful and unassuming in its scope and pretensions, which, from the first moment of its publication, captivated general attention, and placed its Gemini of authors as wits among a race of wits, and as poets among a galaxy of poets. This volume was "*The Rejected Addresses*" (published in 1812), and its authors were James Smith and his brother Horace, the subject of the present article. Light and trifling as was the theme, the execution, exquisite and perfect, made it at once a fashion and a rage. Byron was at this time enjoying the budding honours of his *Child Harold*, and Scott was running his mail-coach editions through the country; but, accustomed as men then were to literary excitement, this *bluette* struck on the public imagination as something new, original, and (to use a modern phrase) infinitely talented. The fact is no mean evidence of intrinsic force; and it may safely be predicted that the work will maintain its place in public favour as long as a memory shall remain of the great originals, of which it offered so humorous a parody. The originality did not, however, lie in the idea: that was not new. Parodies innumerable existed in our literature, and Isaac Hawkins Browne, in his "*Pipe of Tobacco*," had given a continued imitation of several of the authors popular in his day; thus furnishing a ready-made skeleton for the Smiths to work upon; but they executed their task with so much more fidelity of imitation and delicacy of observation, with such a happy appliance of current allusion to persons and incidents, and such a sustained fire of whimsical and good-natured humour, as removed their production from any dependence on the work of Browne. The Muses had found the two Smiths in the purlieus of the city, and in that most unpromising of all arenas for intellectual expansion—an office. But the *Rejected Addresses* at once brought them forward before the public, and gave them a high place among its favourites.

Though the "*New Monthly*" has had the happiness of counting both these gentlemen among its contributors, Horace alone obeyed his destiny to its full extent, and became a professional author. The anxieties and absorbing occupations of business being little congenial to his mind, he retired from them as soon as he had achieved a moderate independence, and withdrew with his family to France, where he resided for several years, and wrote at intervals the series of papers which first appeared in the "*New Monthly Magazine*," and, being afterwards collected under the title of "*Gaieties and Gravities*," met a very successful sale. Here, also, he wrote his first novel in 3 vols., for which Mr. Colburn offered him 500*l.*, but which he was induced to commit to the flames, from motives detailed in the preface to the new edition of "*Bramletye House*," in Colburn's *Modern Novelists*.

On his return with his family from the Continent, Mr. Smith finally settled at Brighton, where he has continued to reside, ever since; and where—besides occasional contributions to the periodicals—he has composed in quick succession "*Bramletye House*," and the various other

works of fiction which have come before the public from his ready pen.*

To the composition of his novels, Mr. Smith brought talents and qualities of a very different kind from those which distinguish his poetical imitations. In his prose productions, Mr. H. Smith is less remarkable for brilliancy, playfulness, and broad humour, than for earnestness of purpose—for the pains that he takes with his subject—the elaborate illustration of the times in which his story is cast—and the consequent *vraisemblance* and interest with which the tale is invested. Obedient to that leading impulse to imitation so manifest in the "Rejected Addresses," he directed his early efforts in novel-writing to a somewhat close copying of the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott; in this, however, it is probable that he was in part also determined, by an uncalled-for distrust of his own powers of original composition. He had produced his before-mentioned first novel, which was called "The Gentleman in Black," but upon friendly advice had committed his MS. to the flames; and it is, perhaps, not unlikely that he thus threw himself on another's invention, in the vexation of spirit such a sacrifice must ever produce. Independently of the regret that must be felt at the destruction of any work of mind—which must ever appear the greater loss because it is irreparable—we should consider this incident as a cause for greater dissatisfaction, if it were indeed proved to have exerted the influence we suspect; for we regard Mr. Horace Smith's talents as worthy of a higher destination than to tread in another man's steps, even though that man were the "Wizard of the North:" and we think that in proportion as he has, in his subsequent productions, avoided this course, he has risen both in merit and in reputation.

In "Brambletye House," in which he has most closely followed the style and manner of his original, he was evidently more intent on working up the series of Flemish pictures which that novel presents, than on giving connexion and unity to the tale. In "Reuben Apsley" he depends far less upon antiquarian research, and upon the vividness of his *tableaux de genre*, than upon delineations of feeling, and a display of moral power. Whether it should be attributed to an increasing confidence in his own resources, or to a practical improvement in the art of novel-writing, we cannot say; but he evidently, in his progress from "Brambletye House," through "Tor Hill" to "Reuben Apsley," gradually departed more and more from his adopted model; and though each of these works is a little marked with the material mannerism of the great original, and is cast in the same general mould, yet, in the several successive productions, Mr. Smith has given more and more of his own, and has improved accordingly. So true is it that imitation, however superior its object, can never lead to that excellence which flows from an author's unshackled abandonment to his own genius: not, however, that in his imitation of Scott, he has not been eminently felicitous. Had he published "Brambletye House" anonymously, every many of his readers would, we imagine, have placed that work to the account of the Author of "Waverley." It is, indeed, curious to recollect how very closely almost all the authors who have trod in Sir Walter's steps have attained to his style, manner, and peculiar mode of treating

* A forthcoming Novel, not yet named, is to add to Mr. Smith's achievements in this branch of literature.

his subject: it almost tempts one to doubt of his superiority. But Sir Walter was, indeed, a heaven-born storyteller; for, with elements so accessible to the mass of mankind, and amidst great and admitted faults, he still *has* maintained his sovereignty.

It is therefore with pleasure we witnessed the gradual divergence of Mr. Smith from a too-restricted scope, and it is on this account that we prefer his "*Zillah*" to any other of his novels. That work, as is well known to the novel-reading public, is an Israelitish story—a story of the days of "Herod of Jewry;" and in it the author is the most thoroughly emancipated from his reminiscences. For the colouring of his manners and scenery, he has been compelled to trust more entirely to his own resources; and wonderfully patient and laborious must his reading have been, to bring together so much of Oriental and of Roman life for the illustration. This effort, indeed, at collecting and putting together the *disjecta membra* of a forgotten epoch, and at giving a living representation of a civilization that has passed away from the face of the earth, and disappeared, was a bold undertaking; but its success was such as most fully to justify the attempt. Thus left to his own imagination, Mr. Horace Smith worked with a freer hand; his pencilling is bolder, his style grander and more eloquent, and his groupings more masterly, than in his earlier productions; while the prevailing tone is at once more glowing and more harmonious. The peculiar period assumed is, it must be admitted, one admirably suited to romantic illustration. The grandeur of the events, the historical importance of the personages, the singular state of morals, the strange mixture of severe dogma with dissolute manners, and the wild superstition for ever on the stretch for miracles, portents, and prophecies—all afford the happiest ingredients for a striking romance; but that "*Zillah*" owes much, also, to the talent and genius of the author, to the skill with which he has availed himself of such advantages, and to the picturesque eloquence of his narrative, must be evident to the judicious reader.

For the rest, Mr. Horace Smith's novels are remarkable for their display of the kindly feelings and sound thinking of their author. There run through his writings a vein of gentle and amiable morality, a kindly and hearty love of the brighter and more amiable side of human nature, an admiration for the female character, and a veneration for just, honest, and liberal institutions, evincing a philosophy not less personal than acquired, not less the result of good natural propensities and impulses, than of sound reflection and superior acquirements.

Sir Walter Scott seems to have little considered the tendency of his writings in the formation of his reader's character, and their consequent influence on the destinies of the species. His *forte* was nature, tangible and visible; and his views of humanity were rather practical than reflective. Mr. Horace Smith, on the contrary, is deeply smitten with moral beauty; and his reflections are often profound, and almost always just. To this we attribute a great deal of his acknowledged popularity as an author—at least to it we attribute much of the pleasure which his works have afforded us in perusal, and which has ranked him, in our estimation, amongst those of our contemporaries from whom we shall be delighted to hear again.

A FEW WEEKS IN NEW YORK.

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

IMMEDIATELY after my arrival at New York, I was introduced to a boarding-house, where I obtained a room and excellent fare at four dollars a week, with respectable, though not fashionable society. We had custom-house and other clerks, authors, editors, and artists, and one or two men who enjoyed the distinction of living on their incomes, in the most undignified leisure. Some were called colonel, and one major; we had none who pleaded guilty to the title of captain. Of ladies we had three or four, besides our hostess, who presided at the head of the table, and whom, as being my first female acquaintance in the western hemisphere, and a fair specimen of her sex in the land, I shall endeavour to describe. With some pretensions to knowledge of men and manners, hers was a novel character to me; so little was there to attract and so little to condemn. She was the straightforward woman of business, who spoke plainly to the point, without a particle of rudeness, but devoid also of the slightest show of courtesy or benevolence of manner; she, among her boarders, resembled an English merchant in his counting-house among his clerks, scrupulously civil, with an indifference of manner, sufficiently explicit without waste of words, and showing no desire to please, nor wish to offend. But the merchant's coldness and formality cease after business hours, and he can become playful, and forgetful of pounds, shillings, and pence; but she seemed to be always intent on dollars and cents, and probably made most judicious and economic arrangements even in her dreams. No boarder would venture to find fault; if not satisfied, he had only to quit; and, so long as he paid punctually, attended his meals regularly, and gave but little trouble, he might be sure of a welcome, though he must not expect to be told as much.

One day I heard her telling something to a boarder—no matter what. "Well, madam," quoth he, "you told him that you were his very humble servant."

"I told him no such thing, Sir; I am no one's humble servant."

"Of course I mean, madam, in the same sense one takes it at the bottom of a letter."

"In no sense at all am I, nor will I be, any body's humble servant—so there!"

I dare say this appeared to the Americans as republican spirit and independence; to me it seemed to be merely the scum of these qualities, engendered by the certainty of finding plenty of boarders. I paid my board for the first week, but at the expiration of the second I said nothing about it, not deeming it of any consequence; but I reckoned without my hostess; for after breakfast, whilst I was seated by the parlour fire, she approached, and thrust her bill into my hand. "What!" said I, "your bill every week?"

"Yes, Sir, it's my way," she replied.

I informed her that I had to receive the amount of a bill of exchange, which I would then go after, and instantly pay her, moving at the same time towards the door; but she, observing that it was snowing pretty briskly, made a prodigious effort of politeness; she told me that I need not hurry

myself, as it would do at any time in the course of the day. This obliging speech only served to accelerate my movements. I procured the money without delay, paid my debt, went out and hired a cart, and was getting my luggage down stairs, expecting to meet with more suavity and delicacy elsewhere, when her ladyship came forth, totally unconscious of the cause of my flight. Having let her understand that I did not like her abrupt ways, she stared at me, possibly to ascertain whether I was most knave or fool, and told me to please myself. Accordingly, away I went, foolishly enough, as I have since found; for I have learned to consider her as a favourable specimen of her class in America, and her house as affording the best private boarding I have met with at the price. She knew nothing of me, as I had not considered it necessary to give a reference, which, perhaps, would have made no difference. Her children were most troublesome and riotous little republicans, to whom a little despotic rule would not have been amiss; but her easy indulgence to them, letting them eat whatever they fancied, and be as troublesome as they pleased, as well as her philosophic coolness with her refractory servants, were necessary to render the picture complete.

Community of language was quite insufficient to cause me to imagine myself among either English, Scotch, or Irish; for I was perpetually shown that I was in a foreign land, and among a distinct people. Even the iron grasp and vigorous shake of the hand on each introduction—for I was introduced to every body—might have aroused me from such an illusion. A few questions generally followed each introduction, such as, "What ship did you come by? what passage had you? how do you like New York?" Had I been a titled tourist, a general, or a distinguished player, they would have made a show of interest in my replies; but viewing me in the light of an emigrant, who came to improve his fortunes, they soon withdrew their attention from them. Could I have spoken with the eloquence of a Cicero, they did not want to admire me either in the character of an adventurer or a British subject, and I soon learned not to feel surprised when any one turned away in the middle of my reply to address another, or to follow his inclinations in any other way. As I felt no diffidence, had been accustomed to converse at public and private tables both in France and England with a fair portion of attention, and saw here no very overwhelming conversational powers, I occasionally offered my views and ideas respecting the subject under discussion, whether money or politics, the two leading articles; till I found that any ignorant and confident young man could place an extinguisher on me. A person asked me which I was, Jackson or anti-Jackson; and without allowing me to speak, another replied for me—"Pshaw! he is not Jackson, of course; the General gave his countrymen too good a drubbing at New Orleans for that."

One evening a lawyer called to pay a visit; I was introduced to him, and thought him a gentlemanly young man. On the same evening I again met him at the Shakspeare coffee-house, he having in the mean time become what the Americans call tight—that is tipsy. He approached, and entering into conversation introduced the subject of American triumphs over the English during the last war. I listened to him very coolly and indifferently, though he probably thought he was talking wormwood and gall, till he wound up his remarks by saying, "We switched them before, and we can switch them

again." "At all events," I replied, "we do not take the trouble of boasting so much." He walked off without saying another word.

* * * * *

I may relate a little adventure I had at "the Battery." One day, being fatigued after a long walk, I turned into it, to rest myself on one of the benches. It had been freezing hard in the morning, but a sudden and excessive change in the temperature, peculiar to the climate, had taken place; the sun shone forth unclouded, and the icicles which the snow or the spray had formed, melted from the parapet paling which they coated over. The place appeared quite deserted, so I stretched myself on my back on a bench, and shut my eyes to exclude the sun, without dreaming that I was taking too great a liberty in a free country. Suddenly I felt a rap on the shoulder, which caused me to open them tolerably wide, when I saw a great muscular fellow standing over me. "Get up," quoth he, in such a tone as is usually employed in saying "get out" to a dog. Up I started, and demanding an explanation, the following dialogue took place:—

American—"You should know better than to stretch yourself there, stranger; I am care-taker of this park, and must put down all kinds of nuisances."

European—"You must have been sadly at a loss for some person to vent your authority on before I came; pray what injury was I doing by lying on this bench?"

American—"What injury! You take up more room than comes to your share, I guess; these benches were made to be sat upon."

European—"Well, here is room for a thousand people to sit, and not one in sight."

American—"But people may come; and are you such a gander as not to know that ladies may sit on that bench where you were lolloping, before night; and who knows what vermin they may catch from you?"

European—"Me! I have no vermin."

American—"How am I to tell that? If you haven't none, another may; I am not obliged to know who has them or who hasn't."

European—"Well, if I have got such companions, and they are tired of their quarters, I should think they could readily give me the slip while in a sitting posture."

American—"I can't stand talking here all day. Can't you read the orders?"

European—"I have never observed any."

American—"I guess they are all destroyed; but there's new notices to be put up—no one is to lie down on the seats or the grass."

European—"Well, commend me to old England,—to Hyde Park and the Green Park, where an unwashed cobbler may tumble and toss under the nose of a duchess!" This speech was a soliloquy after the accomplished park-keeper had departed; for possibly he might have considered himself insulted by so humiliating a comparison.

Soon after, boards displaying the regulations were suspended from the trees, which contained not one word about lying on the benches, but prohibited lying or walking on the grass; accordingly, I have often seen, particu-

larly on Sundays, dozens of men lying on the grass, in the most uninterrupted repose. They were probably too formidable to be disturbed: such I have generally found to be American liberty—the feeble are punished, the strong are overlooked.

On a stranger's first arrival in this country, the most prominent novelty in society he must consider to be tobacco-chewing. Cigar-smoking to a more limited extent will have been familiar, but for the first time he will see the habits of sailors and coal-porters flourishing in parlours, theatres, steam-boats, on 'Change, and on the bench. This matter has been a good deal handled by tourists before; but it is a fruitful subject, a sort of "cut and come again." As well might a traveller in China fail to notice the small feet of the ladies, or amongst the Hottentots overlook the most prominent part in describing the same lovely sex. After dinner in the boarding-house, most of those men who were not obliged to hurry away, crowded in a circle about the fire, in cold weather, a cheek of each furnished with a quid.

The ladies having retired to their bedchambers the moment they had ceased to eat, the gentlemen have only to enjoy the passing moments; accordingly, they remain as silent as a herd of cows ruminating; except when a mason and an anti-mason, a federalist and a nullifier, or some other acid and alkali qualities meet in contact, when a fermentation takes place in which oaths and spitting form a very prominent part. Indeed, of so much assistance is the latter in helping out an argument, that it is used even by men who never chew tobacco, in the very whirlwind of disputation, between every third word, even when the fountain-head was exhausted, and the palate had become as dry as a roasted potato. However, the generality of the chewers proceeded in a peaceable manner, squirting the superfluous juice into the fire without moving a muscle, except a slight opening of the lips. Our landlord, on these occasions, generally walked up and down the room, and as he passed the fire-place, took the opportunity of firing over the heads or shoulders of whoever happened to be interposed; but with so steady and correct an aim, that I could never perceive the slightest alarm among the company. I was the only person that shied, or winced at all; but after a campaign or two I got to stand fire tolerably well, though I never unnecessarily exposed my person among such sharpshooters.

* * * * *

The fact is, the American Constitution is not the faultless monster it is cried up to be; and one defect, the only one I shall at present touch upon, is the frequent elections of a supreme head. Allow all other imperfections to remain, but correct that one, and a national bank may be rendered as useful and as harmless as in England. I shall venture to suggest two plans of reform: the first is, to elect the President for life, like the ex-German emperors; he will then have nothing further to gain or to lose, and consequently be personally above the squabbles of parties or corporations. Having no selfish feelings or interests to place in the scale, he may fearlessly and honestly weigh those of the nation. But should such an elevation be considered too lofty for a republican, there is still another resource; let there be a law by which no man is suffered to fill the presidency during two terms consecutively. This the old Roman, as his adulators call him, him-

self proposed when on the threshold of office, "which certainly no Cato could object to. Should he then desire to reward his friends, he has sufficient power, and no more; for gratitude to those who can have no future favours to bestow, will not be likely to do much mischief. Should he be anxious to punish his political opponents, his inflictions can only be temporary; whilst the thirst of vengeance may be moderated by a sense of importance.

This last reform, however, has one imperfection from which the first is comparatively free; he may desire to perpetuate his own power in the person of his successor. But the people hold the means of preventing this, which, if they do not exercise, they have to bear the consequences: the blame will rest on their own stupidity, and on the rashness of the founders of the Constitution, for having endowed a mob with sovereign power. A democracy should be limited as well as a monarchy; an ill-informed multitude resemble children—they hardly know what they would be at, or what is good for them; whilst the most enlightened, with their collected wisdom, too often resemble a man in his individual capacity, who cannot always exercise his faculties for his own best interests. For my part, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to despotism, hateful as it is, instead of a democracy unlimited, and conscious of its own strength; and I have had some experience in both, for I was in France when Charles X. was trampling on the laws, and I have witnessed a still more lawless and tyrannical abuse of power where the people governed, or rather misgoverned themselves, in the new States of America.

But the most singular joke of all is, that this same triumphant democracy is constantly railing at prostrate aristocracy; not contented with routing them, they scold them too; though I should have thought their insignificance ought to be a sufficient protection. Let us inquire what aristocracy is in the United States? It consists chiefly of men who have, by superior industry, intelligence, and enterprise, raised themselves above their fellow-citizens; for riches always confer distinction—even envy is a homage paid it—and in no country on earth is it more ardently worshipped than in this. They are republicans of a different stamp from the Spartans—they do not care for iron money. These men who have so arisen, as they increase in wealth are gradually improving their stock of knowledge; being naturally anxious that their ignorance should not remind their new associates of their former low estate. I have known many of these almost self-educated men, who, I have no doubt, possessed far more sense and information than General Jackson himself.

Besides these *aristocrats*, there are a few descendants of families which were of some note previous to the revolution, who are not generally remarkable for wealth, and who are of little consideration outside of their private circles. The rich and the poor too are constantly changing places, owing to the equal division of inheritances, to extravagance, to industry, to hazardous speculations, gambling and bankruptcies; and those who rail to-day against aristocrats, may enter their ranks to-morrow. Such are the persons against whom the "fierce democracy" cry out so loudly; whom the present executive denounces through the agency of their hired publications; and all because they would fain have a hand in the management of their own affairs. Now they did not succeed, but they were guilty of having made

the presumptuous attempt. They dared to oppose the re-election of Andrew Jackson, who had opposed their interests, but whom, at all events, they were free to reject; and so drew down on themselves the whole army of place-men, whose bread depends on the breath of the President; followed by that vast multitude, whose days are passed in bodily labour, and who mistake their own interests in the mysteries of currency and the regulation of society.

The question may be thus simplified.—The bank wanted a renewal of their charter, Congress granted it, but Jackson vetoed it; Jackson being a candidate for re-election to the presidency, the bank opposed him with all the influence and means at their disposal. Bank stock being held by moneyed men instead of canal-makers and hod-men, the bank is called an aristocratic institution, and denounced as dangerous to a republican government. This must mean that property should not be protected; that the owners of it are not to “do as they please with their own;” but that canal-makers and hod-men will kindly relieve them of the trouble of managing it. Nine-tenths of the property of the United States are ranged on the side of the national bank, who say that there will be no getting on without one; the other tenth in property, but majority in numbers, decree that they shall do without one; that if they must employ their money in banking, they may place it in the state banks, where it will be under the control of the state legislators, who, being elected by them (the tenth), will in return appoint them bank directors, and thus between them batten on one of the “spoils of victory.”

Universal Suffrage is, or will eventually be, the crying evil of this republic; a levelling principle is abroad, an intolerance of refinement, and an ambition of exercising rights which their superiors cannot, without degradation, contest. Coarseness they are pleased to consider as essentially republican, because they themselves are coarse; and to shout, drink, and wrangle at elections is glory enough for them. Yet I am satisfied that they would never have been so inveterate against the bank, had not “the hero of New Orleans” opposed it; his decree against it did not add to his popularity, but his popularity rendered popular the decree. He “takes the responsibility,” that is, he interprets the constitution as he pleases, supported by a majority; and if he hung Nicholas Biddle, I little doubt that a majority would countenance the act, and call it Roman firmness and decision.

* * * * *

To those Europeans who have enjoyed the advantages arising from the use of domestic servants in their native lands, the United States will offer a reverse which cannot be pleasant, but must be endured. No fortune can purchase in this country that civility almost overstrained, and those efforts to please, which, though generally artificial and interested, are found in every inn and lodging-house in Great Britain, and are always acceptable. In that country, wherever you go, the cry is against servants,—“those plagues! those domestic torments.” Let those self-compassionators keep house in America for but one month, and those evils will become very enviable. The supply of servants being insufficient for the demand, they have it in their power, in some degree, to choose their masters, and consequently are full of airs and careless about pleasing. Natives rarely act as men-servants, except in farm-houses, where they are on terms of equality; but

females, having fewer resources, are often obliged to submit to servitude, at least for a time. A gentleman, who had a good deal of experience in domestic matters, told me that he gave the preference to English female servants before all others, Americans next; but as for Irish, or coloured people, he would not admit them into his house. I expressed surprise at this last information, assuring him that there were excellent servants in Ireland, particularly females. "That may be," he replied, "but they soon get puffed up with a sense of their own importance when they come here; the old drink, and the young take to finery, and ringlets, and visiting, and satin slippers, and have a multitude of friends. However, I speak generally; there are some good ones among them."

This gentleman's information I soon found confirmed. Advertisements frequently run in these terms:—"Wanted, so' and so.—No Irish need apply." But the usual phrasology is—"Wanted, an English or American," &c. Notwithstanding this, the Irish constitute the great mass of domestic servants, and without them I cannot conceive what could be done. The slaves could never have been emancipated in the northern States; and I have no doubt but that those meddlers who are now so busily endeavouring to deprive the slave States of their bad but only servants, would advance their cause more effectually by persuading two or three hundred thousand Hibernians to alight along the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, than by pursuing their Quixotic and useless crusades till they do more mischief than their foolish or knavish heads are worth. The free negroes, though under sufficient subjection, are bad servants, being generally addicted to lying, carelessness, dress, balls, and preachings. The Irish, too, are far more numerous; the majority of private families are obliged to be content with them; hotels and boarding-houses can pretend to no better; but there is one class of patrons peculiarly their own—that is to say, porter and punch-houses, &c., where they are quite at home, and seem as though they had never been transplanted. In some quarters, one might suppose that a slice of Cork or of Dublin had been transferred to America—houses, people, dirt and all.

The following short conversation, which I overheard between two Irish women at a pump, may serve to throw some light on the subject:—

First Woman.—"Au, thin, how do you do to-day, Mistress Daly?"

Second Woman.—"Purty well, I'm thankful to you, Mistress Flanagan. How is every bit of you?—How does thim people use you?"

First Woman.—"Why, indeed, I can't complain; I have plenty to ate, and not a gradle to do. Are you fixed comfortable?"

Second Woman.—"Troth! I dunna. The place is good enough, and I may folle my own way; but I am getting tired of it, and going to lave. Where 's the use of staying too long in one place?"

First Woman.—"Arrah! shure, you're right; they'll only think the less o' ye. I mane to quit, too, in the fall. There's nothing like seeing the world. Besides, one must have a holiday now an' agin, and I'll have one afore I take another place. Good morning, Mrs. Daly."

This hopeful pair had probably seven or eight dollars a month, wages—about five times as much as they could have obtained in their native island, if they were so lucky as to get employed at all.

Shortly after my arrival in New York, being in a grocery store, where I

occasionally went to have a chat, I asked the grocer if he were obliged to admit his servant, an Irish girl, to table with his family.

"Certainly not," he said. "What put that in your head?"

"I understood it to be the custom in this country."

"It is so," he replied, "in country parts, among the farmers, where one is as good as another; but I should never think of admitting any low Irish trollop to eat with my wife and daughters. They are impudent enough already, without that. If I had an American girl, that I knew to be well raised, the case would be different."

I asked him if it would not be a good plan to go on board a ship laden with emigrants, as soon as she arrived, and select a servant.

"I have tried that," he replied; "but it is no use: they get spoiled among their country people at once. I went on board a ship directly she touched the wharf, and I hired a smart, decent-looking Irish girl, and brought her home with me right away. I always clean my own shoes, as I would not allow a female to do such work; but on the first morning, seeing me at it, she insisted on taking the brush from me. 'What!' said she, 'will I let my master clane his own shoes? Indeed, thin, I'll allow no such thing!' However, I would not give way; but the next morning she had them cleaned before I was up. She never asked to clean them afterwards, for she had met with some friends who had opened her eyes to her own importance. She began by demanding an increase of wages, but I had at first given her what was just. However, she was of a different opinion, and took her departure. No, no; the best plan is to take one that has been some time in this country. They get puffed up at first, but they find themselves compelled to fall back to the level of us Americans."

One day, being in the store of an Irish tailor, settled in New York, I asked him if he employed many of his fellow-countrymen as journeymen.

"Not I, indeed!" he replied; "I have nothing to do with them."

"How! are they not good workmen?"

"Some of them are middling, but not so good as the Americans. However, that has nothing to do with my not employing them; but if I have occasion to find fault, I do not like to be told—'Arrah, whisht! will you? Sure, we're all aqual here!'"

At a boarding-house, at which I stopped, I was amused on seeing in the yard a girl washing dishes, with cork-screw ringlets dangling about her nose as she stooped, a lofty comb glittering to the sun, a scanty azure and purple silk handkerchief on her fat shoulders, the true Milesian features, understandings to match, and accent the Irish Toscano.

BOGDAN CHMIELNICKI;

OR, THE MILLER'S OATH.

[There was a veteran Cossack, Bogdan Chmielnicki by name, whose valour under the ensigns of the Republic was known far beyond the bounds of his nation. His success twenty years before, in defending Zolkiew against the assaults of the Tartars, had given lustre to his character. This man had a windmill, with some lands adjacent, situated near the banks of the Borysthenes, on which the steward of a great Polish family had cast a longing eye: this steward thought that the surest way of obtaining the mill and estate would be through the ruin of the owner. On some frivolous charge or other, Bogdan was summoned before the tribunal of the steward's master (Alexander Koniecpolski, grand ensign of the crown), was thrown into prison, and would, probably, have been sacrificed, but for the interference of the castellan of Cracow. On the death of that dignitary, the poor Cossack was left without a protector, and his mill was unceremoniously seized by his enemy; his indignant remonstrances were met, by blows, or by attempted assassination. In vain did he appeal to the Diet, sitting at Warsaw; neither justice nor a consideration of his former services could touch the members. Resolved to humble himself no longer before these insulting tyrants, he fled to the Tartars with the intention, no doubt, of interesting them in his behalf. It does not appear that he ever seriously resolved to make war on the Republic; his design was merely to procure the redress of his personal wrongs, until Czapalinski, the infamous steward before named, not satisfied with violently usurping his property, murdered his wife and set fire to his habitation, amidst the flames of which his infant son perished.—*History of Poland.*]

The remaining incidents of the poem are historical.

The dim red sun had set
O'er the Lithuanian wood,
When the Tartar-chiefs and Cossacks met
Where the valiant Bogdan stood:
All worn and pale his noble cheek,
With wrongs too dread for tongue to speak!

Around he gazed;—yet mute
Mid thoughts he would control;
Till tears—affliction's bitter fruit—
Burst from his tortured soul:—
Then feeling half to frenzy woke,
As thus the banished hero spoke.

“Hear me, Alexis, hear,
If thou'st a home yet free;
Or wife, or child, thou holdest dear—
Oh, hear—and *feel for me!*
For I am one whose wrongs alone
Might wake regret in breasts of stone

The tyrant's law I braved—
Was scourged—but still endured :—
I saw my *hindred—friends*—enslaved !
Their blood like water pour'd !*
No spot but bore the despot's brand—
Yet loved I my adopted land !

Still loved the Mill, that lay
Half towering o'er the trees ;
The music of its sails at play
By far Borysthenes :
And, oh ! too well—though Hope might roam—
I loved ~~that~~ heaven of hearts—my *home* !

There peace and beauty bloom'd
Till Czapalinski came ;
Whose hand accurs'd my home consum'd !
Wrapt all my hopes in flame :—
I heard my wife's despairing cry,
And rushed to aid—to save—or die !

But Morn, awakening wild,
Beheld me yet with life ;
By *ashes*—that were once my *child* !
By *her*, my *murdered* wife.
And o'er their reeking dust I swore
Revenge ! revenge, for evermore !

Hath not mine oath been kept ?
Bear witness thou, Ukraine !
In tears of gore that crime was wept,—
Avenged by thousands slain.
Vouch it, Polotsk, where, from my tread,
The *chivalry* of Poland *fled* !

Declare, ye ravaged towers,
Whilst Truth the deed records,
How felt ye, when the day was *ours* ?
When serfs and slaves were *lords* ?
When flash'd the light of Freedom's star,
And *chains* were forged to *spears* of war !

How stood the tyrants *then*,
● Neath whom we'd cringed and cower'd ?
Show'd they the front of braver men,
When battle's tempest lower'd ?
No !—never cravens fled before
As fled those lords whose bonds we bore.

They, whose degrading yoke,
For unrelenting years,
Despoil'd our homes—our spirits broke—
And steep'd our food in tears ;—
They !—they who cursed our hearths, and burned !—
They, like defeated dastards, turned !

* Some idea may be formed of the extent of these outrageous cruelties, when it is known that, from the princely domain of one noble alone, 30,000 peasants were carried away and sold as slaves to the Turks and Tartars.—*History of Poland*.

Here let me pause. 'Tis *night*
 O'er distant camp and tower—
 But oh! my soul was in the fight;
 I reck'd not of the hour.
 Here must I urge my last request,
 And leave to hidden fate the rest.

Our conquering standard, say,
 Wilt thou, Alexis, claim?
 And wider realms shall own thy sway—
 Fame! Glory! grace thy name.
 Grant but ten thousand faithful brand—
 And Poland's in Alexis' hands.

And when her halls lie rent—
 When ruin falls o'er both—
 On *Poland*, as my *monument*,
 Write thou 'The Miller's Oath!'
 There bid the slaves of earth behold
 How bondage melts before the bold."

* * * * *

Morn, o'er the glimmering snows,
 The misty distance clears;
 And far the narrow valley glows
 With the sheen of myriad spears.
 "Arm! arm!—to arms!" rings wildly round;
 To arms the thrilling tocsins sound!

Stern Carnage leads the way
 Through many a fatal field,
 Where Poland's pride and power decay,
 And noblest champions yield;
 Where Mohilof—Severia—falls,
 And famed Smolensko's hundred walls!

The first and fiercest glance
 Amidst the combat known,—
 The boldest sword, the bravest lance,
 Are *his*—the Avenger's own!
 Mourn, Poland! deadlier foes sweep here
 Than Scythian club—than Libyan spear.

Weep, desolate and pale,
 Thy slaughter'd chieftains' fate;
 Thy orphans' and thy widows' wail,
 Heard ever at thy gate!
 Weep? When may Poland *cease* to weep?—
 When thy dread Oath, Avenger, sleep?

CHARLES SWAIN.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Barrymore and Astley's Actors.—When Barrymore took the management of the Amphitheatre he made an attempt to improve the style of drama usually exhibited. In the opening melo-drama an old peasant accuses the hero of the piece of divers murders, abductions, &c.; the prince demands what proof he can adduce that these murders have been committed: on which another peasant, rushing on at the bridge, in the centre, displays a blood-stained scarf, and cries "Behold a specimen!" Barrymore, a stranger to the older members of the company, cast this to a Mr. C——, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, and more celebrated as an equestrian than an actor. Mr. C——, bent on producing an effect, rushed at the important moment into the centre of the bridge, disposed himself and the scarf into an interesting tableau, and shouted, in a tone that did honour to Houndsditch, "*Behoult a specimint!*" A scream of laughter from the audience nearly annihilated the drama; and the manager, who quietly demanded if the gentleman was always as clever, and being replied to in the affirmative, cast the part to another; this so irritated the son of Israel, that he harangued his compatriots in the dressing-room thus:—"See now, my tears, vat a rascal dis Birrymore is; look at him vat he's done; he's no manager, he's *took and taken* me out of de part ven I used to *make the house ring again*."

Young Grimaldi and T. Dibdin.—The late young Grimaldi boasted a vernacular peculiarly his own. If he had had a companion to cope with him, in six weeks they would have forgotten the English language, and framed an entirely new tongue. He (Grimaldi) *never* used any phrase recognized by society: for example, Mr. T. Dibdin, during the frequent illnesses of Mr. Grimaldi senior, one day asked the son very earnestly after his father. "Oh! the old buffer's as stiff as pitch," said the young clown. "Good God, Sir," said Dibdin, "you don't,—you cannot mean to say he is no more!" "No more!" said Grimaldi, "he's more than you are, he's all drawn up of a heap." "Am I to infer that he is better?" "Why, don't I tell you so?—he's as right as a triquet." "Shall we have the pleasure of seeing him this evening?" "'Course you will," replied Joe, "he's coming *at darkey* just to see the *beauty of things*." [It may be necessary to say that Mr. Grimaldi meant to imply that his father had thrown aside his crutches, could stand upright, ("all of a heap,") and was coming that night to witness the performances.]

L——, when at Cambridge, was alike remarkable for his enormous obesity and his exceeding dulness; an acquaintance impugning L——'s scholarship, Cooke defended it;—"I have no doubt he's a capital classic," said Tom, "for I'm told he was reckoned the *greatest sizar* in the college."

Once, whilst at Plymouth, a very juvenile midshipman, flourishing his dirk, swaggered into the theatre. "My dear Sir," said Liston to the door-keeper, "why don't you attend to the announcement at the bottom of your bills,—*Children in arms not admitted?*"

Liston asked Mathews to play for his benefit; the latter excused himself, as he had to act elsewhere. "I would if I could," said the mimic, "but I can't split myself in half." "Umph! I don't know *that*," said Liston; "I have often seen you *play in two pieces*."

A pertinent Query.—Mrs. W——, notwithstanding her professional powers, displays so little knowledge on general subjects as to have obtained the sobriquet of the "inspired simpleton." She had the misfortune to meet an accident in travelling which accelerated her accouchement, and she became the mother of a seven-months' child. She was weeping, and exclaiming that the infant would not live, when Mr. W—— consoled her by assuring

her that *his own grandfather* was a seven-months' child. "Very likely, my dear," said the weeping beauty; "but *did he live?*"

Richardson the Showman.—This person, who is the last of the real race of itinerant *dramatic* showmen, amassed a fortune by unwearied industry; for upwards of forty years he has reigned supreme in Smithfield and other fairs. It happened some years since, at the time of the fair at St. Alban's, that a dreadful fire occurred; Richardson and his company did their utmost to extinguish it, and their services were considered valuable. Some time afterwards a subscription was raised for the uninsured sufferers; a plain-looking man, in a rusty black coat, red waistcoat, corduroy inexpressibles, and worsted stockings, entered the committee-room and gave in his subscription, 100*l.* "What name shall we say, Sir?" asked the astonished clerk. "*Richardson, the penny showman,*," was the proud reply.

This gentleman's acquaintance with Johnson and Boyer is very limited. Whilst in St. Alban's (where, in consequence of his liberality, he received a perpetual permission to act plays during and *three days after* the fair) some ladies came to take places, and the younger ones asked him if the pieces were interesting, and more especially if love were the theme—"Oh! all about that, Miss," replied Richardson; "for you see, the first piece is '*Lovers' Vows*,' and the second *un* is '*Rondy-vows*.'"

Temperance Club.—Between forty and fifty years since a club met in Dublin, and restricted the entertainment to *biscuits and water*. Daly, the manager, was a member of this community, in which were enrolled most of the influential persons of that city. It will be asked what was the purpose of this extraordinary meeting?—*gambling!*

Miss Cubitt.—When a certain low comedian came to Drury with his arm in a sling, this lady was very importunate to know what accident had occurred to him; he declined explaining, but satisfied the lady's curiosity by telling her that he had been a little in the sun (*i. e.* inebriated) and was thrown from his horse. "Ah! poor fellow," said Miss Cubitt, most pathetically, "just as dear Tom Moore describes it—

"And in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

Charles Bannister.—Bannister and a military friend were regaling at "Sir Ralph Abercromby's Head," and the conversation turned upon the hero whose name had been given to the tavern; he had just fallen at Aboukir, and it was the fashion for every one to relate some personal anecdote of him. The military gentleman did so, but Bannister denied the correctness of one or two of his assertions. "Zounds," said the soldier, "I ought to know; I have served with the man, and have known Abercromby ever since he was a lieutenant." "And what of that," said Charles, coolly, "when I have known him ever since he was an *inn-sign?*"

Holman's Phaeton.—Holman affected fashionable life, and was wont to annoy his less ambitious brethren by talking of "his curricle," and "his party" when the Duke of — and the Marchioness of — honoured him with their presence. Charley Bannister, who was nothing if not critical, met Holman one day driving in Piccadilly; the latter offered Bannister a seat—he accepted it. They drove silently for some time; at last Holman, who had anticipated a compliment upon the "turn-out," could endure it no longer, and said, "Well, Charles, what do you think of my phaeton?" "I think," said Bannister, "the carriage is properly called Phaeton, for I see one of the steeds is a *roarer* (Aurora)."

Translators extraordinary.—In certain clubs it has been found useful to check the inclination to classical quotation by introducing a *translator*.

When any gentleman indulges in Horatian or Virgilian rhapsodies, a cry of "Translator!" brings that functionary to the rescue, his duty being to paraphrase the meaning, if possible, but at the same time invest it with some ridiculous association. A few examples of this sort of humour may be given. Mr. P—B—, at present the Translator of a certain society, (not a hundred yards from Drury, was on duty when a gentleman conversed learnedly respecting an *omnibus*. "Translator," said the president, very gravely, "what is the English for omnibus?" "Shillibeer!" replied B—. Another translator was called on to explain

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

"It is the watchword of the resurrection-men," he answered—"when dead, how nicely we'll bone 'em!" (*i. e.* steal them).

A certain musician having been seen flirting with a fair one at the box-door of Drury, was charged, on entering the club, with inconstancy towards the fair proprietor of his heart and hand. "Non," he exclaimed, "*je suis fidèle*." The translator was instantly called upon, who rendered it thus—"I am a fiddler." We need scarcely add that the person in question is celebrated on that instrument.

The conversation turning on a speaker who, at a public meeting, had notes handed up to him, from which "hints he spoke," a gentleman, advertising to it, used the phrase of

"Gladiator in arenâ."

"Translator!" sounded on all sides, when the ingenious gentleman explained that it arose from the destruction of a woman by a Roman, who *dévouré* her, and then declared he was "*glad he ate her in the arena*."

Talking of antediluvian and pre-Adamite relics, the Megatherium was named. Some had never heard of the animal, and denied its existence. "Translator," cried the president, "what animals existed before Adam's time?" "Nothing but one *chay-hos* (chaos)," said the erudite officer. Nor was this the only use of this word; for in a learned dispute as to Bryant's denial of Troy and its siege, the translator was called on to name the earliest conflict on record. "*That in the time of chaos*," he replied, "when *nihil fit*."

Grimaldi and Ducrow.—M. Ducrow, sen. was rather harsh to his offspring; old Grimaldi entered one morning and found the equestrian belabouring little Andrew (the present M. Ducrow) unmercifully. Grimaldi humanely interfered, and upbraided the father, who defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go—"it was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Aye," said Grimaldi, "but that don't hold here, for the *whacks were not soft*."

"*Jew Davis*."—Rashfulness is not the badge of his tribe, and it certainly formed no part of his character; he had a sort of celebrity for non-payment. One of his creditors thinking to shame him out of the money he owed, stood up in the pit of Sadler's Wells, and said, "Mr. Davis, I said I would expose you; you owe me seventeen and sixpence." "So I do," said Davis, perfectly coolly, and advancing to the foot-lights, "oblige me with half-a-crown, and it will make an even pound." We need not add that the creditor took nothing by his motion.

A Broad Hint.—When the case of Chambers, in connexion with the Opera House, was brought before Lord Brougham, the Court was crowded with theatrical persons, many of whom conversation seriously interrupted the once or twice, and at last said to the shall be obliged to speak to *your successor*." The silence the next moment was awful.

Kean's Papers.—Kean had letters from many of the leading men of the

day: into whose possession these have fallen is a question. The following epistle he received whilst lessee of the Richmond theatre; it came from one of the quondam associates of his provincial adventures:—

“*Richard's Tent, 1st April, 1832.*

“Sir,—If you have not engaged a prompter, one who can also make himself useful on the stage in any line, from Richard the Third (*when you don't play it yourself*) down to Tom Thumb the Great,—‘many more murders must be done!’—I shall be happy to treat with you for the Richmond season. Though personally unknown to you, I can be well recommended by old actors, of whom you possess an intimate knowledge; and, ‘if my plain simplicity of heart may take the liberty to show itself,’ I will just observe, in passing, that I consume a large quantity of snuff, smoke like Ætna, am rather hard of hearing, and a little near-sighted. As to my stage qualifications, I have a sort of Roman nose reversed; ‘squint the eye,’ as Edgar says; but I do not, as he does, ‘elf *all* my hair in knots,’ being totally bald. I possess a voice that can scarcely be heard beyond the third row in the pit. My general appearance would indicate that I am a tolerable double for an animated rag-mop. I sport a ‘shocking bad hat;’ but ‘let not my poverty stand in the way of my preferment.’

“I am considered a good fellow by all those who can neither assist me nor themselves; am blessed with a wife whose tongue is as long as a rope-walk, and who always annoys me in my business on the score of jealousy: and, in consequence of quarrelling at home, am seldom at the theatre until *an hour after the call* (i. e., the rehearsal).

“Excuse my bad French; but I make it a *sine quâ non* to take a *lecture* too much on the first night of a new piece—‘*Quod homines tot contentia.*’ Therefore, pray consider my *pints*, and believe me to be (*if you'll have me,*)

“Your invaluable Servant,

“IVORY WHISTLETON.

“P.S.—I have two lovely *babbies*, and—but you know what Mawworm says, without my quoting it.”

The late John Palmer.—[Stories of apparitions are in great discredit in this age of intellect; the following relation is therefore given under disadvantageous circumstances. The writer only takes leave to remark, that many of the parties to whom the following narration refers are yet living, and willing to testify to the truth of the assertions.]

John Palmer was very intimate with the family of Mrs. Vernon, the widow of Joseph (commonly called Captain) Vernon, the singer. That lady was the sister of Mr. Richardson, of the firm of Richardson, Goodluck, and Co., lottery contractors, Charing-cross. The house in which Mrs. V. resided she rented from her brother: it was, and is, in Spring-gardens, and forms part of the house in Charing-cross, then occupied by Mr. R., being divided only by a door, which was seldom, if ever closed, the two families living on terms of great intimacy. Mr. R. was very fond of the company of theatrical and musical men, and John Palmer had what is termed “the run of his house,” dining, and sometimes sleeping there two or three times a week, and coming in and going out at all hours. Mr. R. had an assistant, of the name of Tucker, about eighteen years old, who has, since the period we allude to, become a scene-painter and machinist. This person slept at the bottom of Mr. R.'s house, on a bedstead that, in the daytime, was concealed in a sort of closet. The street-door opened into this room, and Tucker was placed there because his bed stretched over the strong box in which the money received in the day was each evening deposited. The street-door was secured by bolts, a bar, and a strong lock and chain, none of which, the lock excepted, were fastened until all the inmates of the house had retired. It is well known that, on the 2d of August, 1798, John Palmer played at Liverpool for the last time; that he expired on the stage in the character of the Stranger repeating these lines—

"You remember what the old man said this morning—'*There is another and a better world.*'"

The hour at which he died was between half-past nine and a quarter to ten.

On this very day Tucker retired to bed between eight and nine, ~~he~~ having been a lottery day, and he employed from an early hour in the morning. Shortly before ten o'clock he awoke, and sat up in bed to listen to some sounds in the street, immediately opposite the door. The noise ceased: he looked at the fastening of the door; it was as he left it, on the lock only, as some of the family were out, and they had latch-keys to let themselves in. He returned to bed; but again heard a noise, and footsteps coming from *Mrs. Vernon's house*. The door which we have named, and which separated her dwelling from Mr. Richardson's, opened, and through thence he "distinctly saw John Palmer pass." This did not in the least disturb Tucker, as Mr. P. did so pass very frequently. The figure "passed by his bed, and opening the street-door, went forth, closing, as was Mr. P.'s wont, the door after him." He observed nothing unusual in his appearance, save that he was very pale, and did not return the "Good night" that Tucker bade him. He then fell asleep, and was awakened by the return of Mr. R., jun., about one. He (Tucker) secured the door; and to the question of "Who was at home, who had been?" &c., replied—"Mr. Palmer, Sir, has been at Mrs. Vernon's, and went away about ten." To this Mr. R. merely replied—"I didn't know he was in town;" and all parties retired. In the morning the subject was mentioned again, when Mrs. Vernon declared Mr. P. had not been there; and Mr. R., sen., told Tucker he must have dreamt what he narrated, for Mr. Palmer was in Liverpool. The boy insisted so strongly, that Mrs. Vernon wrote to Palmer jestingly on the subject. Ere her letter reached Liverpool, a letter from thence apprised the family that John Palmer had expired at the very time the lad Tucker supposed he saw him. Mr. R., jun., perfectly and distinctly remembers Tucker's telling him as before narrated; and on the news of poor Palmer's death, he (Tucker) was taken very ill, and attended by Dr. Reynolds, of Spring-gardens, and Mr. Andrews, surgeon, of Charing-cross. The impression was, however, so strongly upon the lad's mind, and his nervous system had received such a shock, that medicine could very slightly alleviate his sufferings. Nothing could again induce him to sleep in that room; and he soon after quitted Mr. R.'s service.

Black Actors.—In consequence of the "Jim Crow" mania now raging, an application has been made by a person in Liverpool, to act, at a metropolitan minor, "Mungo, Sambo, and any other coloured characters." (This appears like trenching on Mr. O. Smith's ground, who plays green, red, black, and white fiends.) The Liverpool aspirant adds—"He can sing, play the fiddle, dunce, and is generally accomplished—born in New Orleans, of negro parents, and twenty-seven years of age—*unmarried*." The purpose of the latter piece of information is hard to conceive, unless it be aimed at the ladies of the establishment. We are very severe upon American prejudices, as regards negroes; but thirty years since, when a coloured man, called "Lilly John," was brought over here, no manager could be persuaded to suffer him to appear. This poor fellow had been a gentleman's servant, and a great deal at sea; his violin-playing was excellent; and he had an original vein of humour, not inferior to Munden's. In Mungo he would have been irresistible, but prejudice was against him: the manager summing up his refusal with—"Od hang it, Sir, what *would* the people say if I sent on a *real black*?" Though negroes (especially boys) were retained as domestics, the most enlightened persons objected to them in any other capacity. The first negro I remember settled in any business, in my boyhood, was a dancing-master; he was regarded as a *rara avis*. After this, a black fencing-master and a black cook settled in London.

H—, the well-known American actor, though celebrated for his ridicu-

lous assumptions of Yankee character, prizes himself upon speaking "pure, undefiled English," and giving no indication, by his phrases, that he "comes from t'other side the ditch" (the Atlantic). He is not entirely successful. Returning, some time since, from Greenwich, he got into a city instead of a west-end omnibus. When at the Elephant and Castle, he was informed the vehicle was progressing to Gracechurch-street, whilst *his* destination was Charing Cross. "I admire at you taking of me up," said H—, "upon such a consideration; however, if you allow me something off the fare, I ha'n't no objection to walk the *balance of the journey*."

Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.—The large Staffordshire warehouse in Portugal-street is the site of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. In Hemlock-court, and a range of alleys running from Shire-lane to the opening at Pickett-place, lived Tom Walker, Macklin, and others. Betterton, who was the manager of this theatre, at the opening in 1695, lodged at a bookseller's just over the entrance of Bell-yard, Fleet-street. The theatre was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by Rich, in 1714; and there comic pantomimes were first performed in this country. Poor Joe Miller, who rests in the Portugal-street burial-ground, lived in Shire-lane, then, it is believed, enjoying a reputation not very superior to that it at present bears.

Destinations of a Family.—When Kean came to London, and was the idol of Drury, his mother and brother were acting in a barn at Peckham, Surrey; and his sister, under the name of Carey, at the West London Theatre, Tottenham-street, then under the management of Mr. Beverley.

Relics of Genius.—A chair, known as Ben Jonson's chair, was kept, a century after his decease, at a small tavern in the Strand, long after the landlord had followed his guest to the grave. This place was known as "Robert Wilson's Tippling-house." On one of the windows was written—"Here Ben drank choice canary." At the shop of Messrs. Cadell and Davies, there was a chair in which Pope, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and all the literati of the last century, have sat. This chair is now the property of one of the gentlemen connected with the business department of the firm.

The Padlock—A New Reading.—When Bickerstaff's opera of "The Padlock"* was in rehearsal, Miss Brett, the original Leonora, was much pestered by the officious attention of a dwarfish sprig of fashion. Leonora's first song is given with a bird upon her hand, and runs thus:—

"Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither wouldst thou wing
Thy airy flight?"

It happened that the property-man had not brought the bird, and the lady and the orchestra were waiting. "Where *is* my bird?" at length petulantly exclaimed the heroine. "Here," said her dwarfish admirer; "I'll be thy bird;" gallantly advancing. Miss Brett immediately took his proffered hand, and commenced the song—thus:—

"Say, little, foolish, fluttering GOOSE,
What will you say if I let you loose?"

She then turned him off to the derision of the company.

* This piece introduced Charles Dibdin, the lyricist, as a composer and an actor. He was the original Mungo (1768). The opera had a prodigious run.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain.
 Edited by S. C. Hall.

Mr. Hall's original scheme of presenting distinct and characteristic specimens of an hundred poets of Great Britain, with illustrations from the pencils of an equal number of British artists, is completed by this splendid volume; and it is highly creditable to the public, that sufficient encouragement should have been given for the completion of an undertaking conceived in such excellent taste, and carried out with so liberal a spirit. We cannot entertain a doubt but that (in the words of Mr. Hall's preface) "a volume containing selections from the Poets by whom our Own Times have been more immediately distinguished, will be acceptable to the public; and that the success of this collection will be such as to justify the Editor in acting upon his earnest desire to undertake it." Great care should be taken, however, in adding this new feature, to make it such as shall not mar the original perfectness and beauty of the plan. Materials of a high order exist in sufficient abundance to preclude the necessity of any resort to those poets of the pretty school in which "our Own Times" have been so fertile. It remains to be seen if Mr. Hall's courage, in this respect, is equal to the taste he has shown in the specimens already before us. The influences of personal acquaintance—in some cases, it may be, of personal obligation—are not easy of resistance. Let him recollect that to recognise as poets the feeble illustrators of *Annals*, would be at once to reduce to the level of the annual tribe a work which presents its best claim to distinction in the circumstance of its being so immeasurably remote, in purpose and design, from a class of books so fleeting and so perishable.

The poetical contents of the volume before us, if not so rich and original as those of the first volume, are even more likely to be generally popular. (The same will probably be thought of the illustrations, which will be noticed elsewhere.) Some of the most pleasing and characteristic specimens of our native English genius are included amongst them:—Swift, Addison, Parnell, Young, Pope, Gay, Savage, Thomson, Johnson, Armstrong, Shenstone, Gray, Collins, Smollett, Akenside, Warton, Goldsmith, Churchill, Cowper, Lloyd, Beattie, Chatterton, and Burns—illustrious names—

"That on the steady breeze of honour sail,
 In long procession, calm and beautiful!"—

are here in their best and most inviting aspects. If, in the long run, there is less of sublimity, less of pure poetical power, less of the rich discursiveness of natural fancy in the volume which is thus enriched by them, than in the volume of last year, we have, on the other hand, with no lack of sympathy for nature in all her shapes and moods, perfect treasures of wit, of satire, of excellent sense, and of the pithiest sayings; and this, therefore, is the volume for the more general and popular class of readers. Together, the volumes form a rich library book for all.

The memoirs in the present volume are as 'successful as before. We know of no collection of poetical specimens in the language, in which so much information as to the respective poets is condensed within so small a space, and yet conveyed in such a pleasing form. A careful perusal will satisfy every reader, we think, on this point. We have only to add our best wishes for the continued success of the "Book of Gems."

A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a Second Visit to Switzerland. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 2 vols.

When we remember the originality and brilliancy of those American novels which have so often charmed, and, although they might not "lap us in Elysium,"

sium," placed us where our own imagination had no chance of carrying us, over the foaming sea or the wide prairie, associating us with the noblest specimens of savage life in the deserts, and the truly great and lovely in civilized existence, thrown into situations requiring energies we have rarely seen displayed, and virtues seldom exhibited in our own circles—no wonder we seize with avidity whatever Mr. Cooper presents to us—gratitude and curiosity being alike our incentives.

The earlier portion of these volumes is rather dedicated to the political movements of Paris in 1832, and anecdotes of M. La Fayette (who must be ever an interesting old man), than to a general account of particular circumstances in a stranger's sojourn in that gay capital. The journeys partake of the same character, politics travel to the top of high mountains, and are discussed in lonely valleys, at such times curtailing many a truly poetical description, or many a story of pastoral life. It is yet certain that the tone of these discussions is that of genuine liberality, arising from a real knowledge of the world as it exists in various countries, and under various governments, and of man as he must exist everywhere; and it is impossible for us to avoid seeing that time and observation have added good sense and general philanthropy to that powerful imagination, and indeed decided genius, with which our author was always eminently imbued.

We do not consider him the less, but the more a patriot, because he can see errors in even the land of his birth, and his endeavours to remove them do credit to his integrity—he is not the less a staunch republican because he can see nobility in a nobleman, or beauty in a princess, undoubtedly; but we are not certain that his countrymen will concede him due praise on these points, and should not be surprised to find that he continues to sojourn in that Old World, which must be allowed with all its faults to possess a mental atmosphere most congenial to a literary constitution. We thank him for wiping off the stain belonging, it appears, alike to the Americans and the English, of being the most intemperate drinkers living, for he declares positively that in France (yes, in Paris) he has seen greater proofs of the existence of this vice in both sexes than he witnessed in London. We can assure him, in return, that we firmly believe his repeated complaints of Americans being held in low estimation is (so far as this country is concerned) completely wrong; for, although a few may enjoy a joke upon Jonathan, and some grumblers indulge their hypochondriasm, not their malice, by prophesying a "split in the firm," they are few in comparison of those who hold up the mighty Republic as the glory of the New World, and in their impassioned admiration paint an Utopia, which his better information and sober judgment would necessarily disown.

Frequent references in these volumes are made to preceding tours, which is not judicious, as it may disappoint the reader for description; but although all which he does paint shows the hand of a master, it is not for anything new or striking in this department that these agreeable volumes will be distinguished.

An Angler's Rambles. By Edward Jesse, Esq., F.L.S.

Who ever took up a book of Mr. Jesse's without being delighted with the amusement it afforded, or satisfied with the knowledge it conveyed? We think it very possible that the congeniality of his own gentle spirit, and inquiring mind, with that of old Izaak Walton—the pastoral poetry, the loving heart, the intimate acquaintance with nature, which they both possessed, induced him in this volume to enter on the same pursuits, explore similar scenes, and chat on the consequence of his travels and exploits with the father of anglers. Truly he has led us to many a scene of good fellowship, both on land and water—he has made us intimate with fishermen, land-ladies, and ladies of the manor also, in humble inns and lordly halls—to say nothing of a country clergyman, village cricket-clubs, classical Oxford, and

that nice insight into animal life, which has already rendered his works on natural history the most charming medium of knowledge ever offered to the investigating mind.

With so much to admire—so much with which the general reader must be gratified, and the young and sentimental interested—should the *real* angler grumble at the want of instruction in the art to which he is devoted, deem the information insufficient, the instruction valueless, and pronounce the author “a much finer hand at spinning a yarn than throwing a line,” all we can say is, the charge may be well borne by one whose attractions are so many that they will atone for an empty basket, and pay for an useless punt. We question if there lives one brother of the angle, whether joined to a merry and celebrated club, or given to solitary recreation and lonely wanderings, who would not prefer him as a companion to an angler of real genius unblest with his talents.

Start not with that look of surprise, half mingled with disgust, most amiable reader! There is such a thing as a *genius* for fishing, since it is certain that a man must as much be born an angler, as he must be born a poet. There is a sensitiveness of touch, an accuracy of eye, an instinctive knowledge of the habitudes, tastes, and localities of their prey, which amounts to mental power, or at least combines with it to produce the true angler, which in its most perfect character has never yet been attained by practice or observation; nevertheless, these are necessary to him, as indeed they are to every other artist. The idle man may seek recreation in the sport, the clever man may obtain knowledge of the mechanical dexterity required for it, and the good-tempered man attain the patience proverbially attached to it; but the three qualities combined do not make a man capable of taking fish, still less of telling others the “why and wherefore” of his success. Amongst the many brilliant publications on this subject within the last year or two, we do not find that which we should rejoice to see, “a book of actual instruction and positive information on the subject.”

Four Lectures on the Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By Thomas Wood.

We learn from the first of these lectures that the reverend writer was in early life a Calvinistic Dissenter, or at least that he was educated among that body; but finding their doctrines more and more repugnant to his views of Christianity the farther he advanced in life, he at one time thought of uniting himself to the Establishment. For this mode of ordination he afterwards found himself unfitted, in consequence of having embraced the doctrines of Unitarianism, which he now advocates with, at least, zeal and considerable ability.

The two first lectures are given to the general evidences of Christianity, the others to examination of those points in which his own church differs from those of other Christian sects. They well merit perusal, because it is evident that the writer is sincere, devout, and well read in the Scriptures. How far his conclusions are just we are by no means prepared to say, as theology requires study and examination on controverted points, to which we are unequal; but we fully agree with Mr. Wood, that if our church establishment should be finally subdued by the host of Calvinistic Dissenters, now loudly assailing her walls, or sapping her foundations, we may expect, as he says, “not indeed, the persecution by *fire*, but the no less mischievous persecution by legal restraints.”

We remember to have heard the late Mr. Thelwall say, “I hope our Reformed Parliament will not sweep away the Church of England till they have raised up a better;” and with this friendly wish (though not from a friend) we most cordially unite. That she is at present scanned with a malignant eye; her faults magnified, her virtues overlooked, her liberality mistaken for weakness or licentiousness, her very wants deemed prodigality, and

her dignity presumption, it is impossible to fail in observing—but the end is not yet. The public mind is subject to changes, as we perceive on all sides; and from the moment that our venerable Establishment is beheld in the light of one more “sinned against than sinning,” many of her discontented children, now mingling in the ranks of her enemies, will “come out from amongst them,” and become zealous for her honour. To such we say, “God speed ye!”—“Good luck have ye in the name of the Lord!”

The Christian Lacon; or, Materials for Thinking in a Christian Spirit.
By William Martin, Author of the “Christian Philosopher.”

The author of this elegant little work, who is, we believe, the editor of the “Educational Magazine,” has conferred a benefit upon society by its publication. The views it contains are highly philosophical, but unlike many of the professedly philosophical works of the present day, it does not seek to undermine the fabric of society by that pernicious sophistry so agreeable to some portions of the multitude. Breathing the purest liberality of sentiment, it sparkles with the irradiations of thought, and shadows forth some of those lofty workings of the human mind which stamp it with the impressions of genius. The observations it contains on a vast variety of subjects, all interesting to the philosopher, the scholar, and the Christian moralist, are calculated to open the mind of the reader to an enlarged comprehension and a just estimation of himself in the scale of being; and may be recommended as texts to incorporate with his mental and moral economy. Those who read the “Christian Lacon” will, we are sure, rise up from its perusal with their feelings elevated, their minds purified, and their capacities enlarged.

Tales in Verse. By Mary Howitt. 1 Vol.

Sweet Mary Howitt! Her name brings a magic with it, let us see it when or where we will; it is one crowded with pleasant associations—telling of wisdom learnt by the wayside and under the hedge-rows—breathing perfumes, *not* the perfumes of balls and routes, but of violets and wild flowers—leading the mind to pure and pleasant thoughtfulness. We hail her as a friend, and love to commune with her and cherish her books, and pick out her poetry, and laugh or cry, just as she wills—sweet Mary Howitt!

Gentle reader, purchase this pretty book, and (if you have children) give it them, and you will find them all the better for it. Poems remain with the young mind when prose is all forgotten; and such poetry as is contained in *this* will cultivate their hearts, and teach them wisdom. Some of the poems have appeared before in Mrs. Hall's and Mrs. Watts's annuals, and our fair friend should have said so in her preface. She augured wrong, if she imagined such poems as “The Sailor's Wife” could ever be forgotten.

The little volume is beautifully got up and nicely printed, and will form a most charming present for all seasons of the year.

Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. Illustrated by Six Female Portraits, from Drawings by E. T. Parris, Esq. By The Countess of Blessington.

We have, contrary to our usual custom, copied the entire title page of Lady Blessington's novel—to show what its title really is; for the advertiser, more intent upon a catching than an elegant illustration of its contents, sets it forth as illuminated by “*Six of his* (the Elderly Gentleman's) *loves*.” Now an elderly gentleman *may* have had six, or sixteen, “loves,” according to his disposition; but there is something unpleasant in their being all held up, as it were, in “a bunch” before us. The progression in which her Ladyship displays them, is at once natural and interesting; and the title page is exactly what it should be. Why, therefore, will publishers exhibit their own bad taste, and impugn the taste of the author by that coarse-play which (to speak in theatrical phrase) can only be relished by the one-shilling gallery.

The confessions of an "Elderly Gentleman" are written with an ease, a calmness, and a perfect knowledge of the world, that lead us to admire her Ladyship's talents; nay, to estimate them more highly than we have ever done before. Not only does she display her usual grace and gentle feeling, but she manifests a deep and skilful knowledge of the human heart; its hopes, fears, projects—and, above all—its contradictions,—which we do not look for in Woman. There is an under current of sound but not bitter satire through the volume; a whispering also of the selfish motives and petty feelings which stimulate humanity, and lead to the miseries which come, unsought and undeserved, upon those who are victimized by the deep-laid plans of the worldly wise.

The "Elderly Gentleman" is nothing more, and nothing worse, than the generality of mankind; he has been stirred by excellent feelings—but when they stirred him over-much, when they became troublesome he used many and varied sedatives to quiet them, and his own conscience, at least, for a time. The perfection of the character Lady Blessington has developed is its nature—its second nature, perhaps we should say; it is not nature fresh from its Maker's hand, but it is the nature which is acquired by a long acquaintance with a world at once weak and wicked—a world which leads us to forget the crime, if the committer is one who sits in high places—a world, whose smallest sin is deception, whose greatest is a want of wealth. We meet Lady Blessington's "Elderly Gentleman" everywhere; that is, everywhere in the appointed places—at the Carlton, the Athenæum, and Senior United Service Club. Scores of them are in St. James's-street and Hyde Park (in fine weather); and greatly obliged should the fraternity be to her Ladyship, for investing them with a character which, but for her exquisite portraiture, they never would have possessed. Hitherto we have regarded them only as "respectable;" henceforward we shall deem them "interesting."

But we are not compelled to seek amusement solely from the "Elderly Gentleman." The females are described with admirable tact. Louisa, pure, simple, and beautiful; Arabella, proud, artful, and designing; Lady Mary, the perfection of a devoted and high-souled woman; Lady Elmscourt vain, lovely, and fading—yet unwilling to relinquish her empire of beauty, and catching at every fop who was willing to bow the knee, *en passant*, to its expiring beams. The two last ladies are of course young and lovely—(men are always inclined to be pre-eminently ridiculous when they pass their summer solstice and enter on the autumn of their days in unwedded bliss)—and we are right glad, when the old fop's vanity receives its death-blow.

We congratulate Lady Blessington on the popularity this volume has already attained, and shall look with increased anxiety for her next prose work.

The Desultory Man. By the Author of the "Gipsy," &c.

Nearly the whole of these volumes have in various periodicals been seen before—in the New Monthly more especially,—a fact which, we humbly think, ought to have been stated. They consist of a story so combined with travels and tales, that much the greater portion may be, and in fact has been, completely dis severed from the rest. They appear to be given from different persons; but Mr. James (the well-known and admirable author) admits the whole to be of his writing except a portion of ten pages, which we understand to be written by Miss Boyle, to whom the work is dedicated, and who has been lately announced as the author of a work of fiction resembling his own as to subject.

Wherever any of the above parts of this work have appeared, they have unquestionably been admired, and they no longer claim from us the investigation due to every volume of their meritorious writer. We will venture to say that they will be read again with great pleasure, and the love-story to which they are linked excites much interest, although it too nearly resembles

a German story of Mrs. Opie's, to produce much effect in that which is intended to excite horror or exhibit remorse. The "black eyes" of Mrs. Opie's diabolical boy go much farther in awakening the start and the shudder than the death throes of the duellist here. We cannot rank "The Desultory Man" with his magnificent predecessor "The Gipsy," or several others from the same pen, but it is yet a very pleasant book to spend an hour withal, and introduces us to scenes of unparalleled beauty and grandeur. Indeed, in descriptive powers Mr. James rivals Sir Walter Scott; and, take him altogether, may be deemed one of the most provoking writers a reviewer can lay his hand upon; for he almost inevitably renders those who follow him "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," compelling us in this season of multifarious publication to say, with Hamlet—

"Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

A sensation extremely inconvenient.

We question the good taste of the preface; it is too warm a recommendation of a work in MS. by a fair friend of the author's. All who read the writings of Mr. James must feel assured that he is a generous and kind-hearted as well as an accomplished man: friendship has, we think, in this case led him to be injudicious. A flourish of trumpets is not a wise way to usher in a new candidate for fame. Publishers do it sometimes, but we question if the author gains by it. We shall look for Miss Boyle's work with some anxiety, and trust it may receive from the world at large as much praise as it obtains from Mr. James.

Homœopathy and Allopathy. By David Uwins, M.D.

The principles of Hahnemann, as introduced to the world under the imposing title of "Homœopathy," we presume are pretty well known to our readers. We must confess we had thought this medical doctrine had met with the same fate in this country as it did in Paris, and in that city which gave it birth, we considered it as consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets," when our attention is again attracted to the peculiarity and value of the doctrine by the appearance of this pamphlet, the author of which is a well-known popular writer, and a highly respectable and eminent physician.

We have read the pages carefully, and without entering into an inquiry, or indulging in a disquisition on the merit, the value, or consistency of the doctrine, which would be unsuited to our pages, we may with propriety recommend its perusal to such as are interested on the subject, as the treatise is written in Dr. Uwins' best style, and with great candour—the author courting inquiry, and advancing facts to prove the truth of principles to which, he with equal honesty confesses, he was originally most violently opposed.

THE ANNUALS.

THE Annuals—crysanthomums they have been appropriately termed—are blossoming abundantly around us. One only, the "Amulet," is lost to the garden, while several new "Flowers" have sprung up to supply its place. It is certain that the demand for these embellished works must be not only extensive, but increasing; or publishers would not be so ready to expend capital in their production. Their cost is enormous, and an enormous circulation can alone repay it; for the worst as well as the best are issued at a rate of wonderful cheapness. It cannot be denied that the older Annuals have fallen off of late years; the "Forget-Me-Not," the "Friendship's Offering," the "Literary Souvenir," and the "Keepsake," have lost much of their ancient character. The more accomplished, and consequently expensive artists, have not recently been engaged in their formation; and the former rage for great names in literature has altogether subsided. On the other hand, the latest born of the tribe aim at superior excellence; the plates are upon a much more ambitious scale, and though for the most part they

are engraved in the dotted style, they appeal to purchasers with greater attractions. One of them, "Finden's Tableaux," to which we shall presently refer, is beyond compare the most interesting and effective collection that has yet appeared. The

Forget-Me-Not

is the parent of the English race; and it has, from its commencement in 1823 to the volume for 1837, been conducted by the same excellent editor, Mr. Shoberl, with exceeding credit and ability. Its pretensions have never been very large. Engravings of the highest class have rarely been among its embellishments; and the contributors of its literature have been, for the most part, second or third-rate authors, who have esteemed themselves honoured by admission to its pages. Still the "Forget-Me-Not," though never much above mediocrity, has never been below it; this, indeed, has been its leading feature. Mr. Shoberl has laboured rather to satisfy his readers than to astonish them, and he has succeeded. His book continues among the most popular, and it is more than probable it will outlive all of the class. Of the illustrations to the volume for 1837 we cannot say much: the best is one after Landseer, entitled "Faithful Carlo," obviously designed to accompany the "Tales of the Crusaders;" that by Parris, "Lady Blanche," is also good; a fine Venetian subject after Prout, and the "Bridal Toilette," after Cattermole, are of a superior order. Of Mr. Wood's "Sleeping Beauty," and "Spirit of the Flower," the less we say the better. Among the contributors are Mr. James, Mr. Montgomery, C. Swain, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Gore: these, with a few of the illustrious obscure, have furnished the tales and poems; as usual, some of them are bad and some good; but if there be nothing in the book very good, it contains nothing very bad. With this limited praise Mr. Shoberl must be satisfied.

Friendship's Offering

has retrograded sadly since death deprived it of its former editor. Mr. Pringle was universally regarded and respected; his good taste and sound judgment gave to his annual a high tone and character: it has not been maintained under its present management. The volume for 1837 is, however, a decided improvement on its predecessor; and among its contributors are Barry Cornwall, Miss Landon, Allan Cunningham, Mr. James, and the Hon. Mrs. Erskine Norton—an accomplished lady, who is, we believe, the widow of a distinguished naval officer, and who resides at Rio. A ballad, "The Earl's Daughter," is one of the best articles in the book. William Miller has also written for it some excellent verse—his stanzas in "Westminster Abbey" are exceedingly fine and vigorous. The illustrations are inferior. Messrs. Smith and Elder must not content themselves with taking the first pictures they can find, nor with placing them in the hands of unskilful engravers. Their work, this year, affords proof either of much carelessness or of very unwise saving. "Early Morning," after Barrett, is the only print in the collection, upon which we may bestow unqualified praise; and there are three or four so wretched, as to be far less desirable than blank paper.

The "Literary Souvenir," the next in age, has not made its appearance; nor has the "Keepsake" been yet laid upon our table.

Jennings' Landscape Annual—Spain, Biscay, and the Castiles.

This series has ever been, and still continues to be, an especial favourite of ours. There is a calm and quiet aspect about the volumes—a solidity—a stability—that pleases us much. David Roberts performs his task to admiration—his drawings are not only beautiful, but faithful delineations of the most picturesque scenery in the world; and Mr. Roscoe collects and

arranges his materials with the tact and patience which such labour requires. We congratulate them on the production of a work which cannot fail to be appreciated by the public as it deserves, in an age devoting so much time to the cultivation of art. The present and past volumes form an illustrated account of Spain, which is really of intrinsic merit; it is a country still very little known, and one which amply repays the trouble taken either by the traveller or the reader. Among the engravings, we are bound especially to notice that of the "Escorial," by Mr. Freebairn: it is beautifully executed, and although exceedingly elaborate, every part so clearly made out as to be highly effective.

Gems of Beauty. From Designs by E. T. Parris, Esq.; with fanciful Illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington.

Another publication of a totally different class and character from that we have elsewhere reviewed, is presented to us by the same delicate yet powerful hand, and really we are at a loss how to indite our admiration of the exceeding taste and fitness of the volume now upon our table. Last year the "Flowers of Loveliness" were illustrated by her Ladyship, and the work was received and admired as it deserved; but it is surpassed by the grace, beauty, and variety of her Ladyship's compositions in the "Gems of Beauty." Those who know little or nothing of the difficulties of authorship are apt to imagine that a long story or a long poem demands more thought and labour than a short one: they were never more mistaken; it requires much more thought to concentrate than to expand a subject,—words are more easily attained than ideas.

This beautiful volume contains twelve highly-finished engravings, each intended to illustrate the character of a particular gem—if a gem can be said to have a character. Mr. Parris has designed some very elegant groups, though, were we inclined to be hypercritical, we might find fault with the drawing of one or two of the subjects. The group entitled the "Diamond" is exceedingly poetic and spirited. The "Pearl," too, is beyond all praise; the principal female figure is lovely in the extreme. The drawing is one of the happiest we ever remember to have seen from the pencil of an artist who is certainly the fashion of the present time.

The Christian Keepsake for 1837.

This is a very elegant volume, and fully bears out the object for which it is published:—to supply a pleasant and useful annual for the large class who desire something more solid, instructive, and beneficial, than the collections of miscellaneous poetry and tales, which the close of every year produces in such abundance. The editor is a Mr. Ellis, once, we believe, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands; we regret that no contributions from his own pen appear among its contents. The articles are, for the most part, "religious;" but they are such as the general reader may peruse with pleasure and advantage. It contains sixteen illustrations, all of which are creditable, and some of them excellent. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Hemans—it does not give to her the fine and expressive countenance we looked for. It is rather coarse than otherwise; but as it is, we believe, the only one for which she actually sat, we presume we must be satisfied with it. There are in the volume some rich landscapes, and portraits of Dr. Carey, Clarkson, Mr. Jay of Bath, and Bishop Ryder. One of the most interesting, though not the most picturesque among the embellishments, is the Bath in which Bishop Heber died.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837.

Mr. Heath varies his subjects with a taste and skill which we cannot too highly commend. The present volume of his beautiful Annual brings be-

fore us many of those scenes from our sister country, which have been celebrated in song and story, and which the magic pencil of Mr. Creswick leads us to believe have not been overrated. It is impossible to imagine any thing more exquisite than the views in the county of Wicklow and the neighbourhood of Cork, which he has embodied; they realize the dreams of fairyland, and create brighter visions of the Green Island than the song of Moore, or (save the mark!) the blustering eloquence of O'Connell ever inspired us with. The Frontispiece is from the pencil of MacIse, and is termed "the Irish Hood;" it is the portrait of a graceful and natural peasant girl, looking down upon the rosary which hangs from her waist. There is a melancholy and sweet expression in the countenance, mingled with high and elevating feeling, which renders it very interesting; and as a portrait, we think it one of the happiest of MacIse's efforts.

It is impossible to commend the pictorial portion of this volume too highly. The literary portion of the book is, as usual, from the pen of Mr. Litch Ritchie, a gentleman who gets up a tour to order, and really *does* visit the countries he describes. Mr. Ritchie is a cheerful, pleasant writer, with an abundance of animal spirit, a quick perception, and, where his prejudices are not encountered or arraigned, a fair stock of good-nature. "Rome," says the proverb, "was not built in a day." Neither can such a country as Ireland be traversed or understood in a month, or even two;—traversed, perhaps, it may be at a rail-road pace; but the Irish are a very difficult people to understand.

Mr. Ritchie seems somewhat disappointed at the dearth of legends in Ireland; he appears to forget that Miss Edgeworth, Mr. Croft Croker, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Lover, Banim, and others who have written successfully on Ireland, were born in the land, and learned the legends they have recorded with their language. The Irish peasantry do not like to communicate their fairy tales or the legends of old days to strangers, whom they invariably think will turn their hallowed stories into ridicule.

Mr. Ritchie's *Irish* is the most *un-Irish* we have ever met with; consequently, the stories, which *would* have been very good if properly developed, are little more than bad English. He has no conception of the idiom which the peasantry use with so much effect; and the zest of an Irish story is in the telling. The view, slight as it is, which Mr. Ritchie takes of Irish affairs seems very rational; and as he intends to visit the country again, we hope his second volume will be an improvement on the first.

The Drawing-room Scrap-Book. Edited by L. E. L.

We prefer the exterior of this year's "Scrap-Book" to all the preceding ones; it is very elegant and durable both in colour and quality. The poetry is in Miss Landon's usual style of excellence, her genius is an ever living spring, pouring forth torrents of pure and vital poetry. We do not like to see any name but *hers* within this volume—it destroys its unity and its association with herself—it ought to be Miss Landon's *own*, for as such we regard it. The lines to Sir Robert Peel are exceedingly to our taste, and the subject is worthy of the poetess—it tells of a kind and generous spirit.

The ingenuity which Miss Landon evinces in adapting her muse to the extraordinary and contradictory *pictorial* contents of the "Scrap-Book" is beyond all praise. Her Pegasus performs not only his own peculiar office, but the labours of a dray-horse. Traversing the "Delectable Mountains," taking a peep at "Lord Melbourne," visiting "Antioch," scaling "Gibraltar," and batling in the "Woodland Brook." Never, surely, was labour more varied—never was it more successful. We congratulate Miss Landon on the termination of this year's labours, and on their success; and we are unreasonable enough to wish for their recommencement. We owe her much pleasure, and sincerely tender our thanks for what we have enjoyed.

Flowers of Loveliness.

The plan of this work is a pretty one; the volume last year was a novelty, and proved very attractive. Lady Blessington wrote some delicious verses, and Mr. Parris accompanied them with some exquisite designs. Neither the accomplished writer nor the admirable artist have contributed to form the volume for 1837. Mr. Haynes Bayly takes the place of her ladyship, and various artists supply that of Mr. Parris. The changes are not advantageous to the publication. Mr. Haynes Bayly has penned some "neat" poems; one or two of them have the mark of genius, but the majority are namby-pamby enough. Miss Corbaux and Miss Sharpe have designed the greater number of the prints; Mr. Uwins, Mrs. Seyfaith, and Mr. Wood have been aiding and assisting. As works of art they may not rank high; but there is a prettiness about them which tells. We desire to know, however, by what authority moss and ivy are termed "Flowers of Loveliness?"

Juvenile Forget-me-Not. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

This is a nice little book for young people, with several pretty prints, and a variety of poems and stories, sufficiently juvenile in character, without being in any degree puerile or trifling. The most difficult task in literature is to write for children; the danger of writing beneath, and not above them, is, however, most to be avoided. Few authors attain the happy medium. In this volume we find the compositions of several authors who have been eminently successful in conveying to the youthful mind "pleasant lessons." The chief object has evidently been to amuse; but there is not a single page that does not also instruct. We may refer to Mrs. Holland's tale of "Dapple and his Friend," as inculcating humanity to animals of the lower world;—to Mrs. Carmichael's "Right Use of Time and Money," showing how both may be well or ill spent;—to Mrs. Hall's story of "Little Ears," illustrating the evils which arise from careless conversation in the presence of children;—to Mrs. Dagley's "Plea" on behalf of a persecuted ~~rose~~—cats;—and to Dr. Walsh's most interesting explanation of the "Rose of Jericho."

Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1837. By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton.

This is one of Mr. Fisher's *réchauffés*. The engravings have all appeared in various annuals; and very beautiful some of them are. Miss Agnes Strickland has written some well-intentioned tales for the young; but there is a pomposity, a grandiloquence about her very simplicity, which prevents her being a useful writer for juvenile readers. She always enters to a flourish of drums and trumpets: a bit of arrogance peeps out in the preface to this pretty volume. She hopes that "the 'Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1837' will not be valued for the sake of its pictorial embellishments alone, but that it may be considered sufficiently interesting, as a book, to obtain a perennial existence among educational literature." Now, we must assure Miss Agnes Strickland that there is nothing in this volume to merit such a distinction. Authors of first-rate name and talent have contributed, and still contribute, to the Juvenile Annuals; and consequently we are at a loss to know upon what ground Miss Agnes Strickland rests her hopes. The Quaker poet, Barton, has supplied some very sweet poetry to this volume; and there is a pleasing and graceful ballad, entitled "Blind Jamie and his Sister," by William Martin. The book is a pretty book, but of a more ephemeral character than the elder sisters it affects to despise.

LITERARY REPORT.

A considerable sensation has been produced in the literary circles by the announcement of the "Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress." This work, which is edited by the Lady Charlotte Barry, is now nearly completed at press, and its publication may be expected about the middle of the present month. The noble editress has also, we understand, nearly finished a new work of fiction, to be called "Love."

The new novel, by the author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere," which is to be called "Fielding, or Society," is nearly ready for publication. The re-appearance of this celebrated writer in the field of literature must be highly gratifying to all true admirers of intellectual power.

Captain Scott, of the Royal Staff Corps, who has recently returned from his travels, is on the eve of laying before the public the narrative of his wanderings. This work is to be entitled "Rambles in Egypt and Candia, with Details of the Military Power and Resources of those Countries, and Observations on the Government, Policy, and Commercial System of Mohammed Ali." The proceedings of the present ruler of Egypt have, for some years past, attracted the marked attention of all the European powers; and various conflicting statements have been put forth relative to this extraordinary man. Captain Scott, who was introduced to him, possessed singular facilities of gaining an insight into his real character; and his observations on this subject cannot fail to be highly acceptable at the present moment. Various characteristic illustrations will accompany the volumes.

The Thirteenth Part of Burke's "History of the Landed Gentry" will appear with the Magazine for the present month. This important work is to be completed in sixteen Parts, and will form, together with the "Peerage and Baronetage" of the same author, a complete account of the British nobility and gentry. The new edition of the "Peerage and Baronetage," which has been for some time in preparation, will contain all the new creations, upwards of fifteen hundred engravings of the Arms, &c., and be comprised in one thick volume.

Mr. Campbell, the distinguished author of the "Pleasures of Hope," is about to prepare for publication his "Letters from the South." They will form two vols. 8vo., and be embellished with numerous engravings from original drawings.

A love story, by the Author of "Vivian Grey," called "Henrietta Temple," to be published early in the present month, will, we think, create no little curiosity among the lovers of fiction. Delicacy and sweetness, mingled with impressive eloquence and energetic truth, are the characteristics of this writer, and these have procured for him the very highest reputation as a Novelist.

Mr. Colburn announces "Memoirs and Recollections of Madame Mallbran, from the most Authentic Communications of her most intimate Friends."

"Capt. Alexander, well known by his "Travels in the East," is preparing for publication "A Voyage of Observation along the West Coast of Africa, in the Flag-ship 'Thalia'; and the Narrative of a Campaign in Kaffrland, on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, in 1835." It will be illustrated with Maps and Plates by Major C. C. Mitchell, Surveyor-General and Civil Engineer, Cape of Good Hope.

The popular Author of "Cavendish," which created such a stir among the Naval Profession, has in the press a new Nautical Story, called "Gentleman Jack, or the Flag Captain."

A new Work of Fiction by Mrs. C. Gore, the accomplished Authoress of "Mrs. Armytage," is in the press; as well as a little Work called "The Book of Roses," comprising an Account of the Culture and Propagation of Roses, from the same popular pen.

Captain Brenton's "Naval History of Great Britain" is now rapidly hastening to a conclusion. The sixth Monthly Part, just published, contains fine Portraits of Sir G. Cockburn and Sir J. Saumarez, a View of St. John's, Newfoundland, Plan of the River Scheldt, &c. Two more Parts will, we believe, complete this National Work.

R. Sullivan, Esq., the well-known Author of those beautiful Poems, "The Silent River," "Faithful and Forsaken," &c., is about to publish "Flittings of Fancy," in 3 vols.

Of that brilliant picture of Life and Manners exhibited under the title of "The Diary of a Désennuyée," a second edition, with considerable additions, has just made its appearance.

The religious world will be shortly presented with a book entitled "A Country Curate's Autobiography; or Passages of a Life, without a Living."

A new annual, entitled "The Sacred Album," with embossed embellishments by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November.

The Political History of England from the close of the 15th Century, by T. Von Raumer, Vol. I. will shortly appear.

An Essay on the Nature, Ends, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts, translated from the French of M. Quatremère de Quincy, by J. C. Kent, Esq. will appear early this month.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

"Agnes Graham, a Story of the Year 1839,"
"Maanilelo, a Neapolitan Romance."

The Book of Christmas for 1837, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, &c. &c. of the Christmas Season.

Kidd's Golden Key to the Treasures of Knowledge; illustrated with engravings and vignettes, by George and Robert Cruikshank, Seymour, and Bonner.

Mr. Martin, of Liverpool, has in the press a

second edition, corrected and enlarged, of his remarks on Lord Brougham's "*They's Natural Theology Illustrated*."

The Tradesman's Oracle; a Stepping-Stone to Fortune.

Paynell; or, The disappointed Man.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Forget-Me-Not for 1837. Edited by F. Stoberl. 12s.

Tales in Verse. By Mary Howitt, royal 18mo. 5s.

The Friendship's Offering for 1837. 12s.

The Biblical Keepsake for 1837. 21s. morocco.

Economy of Health. 8vo. 7s.

Manchester—its political, social, and commercial history. By James Wheeler. 12mo. 12s.

The French Self-Instructor. By D. Boileau. 12mo. 9s.

Practical Treatise on the Poor-Laws, by W. Theobald. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

The English Annual for 1837, 8vo. 21s.

The Flowers of Loveliness, second series, imperial 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. XXI, royal 18mo. 5s.

Gems of Beauty, 1837, 4to. 31s. 6d.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1837, 18mo. 8s.

A new edition, with additions, of the Diary of a Désennuyée, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

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Carbide in the Olden Time, by M. E. Rutter, folio, India proof plates. 2l. 2s.—coloured, 2l. 13s.

Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, written by Himself, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. in French, 12mo.

The Book of Beauty, 1837, edited by Lady Blessington, with 19 plates, 21s.—proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book, 1837, 21l.

The Son of Duplicity, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Manning's Proceedings in the Court of Revision, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. E. H. Bachhottriers has delivered a lecture, at the Artists' Society for the study of Historical, Poetical, and Rustic Figures, Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, before several members of the Royal Academy, and other scientific gentlemen, on the nature and properties of a new white light from the combustion of lime, commonly known as the Oxy-Hydrogen Light. The lecturer pointed out the superiority of this light over every other artificial light, and particularly as regards the following objections to those now in use: viz.—that this light deposits no carbon, or soot; that it does not deteriorate the atmosphere, and the heat given out is very trifling in comparison with gas or oil. He also pointed out its importance to the artist, in his being able to delineate, by this light, all those delicate tints which by any other artificial light are totally destroyed, and from its whiteness and purity, resembles more the light of day, than any other light we are acquainted with.

In describing the apparatus employed, the Lecturer gave ample merit to the recent invention of Mr. Maugham, of the Practical Gallery of Science, for which the Society of Arts awarded him their silver Iris medal. The entire safety of this apparatus was dwelt upon by the Lecturer, in order, as he then stated, to remove the fears of several gentlemen present, who were apprehensive of its liability to explode. A living model was in attendance, and Mr. Maugham, the inventor of the apparatus, who very kindly offered his services on the occasion, proceeded to light up the figure with the light; the effect of which seemed very far to exceed the expectations of the several gentlemen present. The lecture throughout was illustrated with numerous experiments of the nature of the gases employed to produce the light, and also that of coal gas. The whole seemed to give very general satisfaction to the highly respectable and numerous body of gentlemen present. The light upon the living model, which was placed in various striking attitudes, was brilliant in the extreme; and both the carnation and grey tints were as

purely visible as by daylight. The purity of this new application of light to evening studies from life, will enable the artist to proceed with all the parts of his picture, even to the most delicate yellows, greens, blues, &c. &c.)

PUBLICATIONS.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems.

The prints in this collection are, with the exception of three or four, familiar to the public. We are pleased, however, to find them gathered into a volume, accompanied by a clever and interesting biography of the great painter, from the pen of Mr. Patmore. The engravings are by Mr. Lewis; they are in the slight and sketchy style for which he is celebrated; but their accuracy as imitations of the original drawings cannot be questioned. Each print is tinted. The book is neatly "got up," and must be attractive.

Ariel. Engraved by F. Bacon, from a Drawing by E. T. Parris.

This is the herald of a lady about to appear at one of our theatres. She is, if she resemble the portrait, beautiful and exquisitely formed. The character she has here selected for introduction to the public is, of course, well-calculated to exhibit her figure to the best advantage; it is a light character, which we trust the original is not. Mr. Parris has well imagined the being, if being it can be called, which Shakspeare drew; it is graceful, and yet unaffected: but the limbs, we take for granted, exquisitely rounded though they are, are those of the representative rather than the original. The print is skilfully engraved, in the line manner, by Mr. Bacon.

THE DRAMA.

THE dramatic events of the month have been attended with two very gratifying moral lessons; and to extract from the theatres two moral lessons in a month, is to improve at a quick pace. The first is, that audiences have begun to show, with some resolution, that they will *not* tolerate insults to their understanding and their feelings, although offered by the romantic managers under the designation of "novelties;" and the second is, that the plays of Shakspeare *will* attract all London to their representation, and cram the house as though, with all their magical fennel to aid them, they were being acted for the first time; and this with no other "novelty" in the cast than that of a general efficiency in the principal characters.

We heartily rejoice in the first of these two indications of the existence of an enlightened and resolute spirit among the playgoers of the metropolis, upon the mass of whom we had begun to look as upon a class of persons rendered insensible and vulgar—tamed, perverted, almost brutalized by habits of visiting the very theatres in which they ought to have found enlightened sympathy and moral refinement. It seemed to us that the indefatigable and amazing assurance of Messrs. the Managers in general had completely triumphed over the last coy remains of public virtue, and even of personal feelings of self-respect among English audiences; and that people, sunk into lethargy and regarding the cause of the drama as utterly hopeless, were resolved to go to the theatre with "no better motive than that of being amused"—resolved at the same time to be amused, even though their reason would tell them that they ought to be disgusted beyond all power of expression that disgust can resort to in a theatre. But a change has come over their dramatic dream. Things theatrical have, we presume, come to the worst; and not to amend is impossible. Audiences the most patient and good-natured—upright, unprejudiced, and certainly unpacked audiences—have exhibited, with a sharp and sudden significance of purpose, a noble determination to damn! The two national theatres (so called

on account of their superiority of size) have been open much more than a month, and every new production at either house has been as unconditionally as deservedly condemned. We do hold this to be a most cheering and hopeful sign. We hail it as an assurance that audiences are really beginning again to discriminate, and to apprise the management, by the most audible and intelligible of all sounds, that there is a boundary beyond which it will not be safe for either stupidity or indecency to venture. Thus much of congratulation we could not forbear. As for the pieces condemned, their very names deserve to die. In some instances—in one at Drury Lane, in another at Covent Garden, the dialogue, incidents, and purpose of the piece, were equally removed from a moral tendency as from a mirthful one: they were dirty as they were dull. And thus we pass them over, unfeignedly exulting in the disgrace and discomfiture of those to whose consummate ignorance, depraved taste, and licentious habits we owe the insult of the representation.

Signal as these failures have been, the successes of the two principal theatres have been in several respects as signally brilliant. For this good fortune, Drury Lane has chiefly to thank its new tragic hero, the distinguished American actor, Mr. Edwin Forrest; Covent Garden owes its triumph to an extraordinary stretch of spirit on the lessee's part, in engaging half a dozen actors who are always worth seeing. Drury Lane commenced most unpropitiously. Styling itself "*the National Theatre*," it announced not a single name of eminence on the English boards, either in tragedy or comedy: even in opera, as far as English talent was concerned, we were promised but a cuckoo-note instead of a nightingale's. The curtain drawing up presented to our eyes nothing but a banquet-hall whence the guests had gone;—

"———— A noble stage deserted,
Whose tears were shed, whose laughter dead,
And all but song departed."

The national theatre promised us only foreign ornament to hide its shabbiness—Duvernay, Taglioni, Schröder Devrient, and Mr. Edwin Forrest—to the last of whom, as an actor claiming an association with the high and noble purposes of the genuine drama, we have now to give a most cordial and gladdening welcome.

Mr. Forrest made his first appearance on the 17th ult., in the character of Spartacus, the hero of a new play entitled "*The Gladiator*." It was written for the actor by his friend and fellow-countryman, Dr. Bird, and has been extremely successful in America. With the strong national sympathies in favour of author and actor, this is not to be wondered at; at Drury Lane the play had to pass a more unprejudiced ordeal. The author, we are sorry to say, did not share the decided and enthusiastic triumph that awaited the actor. Yet "*the Gladiator*" is an able dramatic attempt; for it has several noble features; but the effect of these in sustaining the imagination to the close is destroyed by the intrusion of pettinesses, by a want of the more masterly power of working out passion *by* passion, and especially by a deficiency of the true tragic condensation of purpose. With this want of condensation there is also a want of largeness and grandeur in the construction; the language, though at times feeble, contains some passages of true poetry and touches of fine thought; but the characters, though sketched on a grand scale, "as they were giants," are somewhat loose of limb—not strong, complete, perfect, vigorous, and well-knit, as commanding in mere outline. They are not, in short, what the new actor is,—

"A perfect *homo*, nobly planned."

Mr. Forrest has startled all beholders by the strength and symmetry of his person, as he appeared in *Spartacus*. He is certainly a magnificent specimen of humanity, and America may well be proud of her son; for he has that intellectual grace and symmetry without which he would merely be the "*finest animal*" we remember to have seen. His presence is truly

noble and commanding, and he is admired even before he is heard. His voice is not in discordance with the harmony that meets the eye; it is the true organ by which the owner of those fine limbs and those features so fitted to express the more delicate as well as the sterner emotions of the soul, should speak his natural thoughts and independent will. It is impossible not to be immediately interested in his favour; and this first impression of respect made even upon a stranger is, we hear, borne out by the character of Mr. Forrest: morally, as well as intellectually, he is of a manly and noble nature. As an actor, we cannot better describe his leading characteristic, than by saying that he is thoroughly, *in earnest*. He knows "no seems." He throws his heart into his task; he is what he represents, and achieves his point by dint of not being conscious that it can be missed. He is fervent, passionate, active, but not overwrought, never extravagant or strained, even in the torrent and tempest of passion. He has evidently a giant's strength of lungs, but he uses it not, like a giant, in rant and bellowing. He appears to have studied the science of voice, and to have mastered many of the secrets connected with the musical expression of passion. Nothing could be finer than his last scenes in "the Gladiator"—nothing of their kind. It was the perfection, the very poetry of that order of acting for which Mr. Wallack is so justly admired. The scene admitted of no more than this; all that was required of the actor was simply the strength and the self-abandonment that gave reality to the purpose of the scene. It has been truly said of him that "he looked and moved as if he could have cut down a whole cohort, and died like a Hercules." The applause of the whole excited audience was abundantly bestowed. We are sorry that the other actors had been furnished by the poet with no opportunity of claiming a share. Miss Huddart, an actress whom we are glad to welcome again, had a part unworthy of her talents and her intellect.

The Othello of Mr. Forrest does not disappoint the expectation raised by his first performance. It bears upon it the impress of a strong, clear mind, wrought out with singular energy and steadfastness of purpose. In the earlier scenes of the play, he was far more natural than even the greatest Othello the world perhaps ever saw; for he was simple, frank, and dignified, without being prematurely tragic. The real tragic passion, and therefore the tragic manner, of the character, commences with Iago's fatal whisper of his wife's fall, and not sooner. Most Othellos (the American is not among them) make the newly-married Moor—the plain, cheerful soldier, blessed with a loving and a lovely wife, and with grand enterprises opening before him—the same in tone, gesture, and expression, the very same that they represent him in the last scene of his quiet and passionless despair. In Mr. Forrest's delineation there was very much to admire; and though the character was not realized in all the fulness of its poetry, it was a painting so life-like and vivid as to compel a sincere wish that it may be witnessed by all real admirers of great writing and earnest acting.

"Othello" has also been a source of attraction at the other house—Charles Kemble appearing as Cassio, to the Othello of Macready, and the Iago of Vandenhoff. Seldom has greater enthusiasm been manifested in a theatre. Mr. Kemble's last season has arrived; and we have already had an opportunity of judging, by his Cassio and his Faulconbridge, the measure of the loss we are to sustain. The actor is not his younger self in these parts, but he is so much more than others as to put comparison out of the question. The ordinary walking-gentleman representatives of these glorious creations do not belong to the same order of actors: they are in another world of being—in the animal, not in the ideal. Macready's King John is one of the most perfect of his performances: as far as the range of action permits the character to be so raised, it may be placed on a level with his Hamlet. It is full of the same subtle play of light and shadow—it exhibits the same intense and eager apprehension of the hidden meaning—and the delicate beauty—it presents the same masterly sense of combination of its several parts into a perfect and consistent unity. Never, as we believe, was finer acting wit-

nessed—not even amidst the wild and picturesque terrors of his most poetical delineation of Macbeth. Macready's Othello we have no space to discuss. It has its faults (chiefly those which we have already alluded to), but its beauties are of the most true, and subtle, and passionate kind. His death scene is a vision of the imagination made real by the humanity that governs it. Poetry never painted anything more touchingly sublime than the grandeur of that death.

And Liston, too, has attained his last season, and threatens us with his final bow, and bends his meek head to receive the laurel. Lose Liston!—At whom, then, are we to laugh? We are sure of a pleasant summer season with Buckstone at the Haymarket; and John Reeve has returned to the Adelphi, as full of whim, and as guiltless of wisdom, as ever. But Liston we must not lose. Go and see him at the Olympic in "Forty and Fifty," &c., and then petition the House (of Commons) to pass an Act of Parliament to prevent the very soul of comedy from taking flight before its time. Retire, indeed! Why, Braham is not thinking of that, but is piping away at his own theatre every evening, like the Arcadian shepherd-boy, and resolving never to be old.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Entomological Society, Mr. Johnstone, late of Grenada, exhibited a small mole cricket, which had lately proved very destructive to the sugar-canes and grass in the West Indies, an analogous species to which, he stated, had also recently been very noxious to the farmers in Kent. He announced, that the cane-fly was diminishing in Granada. A letter was read by Mr. Spence, communicating some further particulars on the *scholytus destructor*. He impressed upon the Society the propriety of communicating with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests on the subject, and announced his intention to draw up some observations for the purpose. It was stated by a member present, that this destructive insect has now extended its ravages to the elms in the gardens at Kew. Mr. Sells, of Kingston, exhibited some specimens of turnips which had been attacked by the fly of the black caterpillar. The ravages of this insect had latterly proved so destructive, in some parts of Surrey, that the crops of many farmers were wholly destroyed. In the course of his observations he gave it as his opinion, that the best mode of eradicating it was to employ children to pick off the fly, or caterpillar, from the leaves, and estimated that ten or a dozen could collect from ninety to a hundred thousand in a week. Ducks and fowls, when made to fast, had been turned into some fields, and having acquired the appetite for the caterpillars, had proved successful in their destruction.

A New Principle of Aerostation.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a paper was presented, entitled "New ideas on Aerial Navigation." The author of this paper professes therein to have discovered a means of giving any required direction to a balloon, by means similar to those used in steam navigation; and the balloon itself he proposes to make of copper, which is to receive its ascending power by drawing out the air and forming a vacuum. To effect the vacuum, his proposal is to fill the machine with water, and then draw it off gradually by means of a long tube, without admitting the air. Here, he says—reasoning not in a very intelligent manner—that the pressure of the atmosphere will have no influence upon the balloon, however thin may be the metal of which it is composed. The apparatus (steam) for giving motion to and guiding the machine is to be placed in the car, and turn round sails, which resemble the paddles of a steam-boat. Aerostation with this machine (says the author, but with the very cautious proviso—*if it should succeed*) would proceed at a rate more rapid than the flight of a carrier pigeon, and would surpass all that has ever been heard of.

VARIETIES.

National Debt.—The Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury having certified to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, in pursuance of the Act 10 George IV., c. 27, sec. 1, that the actual surplus revenue of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, beyond the expenditure thereof, for the year ended the 5th day of July, 1836, amounted to the sum of 1,796,003*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.*,—

The Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt hereby give notice, that the sum of 449,000*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.* (being one-fourth part of the said surplus of 1,796,003*l.* 2*s.* 5½*d.*) will be applied, under the provisions of the said Act, between the 12th day of October, 1836, and the 5th day of January, 1837, to the following purposes: viz.—

	£.	s.	d.
To be applied to the purchase of Exchequer (Supply) Bills, carrying interest after the rate of 1½ <i>l.</i> per cent. per diem,	421,900	15	7
Ditto to the purchase of Stock, 3½ per cent., 1818, under the provisions of the Act 58 George III., cap. 23	27,100	0	0
	449,000	15	7
Add Interest receivable on account of Donations and Bequests, to be applied to the purchase of Stock	256	3	5
	£449,256	19	0

National Debt Office, Sept. 20, 1836. S. HIGHAM, Comptroller-General.

Slave Compensation Fund.—It appears from a return presented by order to the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Baring, that the total amount provided for the payment of the compensation to slave proprietors is 16,492,379*l.*; and there is consequently remaining to be provided for, to complete the 20,000,000*l.*, the sum of 3,507,621*l.* The compensation awarded and paid, or payable on demand of the claimants, is 16,428,700*l.*

Commercial Interchanges.—At the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, Colonel Sykes read a paper on Statistics, in which he stated, that so recently as 1784, an American vessel arrived at Liverpool bringing eight bags of cotton, which were seized, under the belief that America did not produce cotton; and now her produce is 400,000,000 of pounds annually, the greater part of which is consumed by Great Britain; and it is a curious fact, that the native country of the Sea Island cotton is supposed to be Persia. The Carolina rice, which sells at 5*d.* per pound, whilst East India rice sells at 2½*d.* and 3*d.*, originated in a single bag of East India, given by Mr. C. Daboral, of the India House, to an American trader. All the coffee of the West Indies originated in a single plant in the hot-houses of Amsterdam. It was stated that, in 1792, Mr. Browne, the resident at Cossimbazaar, told the Council at Calcutta, that if they should think proper to send a few cwts. of lac to Europe, it might be procured at Calcutta. The annual consumption of lac in England is now estimated at 600,000 pounds.

Voyage of Observation.—His Majesty's surveying sloop Beagle has at last returned from her long employment in South America and other parts of the world. She sailed from England in 1831, from which time until 1836 she was surveying the coasts of South America, the Falkland and the Galapagos islands. Traversing the Pacific Ocean by the way of Otaheite (or Taheite) and New Zealand, she proceeded to visit Sidney, Hobart Town, King George's Sound, the Keeling Islands, the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, Ascension, Bahia, Pernambuco, the Cape Verde, and the Azores Islands. Meridian distances have been very carefully measured by a large number of good chronometers during the whole voyage. Observations for latitude, for the variation and dip of the needle, for the intensity of magnetic influence, and upon tides, have been made at each principal port.

This connected chain of good meridian distances is the first that has been carried round the world. From fourteen to twenty chronometers have been employed, and the results are highly interesting. Geology and Natural History will receive contributions from this voyage, as well as Hydrography and Geography. Mr. Charles Darwin, a zealous unpaid tributary to the cause of science, has laboured unremittingly. The medical and other officers have collected in proportion to their opportunities and limited means of preserving specimens. No life has been lost, nor has any serious injury been sustained by any one individual. No boat has even met with a material accident (except one washed away in a gale off Cape Horn), nor has any man even fallen overboard. Not a spar has been sprung (except studying-sail booms), not a sail has been split, till worn too long; nor is there a sheet of copper off the vessel's bottom. Yet this little ship, one of the much-abused ten-gun sloops, sometimes called coffins, has always carried between seventy and eighty people, seven boats, and an unusual quantity of stores; besides which, she has often sailed with more than eight months' provision on board. The *Beagle* was so well fitted out at Plymouth dock-yard, and has since been so timely supplied by direction of the Admiralty, that neither want nor deficiency has ever occurred. Some of the officers and men have served more than ten years in this vessel, having shared all the disagreeables of a former voyage to Terra del Fuego, from 1826 to 1830.

The Tea Plant in India.—The result of the researches of the tea-deputation dispatched to Assam under Dr. Wallich, respecting the tea-plant in that country, gives every reason to expect that tea will become, in a short time, a prime article of export from India. The plant has been found in extensive natural plantations, and the localities are such as to encourage the belief that it exists far more extensively than has yet been discovered, and to warrant the conclusion that Assam, and our northern frontiers generally, will afford the most ample field for tea-cultivation of every variety.—The researches of the deputation have not been limited to the tea-plant; the botanical and geological features of the country have been noted; and Dr. Wallich states that he has never seen or heard of so rich a flora as that of Assam.—*Asiatic Journal*.●

Military Flogging.—By a return laid before the House of Commons it appears that during the five years ending on the 31st of September last, 1227 soldiers, that is, above 245 yearly, of that part of the army within the United Kingdom, were subjected to corporeal punishment. By the same return it appeared, that during the same period 332 marines underwent the same punishment; and that of these 1559 persons, 242 were flogged a second time, and 44 a third time.

Patients in Hospitals.—The number of patients at St. Bartholomew's Hospital last year was 5257 in-patients, 7458 out-patients, and 15,187 termed the casualty patients, many of whom were supplied with money, clothes, and other necessities to enable them to return home. At St. Thomas's the number was 3165 in-patients, and 20,627 out-patients, including casualties; making a total of 53,500 persons relieved in one year.

Number of English Residents in France.—The following is a statement of the number of English now residing in France, according to the returns lately made by the different police authorities to the Prefect of Police at Paris:—Paris, 14,500; Versailles, 2080; St. Germain's, 150; Tours, 2795; Bordeaux, 965; Barrèges, 80; Montpellier, 300; Marseilles, 120; Lyons, 60; Fontainebleau, 30; St. Quentin, 200; Dunkerque, 500; St. Omer, 700; Boulogne, 6800; Calais, 4500; and in various other parts of France about 1865; making a total of 35,995. Of this number 6680 are mechanics.

The Criminal Law.—The Second Report of the Criminal Law Commissioners has made its appearance, the main object of which is to urge the pro-

priety of diminishing the number of capital crimes, and substituting some other punishment for that of death. The offences which it is proposed to continue, are—1. high treason ; 2. murder ; 3. attempts at murder, accompanied with actual injury to the person, to be particularly defined ; 4. burning of buildings and ships, with danger to human life, and under circumstances to be specified ; 5. piracy, attended with personal violence ; 6. robbery, aggravated by cruelty or violence, under defined circumstances ; lastly, rape, “and violation of a female under the age of ten years with or without consent.” This last class of crimes the Commissioners appear inclined to withdraw from the capital code, except under circumstances of extreme aggravation. It is further suggested that the discretionary power of selecting offenders to undergo the extreme penalty should be abrogated ; and that the punishment should in all cases be the invariable result of offence, and thus diminish the incentive to crime, by extinguishing the chance of mitigated suffering. Other matters of interest are touched upon by the Commissioners, and, in some particulars, their suggestions claim the attention both of the legislature and of the friends of humanity. It is suggested that a prisoner who is tried for the higher offence, of which the evidence is not entirely satisfactory or conclusive, at the same time that no doubt exists of his criminality, should not be allowed to escape punishment altogether, but that the jury should have the discretionary power of giving a verdict which should express their sense of the degree of crime of which conclusive testimony has been given. For example, if a prisoner is indicted for arson, accompanied with aggravated circumstances, which latter fact determines the class of offence, but upon which the jury are not agreed, but are unanimous as to the act of arson having been committed, the verdict should find the prisoner guilty of arson only.

The Militia.—A Bill was passed in the late Session for suspending the balloting for the militia, and the calling them out for exercise and training, during the present year. This is the first time since the peace that the period for which the men were enrolled in 1831, namely, for five years, has been allowed to expire without having recourse to a fresh ballot to supply their places, consequently the militia are at present rather an anomaly, the regiments having at this moment their staffs and officers only—there not being a single rank and file belonging to any regiment of militia in the United Kingdom.

Sale of Spirits.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that a most important alteration has been made in the law as regards the quantity of spirits which distillers are allowed to send from their distilleries to bonded warehouses. Formerly 80 gallons was the smallest quantity which could be so warehoused. By an Act of Parliament passed, of date 13th August, 1836 (6th and 7th Will. IV., cap. 72), distillers are allowed to bond spirits in casks of 20 gallons. The following is the section of the Act referred to :—“ And be it further enacted, that it shall be lawful for any distiller of spirits in England, Scotland, or Ireland, to warehouse any spirits distilled in the distillery of such distiller, in casks which shall contain not less than 20 gallons each, subjected to, and under, in all other respects, the rules, regulations, enactments, fines, penalties, and forfeitures in force in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, relating to the distilling, warehousing, and removal of such spirits.”

As a proof of the great increase in the consumption of teas, and the advantage which has accrued to the Government by the opening of the trade, a statement has been prepared, by which it appears that during the seven months ending the 5th of August, 1835, the amount of teas imported was 21,011,000 lbs., the duty upon which was 2,189,000*l.* During the same period of 1836 the amount of teas imported was 36,650,000 lbs., on which the duty was 3,468,000*l.*, being an increase of 15,639,000 lbs. of teas, and 1,279,000*l.* in the duties.

It appears by the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons which sat to inquire into the Turnpike-tolls and Trusts of the kingdom, that they are favourably disposed to the abolition of all turnpikes throughout the kingdom, and they regret that there are difficulties in the way of raising a revenue by other means. The consolidation of several trusts is recommended, as well as the formation of a rural police, by the organization of the labourers employed on the roads. The formation of a rural police is now recommended from so many quarters, that this improvement in domestic policy will, no doubt, speedily be carried into effect.

Licensed Victuallers.—On the 10th October a change of some importance to licensed victuallers and others took place. The duty on the retail spirit license was reduced, and the scale now stands thus:—houses rated under 10*l.* per annum will pay 2*l.* 2*s.*; under 20*l.*, 4*l.* 4*s.*; at 20*l.* and under 25*l.*, 6*l.* 6*s.*; at 25*l.* and under 30*l.*, 7*l.* 7*s.*; at 30*l.* and under 40*l.*, 8*l.* 8*s.*; at 40*l.* and under 50*l.*, 9*l.* 9*s.*; and at 50*l.* and upwards, 10*l.* 10*s.*

It appears by the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Commissioners for building new Churches, that, in the whole, 214 churches and chapels have been completed, capable of accommodating 286,327 persons, including 157,523 free seats for the use of the poor; seven churches and chapels are now building; four other chapels have been approved of, one at Trowbridge, Wilts; grants are proposed to be given in aid of building churches and chapels at 35 places—among others, at Bridgwater, Plymouth, Stroud, Portsmouth, Portsea, Frome, Trowbridge, and Melksham; additional burial-grounds are to be afforded to a great many places, including Ilchester, Corfe Castle, Bishop's Waltham, Barnstaple, Weston, and Alverstoke.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

In the bay of Argostoli, in the island of Cephalonia, there are two streams which flow *from the sea into* the land, and one of them has been employed to turn a mill. Many hypotheses have been started to account for this phenomenon, some supposing a difference of level on different sides of the island, and that the stream flowing through a subterranean tunnel restores the equilibrium; others suppose that some volcanic relations are involved, although there does not exist any recent volcanic formation in the neighbourhood, and during an earthquake no effect was produced upon these rivulets.

The Great Bell at Moscow.—An interesting ceremony lately took place at Moscow. The famous bell, the largest and handsomest in the world, was raised from the ground where it had long lain. It was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, by Michael Motoren, a Russian metal-founder. Its height is 21 feet, its diameter 23 feet, its weight 12,000 poods, 480,000 lbs. (433,000 lbs. English weight). The beauty of the form, the bas-reliefs with which it is adorned, and the value of the metal (which is a composition of gold, silver, and copper), render it remarkable, as showing the advanced state of the art of casting in metal in Russia at that early period. It was raised by a very ingenious contrivance of M. Montferaud, and is placed for the present on a pedestal.

A German journal states that the excavations at Athens are being carried on with great perseverance. Among other discoveries there have been found, in different broken fragments of an inscription, a species of account of the expenses of the sculptured ornaments of a temple, which appears to have been the Erechtheion. It bears the signature of the architect, whose name was Archilochus of Agryle, and has hitherto been buried in oblivion. The names of numerous sculptors are inserted, with the price of their works. Two modellers in wax were employed in making models of the rosettes and

acanthus-leaves in bronze. A contract was made with a painter named Dionysiodori, to paint in caustic 113 feet of the mouldings of the architrave, at the rate of a pentobolon a foot; 116 leaves of gold for gilding the bronze ornaments cost as many drachmas. The person who supplied this gold was a citizen of Melita, named Douis. The lead for fastening the figures cost ten drachmas. On demolishing a battery which masked the entrance to the Propylea, the original ascending way, or steps by which they were approached, was uncovered. The road was made in ridges, so that the horses might go up and down without slipping. The steps for those on foot were in part demolished when the battery was erected, but they may now be restored. While at work in re-establishing the columns of the Parthenon, a fragment of the frieze was found in a fine state of preservation. It represented three of the twelve seated deities which adorned the middle of the frieze above the eastern entrance. Near this bas-relief was found a remarkably fine seat, or throne, of white marble, the back of which is ornamented with a winged figure covered with drapery, and which is probably one of the seats in which, according to Herodotus, the priestess of Minerva was accustomed to take her place. These two fine fragments were enclosed between the columns of the peristyle and those of the pronaos. In other parts of this ancient city, fragments of statues, and tombs of different eras, have been found. Thus have been brought to light some sarcophagi in marble, on which are sculptured bacchanals and other figures, but which in barbarous times have evidently been broken open, and made to receive other bodies than those for which they were originally intended.

The following is an official statement of the product of the French Indirect Taxes for the first three quarters of 1836, compared with the corresponding three quarters of 1835 :—

Indirect Taxes.	Product of the First Three Quarters		Difference in 1836.	
	of 1836.	of 1835.	Increase.	Decrease.
	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.
Register, Stamp, and Mortgage Duties	152,376,000	144,607,000	7,769,000	—
Custom, Navigation, &c., Duties . . .	85,131,000	79,465,000	5,666,000	—
Salt Duty collected on the Coast . . .	37,725,000	36,256,000	1,469,000	—
Liquor and Liquid Duties	58,767,000	55,578,000	3,189,000	—
Salt Duty collected in the Interior . . .	4,721,000	4,709,000	12,000	—
Divers Taxes (Public Conveyances, &c.)	21,148,000	20,198,000	950,000	—
Product of the Sale of Tobacco and Snuff	57,673,000	54,856,000	2,817,000	—
Product of the Sale of Gunpowder . . .	3,223,000	3,032,000	191,000	—
Postage and Duty of 5 per cent. on Remittances . . .	25,925,000	24,862,000	1,063,000	—
Postage (Rural Service)	1,418,000	1,283,000	135,000	—
Product of Mails and Packets	1,371,000	1,287,000	84,000	—
Total	449,478,000	426,133,000	23,345,000	—

Increase of product in first three quarters of 1836, 23,345,000 f.

Compared with the first three quarters of 1834 the increase in 1836 is 33,180,000 f.

It appears, from a Treasury report submitted to the American Congress, that the importation of cigars into the United States, for the year ending the 30th of September, 1835, was no less than 76,761,000, of which upwards of 75,000 came from Cuba.

Statistics of France.—The territorial extent of France is 53,760,279 hectares; the total population was, in 1831, 32,669,225 souls. Taxes and public charges amount to 1,126,279,000 francs. The extent of landed property subject to taxation is 49,863,609 hectares; not subject, 2,896,688 hectares. The number of houses and buildings chargeable is 6,767,433—namely, 662,416 houses and dwellings; 82,575 mills, worked by wind or water; 4412 forges or furnaces; 38,030 manufactories and mines. The number of proprietors is 10,896,682. The number of men in France was, in 1831, 15,940,105—namely, children or unmarried, 8,066,422; married, 6,047,041; widowers, 722,611; soldiers, 303,231. Women, 16,629,118—namely, children and unmarried, 9,069,923; married, 6,056,856; widows, 1,502,359. The annual increase of the population is 172,084; annual number of marriages, 239,467; number of children annually abandoned, 33,625. There are born always 17 boys to 16 girls, and 13 legitimate children to 1 illegitimate. In every 28 born there is one abandoned. There are five births for every 161 inhabitants. In the whole population there are 2,324,722 illegitimate children of both sexes, and 1,092,910 individuals who have been abandoned to public charity from their birth. There are 7600 persons annually brought before the Court of Assize; 75,000 mendicants and vagabonds; 155,000 sick in the hospitals; and 1,850,000 indigent people over the whole country. The absolute charges of the tax-paying part of the population are 1,052,679,762 francs; and if 2,000,000 of vagabonds, prisoners, &c. be deducted from the whole population, it thus gives 34 francs 50 cents annually for the taxes and charges paid by each individual.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Effects of Foreign Harvests on the price of Corn in England.—Quantities and price of Imports in 1830-31—consequent displacement of English growth.—State of Foreign Crops.—Mr. Lefevre's observations on Rents.—Fertility mainly owing to the quantity of Stock—the secret of the Holkham husbandry.—Smith's subsoil plough.—Markets.—Turnips.—Prices of stock and Imperial averages.

ALTHOUGH we cannot yet be brought to conceive that the continental and American harvests can operate directly upon the prices of corn in this country, because we are slow to imagine there will be any introduction of the foreign growth into the domestic consumption of England; yet indirectly, they must have some bearing upon our market. For, should the home supply be found unequal to the demand, as it was, till the last four years, for a very considerable portion of time, we must look to importation; and, however trifling the amount may be, there can be no question but the supply would greatly exceed that want, and the effect so often witnessed upon prices would as certainly follow—that is, much fluctuation and a wide range. Such would be the result, though checked by the graduated duty, from the extreme operation experienced when the admission of foreign grain was regulated by a fixed amount. "From December 30, 1830, to July 14, 1831," says Lord Milton's celebrated pamphlet, "the quantity of wheat imported and entered for home consumption amounted to 1,074,706 quarters. Of this quantity, 358,077 quarters paid a duty of only 1s. 1d.; 180,434 a duty of 2s. 3d.; 427,564 a duty of 6s. 8d.; 41,004 a duty of 10s. 8d.; 48,249 a duty of 13s. 8d. The quantity which paid a duty of 16s. 8d. and upwards amounted to only 19,374 quarters—not one fifty-fifth part of the whole." This is the necessary operation of the sliding scale; for no ingenuity can cure it of this defect, which is in truth inherent in the very

principle of it, and which prevents its acting as any real protection to the farmer. The average duty paid upon the above 1,074,706 quarters, is about 4s. 2d. a quarter. This shows considerable fluctuations, and since that time little or no foreign grain has come into consumption; the price having been uniformly depressed by the superabundance of the home supply. Something must of course be allowed for the displacement of English corn by foreign, whether by anticipation, as it were, or by the English farmer holding back while the foreigner took his place in the market. The quantity, nearly 1,100,000 quarters, was more than equal to double the average import for 30 years, reckoning from 1790 to 1820. It is demonstrated that the home supply had increased. It is, therefore, likely that the importation of 1830-31 did affect the markets for one or two years beyond that period. If such be the truth, and if the present harvest turn out to be deficient in a comparatively small proportion, *there is a possibility* (we think it almost extreme) that there may arise a slight want of foreign assistance. Thus then we arrive at the effect of the continental harvests, which do not seem to be generally productive. Beginning nearest home, France is deficient in comparison with the last year. In Italy the result is said to be the same. The prices are consequently advanced. Spain must, from the ravages of war, be a demanding region. Our business, however, lies chiefly with the north; and from thence the accounts are more favourable. All along the banks of the Elbe, the crop is admitted to yield a good average, and if such be the admission, we may fairly anticipate that it is even better than is expressed; for the seller, naturally, in all cases endeavours by every means to enhance the value of his commodity. When therefore that first element of price, scarcity, is withdrawn, there can be no doubt of the facts. In Holland the crops are not so good as usual. Barley is represented as injured or deficient almost every where, and we read the consequence in the very high price it brings. Indeed, taking this for the criterion, in almost every market the prices of wheat are firm; less so in England than any where else. In the United States the prices were very high up to the end of August; the accounts of the crops being of an unfavourable cast. It is, indeed, stated that the American harvest has never been so deficient since she first grew enough to enable her to export. There is also one compensation for the deficiency in wheat, and rye is made up by a superabundant crop of all other vegetable productions—particularly of Indian corn and potatoes. The West Indies must probably be supplied (through America) from Europe, and to this is attributed the present prices of wheat in the markets of the continent. In Canada the quantity to be exported is represented as being less, owing to a shorter growth and the large importation of the mouths of the emigrants. Such being the results, it should seem that England may be regarded as insulated in her transactions, at least, till a little further time shall have passed and demonstrated the real extent of the supply.

We briefly alluded, in our last Report, to Mr. Shaw Lefevre's (the President of the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons) pamphlet, addressed to the Electors of North Hampshire. We spoke of it as worthy the perusal of the tenantry in especial. Upon the subjects of leases and rents, nothing can be more important. He shows clearly, that where a warrent—which is, everybody knows, a universally high rent—is paid, nothing can save the farmer. If tied by a lease, he goes on to gradual ruin; if he holds at will, he is still so indisposed to sell his stock at the almost inevitable loss, that he goes on to gradual ruin; if he can neither improve nor employ the necessary labour, he strives, by overcropping, to reduce his losses; his land becomes exhausted, and he sinks alike from the injury he has done to his own and his landlord's property. Mr. Lefevre also shows how beneficially corn-rents and low rents act on the Scottish agriculture. In that kingdom, by the employment of capital in the rearing of a large quantity of stock, the land is enriched by the manure, and the tenant (and landlord) is

repaid in two ways: by the stock, and the greater production of the soil owing to the manure they raised. Such, indeed, is the history of all the estates which owe their condition rather to high cultivation than to natural fertility. It is the secret—if that which has been laid open to the example of the whole agricultural world can be so termed—by which Mr. Coke of Norfolk has made land, refused, fifty years ago, at five shillings per acre, tithe free, worth nearly ten times that amount. The farm at Holkham then carried eight hundred sheep, and a little rye only was grown. It now carries between three and four thousand sheep, and two hundred Devon cattle are annually sold off it, besides the stock (no inconsiderable number) killed for the house, and the subsistence of upwards of forty cows. Besides all this, fifteen hundred acres of the park have been planted. Well, the secret lies in these very facts: the quantity of stock it is which has enriched (made) the soil, where now wheat averages eight, and barley fourteen combs per acre. The Scotch husbandry is the Holkham husbandry over again; and at the foundation of the whole lie the single words, capital and enterprise. Leases, and long leases, will alone be likely to produce such results for a tenant, and these Mr. Lefevre strongly and justly recommends.

The worthy President has also noticed a curious invention by Mr. Smith of Deenstir, near Stirling, as amongst the most important to husbandry. This is called the subsoil plough. Its object is, and it effects it beautifully, to open the subsoil, and render it permeable to air and water, without bringing it to the surface: thus performing that which has hitherto been performed only by the loss of a considerable lapse of time—namely, that fertilization which the exposure of soil on the surface to the atmosphere produces. This is perfectly philosophical, for we have seen abundant experiments to prove that the growth of all vegetation depends mainly on the pulverization—that is, on rendering the earth free to the action of air, light, and water, together with those subtler elementary agents whose operation, though they are known to exist, is not yet ascertained, but which, there can be little doubt, aid the fertilization. Now, these aids to, and arts of, cultivation are within the reach of all landlords and tenants—speaking always under the supposition that the latter are persons of adequate capital, without which no man can now-a-days benefit himself or his landlord.

We have come so nigh to the limits this article allows, that we must postpone to abstract the very important observations made by Mr. Lefevre on the malt-tax, but we shall recur to it hereafter. We must now turn to passing circumstances.

The harvest, scarcely even yet concluded in the most northern parts of the kingdom, has been protracted by the unusual falls of rain. It has, however, on the whole, been got up better than had been at one time hoped. The effect upon the markets has been to rally, or rather confirm, prices which had slightly receded at the close of the last and the commencement of the present month. They may, however, almost be called weather markets, for the farmer's reports all begin by allusions to the weather. This year will try the question of domestic supply and domestic demand, and, so far as so variable a matter can be reduced to certainty, will set it at rest. Farmers are in better heart, and therefore will not fly to the market as they did under the panic of last year. From this, rather than any natural cause, we conceive the prices will be higher generally, though not high, unless the supply turn out to be inadequate—a result we cannot bring ourselves to anticipate.

Nothing can have been more favourable for the wheat-sowing upon the lighter lands than the alternate rain and sunshine. We have even seen some wheat showing its long lines of beautifully green spires above the dark ridges, in the most promising manner. The heavy clays must, however, have had too much of a good thing in the continual falls, but all is activity.

The turnips have, in many instances, suffered under a new visitation from the black canker. We have seen many fields, in the course of our sporting excursions, where the leaves of the finest plants have been perforated by

thousands of holes; and we think the crop will, from this cause, be shortened a full third in districts where the canker has prevailed. The prices of stock (of lean especially) have been somewhat checked and reduced by this calamity, but upon the whole, perhaps, the sales were nearly equal to the usual average. In truth, nothing but some very striking and universally operating cause can greatly affect either the quantity of stock necessary to the agriculture of the country or the prices. This year certainly looks better, in every respect, than the last, when people talked themselves into more than common irritation by the perpetual iteration of the cry of distress.

Barley is very high; meat and wool anything but low; and wheat rising, or steady at better rates. But what is still more to the purpose, the farmers and landlords have heard the response of the oracles they sought; and, like Jove to the waggoner—"Put your shoulder to the wheel: help yourselves"—has had the effect of rousing individual exertion, which, after all, is the best and most certain aid.

Imperial averages, October 7.—Wheat, 47s. 2d.; barley, 35s. 4d.; oats, 23s. 9d.; rye, 32s.; beans, 41s. 1d.; peas, 38s. 7d.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Principles of Vegetation—Wheat.—At the British Association at Bristol, Mr. G. Webb Hall read a communication "On the Acceleration of the Growth of Wheat." He called the attention of the Section to a statement of facts by which it would be seen that the usual period allotted to the occupation of the ground for a crop of wheat might be very materially abridged. At an average, this might be estimated at ten months, though twelve, and even thirteen, were not unusual, and eight might be considered as the shortest period for the ordinary winter wheat. By a selection of particular seed, and a choice of peculiar situation, wheat sown early in March has been, on different occasions, ripened before the middle of August—a period scarcely exceeding five months. Mr. Hall considers it an unquestionable law of vegetation, that the offspring of a plant of early maturity seeks to become so likewise, even when placed in unpropitious circumstances, and that it recedes with reluctance from the condition of its parent. Hence the seed of a crop which has been ripened in five months has a better prospect of producing another crop equally accelerated than that from a crop which has been longer in ripening. He also asserted, that the acceleration of a crop was farther promoted by thick sowing, which likewise might be considered advantageous in checking and stopping the mildew.

Dr. Richardson referred to the remark of Humboldt, that in South America the wheat crop was ripened in ninety days from the period of sowing; and stated that, about Hudson's Bay, the period was only seventy days. He suggested the probable advantage that might arise from importing seed from the latter country, for the purpose of furthering Mr. Hall's views; but this gentleman stated that he had found that seed imported from a distance (and he had tried some from Italy) was liable to become diseased. As connected with the subject of the acceleration of the growth of seeds, Professor Henslow mentioned the results of experiments which he had tried upon seeds of a species of acacia, sent by Sir John Herschel from the Cape of Good Hope, with directions that they should be steeped in boiling water before they were sown. Some of these were kept at the boiling temperature for three, six, and fifteen minutes respectively, and had yet germinated very readily in the open border, whilst those which had not been steeped did not vegetate. It was suggested that these facts may lead to beneficial results, by showing agriculturists that they may possibly be able to steep various seeds in water sufficiently heated to destroy certain fungi or insects known to be destructive to them, without injuring the vital principle in the

seed itself. Mr. Hope mentioned a practice common in some parts of Spain, of baking corn to a certain extent, by exposing it to a temperature of 150 degrees, or upwards, for the purpose of destroying an insect by which it was liable to be attacked. Dr. Richardson mentioned that the seeds sold in China for the European market were previously boiled for the purpose of destroying their vitality, as the jealousy of that people made them anxious to prevent their exportation in a state fitted for germination. Upon sowing those seeds, he had, nevertheless, observed that some few of them were still capable of vegetating.

The Black Caterpillar.—The most effectual recipe to destroy the black caterpillar, is said to be, to mix quick-lime, in powder, *four pecks*, with *one pound* of white arsenic. Sow this mixture over an acre of plants while wet with dew, or after a shower of rain, and it will generally succeed.

Hint to Gardeners.—A gardener at Hastings, whose fruit trees had been much infested with the black caterpillar, having found that some gooseberry bushes, which were under an elder tree, and caught the dropping from its leaves, were quite free from the vermin, turned his discovery to account, and making a strong decoction of elder leaves, found by being sprinkled on the trees that it destroyed the insect most completely.

Mr. Hett, a surgeon of Lincoln, has published a letter in which he expresses an opinion that the turnip fly is produced from a maggot generated in the foreign bones brought to this country as manure. The objection that the fly is to be found in fields where no bones had been used, he considers as inconclusive against this theory, because the fly has wings, and may be blown from a great distance. Upon examining bones with a good microscope he found in some of them (particularly those that were very porous and vascular) these minute grubs or maggots in abundance; some were alive, and some had attached themselves to the sides of the bones in a chrysalis form, like caterpillars on walls. Mr. Hett suggests the mixing a quantity of *sulphur vivum* (black brimstone) with the bones, the effluvia from which he thinks likely to destroy the grub without injuring the turnip.

USEFUL ARTS.

Weaving in Glass.—Signor Olivi, of Venice, has recently succeeded in bringing to perfection a manufacture which may prove of great value, and may be applied to many purposes of usefulness and luxury. It is the art of weaving a tissue from threads made of glass. The process of which the Signor is the inventor, differs from all the attempts of the same kind which have been previously made in other countries, as it is made to take every degree of shade, from the most perfect transparency to the deepest opaque. The thread is also rendered so perfectly flexible as to allow itself to be tied, or the tissue when manufactured to be folded like silk. Another great advantage attending it is, that it resists the action of fire. The specimens which have been exhibited have called forth the highest admiration, and the brilliancy of colour given to them is altogether surprising. Although the Institution of Arts of Venice has awarded medals to Signor Olivi for his invention, it is said that he does not meet with the encouragement from the Austrian government which he expected its singularity and beauty would insure; and a friend of his is consequently about to proceed to Paris with a view to making it known in that city, where everything relating to the arts is encouraged, in the hope that his efforts will there meet with a better reward, and that the invention itself may probably be brought to still greater perfection.

According to a recent communication made to the French Academy of

Sciences, an indelible ink has been discovered. This consists in writing on ordinary paper with Indian ink dissolved in water, slightly acidulated with hydrochloric or other acid.

Malleable Iron.—At the late meeting of the British Association in Bristol, Mr. Mushet exhibited some specimens of malleable iron, which he prepared by a peculiar process, and gave an exposition of his views in reference to the theory of smelting as usually conducted. The iron, when first reduced in the upper part of the surface, is in the malleable state; but in its progress downwards is, in virtue of exposure to a higher temperature and the redundancy of charcoal it encounters, converted first into steel, and finally into pig metal. This new process consists in submitting the ore to the action alone which it experiences in the upper part of the furnace—that is, in restraining the heat, and furnishing but a limited supply of carbon; and operating by such method, and without the use of lime, he stated that he was able to obtain at once, and by a single process, iron soft enough to be forged into nails.

Purification of Coal-Gas.—Mr. H. Phillips, superintending engineer of the Exeter Gas-Works, has discovered the means of arresting the volatile alkali, to which, from its known corrosive property, when in contact with copper or brass, is to be attributed the destruction of cocks, fittings, and meters; and as azote (one of the constituents of ammonia) is highly injurious to respiration, that peculiarly pungent and obnoxious quality of the air in rooms in which coal-gas is burnt for a long portion of the night, is probably augmented, if not produced by it, from the circumstance of the ammonia not being previously separated. Azote is alike injurious to combustion: by employing two burners of the same size, and supplying one with gas from which the ammonia has been removed, and the other with gas from which ammonia has not been removed, the superiority of the light produced by the one over that produced by the other will be clearly apparent. Mr. Phillips has taken out a patent for his discovery.

NEW PATENTS.

To Robert Griffiths, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, machine-maker, and John Gold, of the same place, glass-cutter, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery for grinding, smoothing, and polishing plate-glass, window-glass, marble, slate, and stone, and also glass vessels, and glass sponges and drops.

To John Pickersgill, of Coleman-street, in the city of London, merchant, for improvements in preparing and applying India rubber caoutchouc to fabrics, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To James Surrey, of York House, in the parish of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, miller, for his invention of a new application of a principle by which mechanical power may be obtained or applied.

To William Bush, of Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate Within, in the city of London, surveyor and engineer, for his invention of improvements in the means of, and in the apparatus for building and working under water, part of which improvements are applicable for other purposes.

To Charles Farina, of No. 7, Clarendon

Place, Malda Vale, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for his invention of an improved mashing apparatus.

To William Hinckes Cox, of Bedminster, near Bristol, tanner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in tanning hides and skins.

To John Frederick William Hempel, of Oranienburg, in the kingdom of Prussia, but now of Clapham, in the county of Surrey, officer of engineers, and Henry Blundell, of Hull, in the county of York, paint and colour manufacturer, for an improved method of operating upon certain vegetable and animal substances, in the process of manufacturing candles therefrom, being a communication from Frederick Hempel, of Oranienburg aforesaid, deceased.

To Joshua Bates, of Bishopsgate-street, in the city of London, merchant, for improved apparatus or machinery for making metal hinges, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Peter Ascanius Teandi, formerly of Mendovi, in Piedmont, but now residing in Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, mer-

chant, for a new extract, or vegetable acid, obtained from substances not hitherto used for that purpose, which may be employed in various processes of manufacture, and in culinary or other useful purposes, together with the process of obtaining the same, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To William Bates, of Leicester, fuller and dresser, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of reels, for reeling cotton.

To Moses Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the description of public vehicles called cabs, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Robert Jupe, of Bond-street, in the county of Middlesex, cabinet-maker, for his invention of improvements in apparatus applicable to book and other shelves.

To William Crofts, of Radford, in the county of Nottingham, machine-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for bobbin-net lace, also called twist net, or lace, part of which improvements are for the purpose of making figured or ornamented bobbin-net lace, or figured or ornamented twist lace.

To Henry Van Wort, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Gentleman, and Samuel Aspinall Goddard, of the same place, merchant, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines and carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary steam-engines and other purposes.

To John Smith, of Halifax, in the county of York, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for dressing worsted and other woven fabrics.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM SEPT. 27, TO OCT. 21, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 27.—C. P. CHAPMAN, Cornhill, metal broker. M. PRIEST, Reading, Berkshire, nurseryman. S. SHEPHERD, Richmond, milliner. G. COWELL, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, hatter. J. LASHMAR, Bright-helmstone, Sussex, merchant. A. OXLEY, W. OXLEY, and J. OXLEY, Sheffield, iron-founders. W. FOSTER, Hollinwood, Lancashire, manufacturer. R. HODGKINSON, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

Sept. 30.—J. APPLETON, Three Crown-sq., Southwark, hop-merchant. T. WELLS, Mincing-lane, sugar-broker. C. E. DISSDELL, Marylebone-lane, grocer. C. DUMSBELL, Brighton, grocer. C. CHALLENGER, Bristol, linen-draper. W. ROWE, Truro, grocer. W. YOUNG, Bath, pawnbroker.

Oct. 4.—J. MASON, Cornwall-place, Holloway, coal-merchant. T. C. ANDREWS, Holles-street, Cavendish-sq., coal-merchant. W. NETTLETON, George-street, Hanover-sq., tailor. W. HAWKINS and C. SMITH, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builders. J. ECKROYD, Liverpool, tea-dealer. R. PARKINSON, Farsley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. J. BUCKLE, Walton-hill, Gloucestershire, cattle-dealer.

Oct. 7.—S. COXHEAD, Westminster-bridge-road, oilman. W. HOUSTON, Crane-court, Fleet-street, printer. M. HOBLING, Elizabeth-street, Piccadilly, carpenter. G. WHEELDON, Wood-street, City, laceman.

Oct. 11.—J. G. LYNCH and J. KITE, Mac-clesfield-wharf, New North-road, coal-merchants. T. WIGGINOTON, Sheerness, Kent, jeweller. R. TENNANT, Goswell-street, St. Luke's, licensed victualler. J. WHITING,

Birmingham, stationer. W. SHEPPARD, Hoxne, Suffolk, cattle-salesman. G. WEALL, Preston, Lancashire, draper.

Oct. 14.—J. BENNETT, Three-lun-passage, Newgate-street, bookseller. G. R. NAYLER, Exmouth-street, Spa-fields, grocer. W. MAY, Fenchurch-street, merchant. G. TOPHAM, Richmond, Surrey, coal-merchant. T. P. BIRKS and G. GRUNDY, Bury, Lancashire, manufacturers of oil of vitriol. J. ROBINS, Portsea, woollen-draper. W. THOMPSON, H. LEONARD, and R. B. DAWES, Ashted, Warwickshire, manufacturers. T. HOLT and E. HOWARD, Birtle-cum-Bamford, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. I. KNIGHT and J. MARTIN, Manchester, corn-merchants.

Oct. 18.—C. BUTLER, Tunbridge Wells, ware-manufacturer. J. ABLITT, Silver-street, City, haberdasher. D. DAVIS, Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, oilman. W. W. MANSELL, Birch-in-lane, bill-broker. T. SCOTT, Watling-street, wine-merchant. J. CATT, Tunbridge Wells, ironmonger. S. HOLT, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coal-merchant. J. M'GREGOR, Over Darwen, Lancashire, calico printer. J. WILKES, Cheltenham, builder. W. NEWSTEAD, Thetford, Norfolk. B. WALKER, Sheffield, cabinet-maker. J. EDMER, Preston, Lancashire, hop-merchant.

Oct. 21.—R. W. SMART, Aldermanbury, cloth-factor. S. BATCLIFFE, Faversham, Kent, bookseller. W. SATCHWELL, Birmingham, victualler. J. WALKER, Leeds, cloth-merchant. A. MILNE, Rochdale, Lancashire, dyer. H. SKERRITT, Manchester, cabinet-maker. I. LOMAS, Sheffield, grocer. J. MARSDEN, Manchester, corn-dealer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE topic of all-absorbing interest in the commercial world, at the present moment, is the embarrassed state of the Money-market;—a state of embarrassment which has the anomalous accompaniment of an unintermitting state of activity and prosperity in the most important of our staple manufactures, that of Cotton; in the various forms and grades of enhanced value in which it contributes immediately to our comfort or luxury here, or furnishes the means of exotic gratification, as an article of foreign trade. The solution of this apparent anomaly is to be found in the fact that, however the excitement of a high degree of manufacturing and commercial animation may have induced an over-strained elevation of prices and thus have, for a time, turned the current of the Exchanges against us, and, consequently, imposed upon the Bank of England the necessity of adopting those measures which have increased the value of the temporary use of money; still the whole system of that activity was so sound at heart, was so firmly based upon a real and legitimate demand, that there was no danger of the difficulty leading to any violent convulsion, unless a panic were created by exaggerated statements for bad purposes. This experiment was tried with malicious pertinacity, but it has happily failed; and now, although a pressure, and a stringent one, may be expected to be felt until after the commencement of the New Year, all serious alarm is at an end.

The Colonial Market is very dull in every department; all speculative purchasing is completely at a stand-still, and both grocers and refiners limit their purchases of Sugar to their immediate occasions, even at reduced rates. The present quotations of Sugars are for Jamaica, brown, 64s. to 65s.; middling to good, 66s. to 68s.; fine to very fine, 69s. 6d. to 71s.; Barbadoes, 70s. to 72s. 6d. Mauritius, East India and Foreign Sugars are all depressed in value; the prices recently obtained are for Mauritius, middling brown, 56s.; good and fine, 61s. to 63s.; middling yellow, 63s. 6d. to 64s. 6d.; good middling, 65s. to 66s.; fine, 67s. to 68s.; brown dabs, 46s. to 47s.; for Bengals, middling white, 33s. 6d. to 34s. 6d.; good white, 35s. to 36s. 6d.

The stock of West India Sugars is

now 42,949 hhds. and trs., being 179 less than last year. The stock of Mauritius is 37,348 bags, which is 25,888 less than last year. The deliveries of West India Sugars, for home use, during the current year, have fallen short of those of the corresponding portion of last year by upwards of 20,000 hhds. and trs., a fact resulting from the inactive state of the export trade in Refined Sugars.

The last Gazette average price of Sugar is 2l. 3s. 8½d. per cwt.

The Refined Market is exceedingly dull; Lumps to pass the standard bring 85s. 6d.; double crushed is 44s. 6d.; Dutch crushed, 42s.

There has been a moderate demand of late for good clean descriptions of British Plantation Coffee, for home consumption, but ordinary and unclean descriptions are scarcely to be sold even at a large reduction. Jamaica, good and fine middling, has sold at 112s. to 115s.; low middling and middling at 95s. to 106s.; good to fine ordinary, 7½s. to 95s.; unclean good and fine ordinary, 72s. to 80s. In East India and Foreign Coffee the demand is very limited.

The Rum Market is very animated, and an advance of 1d. to 2d. a gallon has lately taken place; Jamaica, 22 to 29 over-proof, brings 4s. 4d. to 4s. 7d.; 30 to 38 over, 4s. 8d. to 5s., choice marks 5s. 3d.; Leewards, proof, are at 2s. 7d.; 2 to 11 over, 2s. 8d. to 2s. 10d.; 13 to 26 over, 3s. to 3s. 6d.; 27 to 32 over, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 4d. Very little is doing in Geneva; but for Brandy there is a steady sale.

The transactions in Cotton have been suspended, awaiting the result of the large public sales which take place at the close of October, which will comprise upwards of 9000 bales, chiefly Surats.

Indigo is very dull at somewhat lower prices; Cochineal is more active as well for export as for home consumption.

The half measure adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in raising the rate of Interest upon that portion alone of the Exchequer Bills which were to be issued in exchange for those called in, has been much condemned in the City; and, as was anticipated, the weight of those outstanding at the lower rate of interest is such as to depress the new Bills, and prevent their maintaining any considerable premium. On

the first appearance of the Bills bearing interest at the rate of 2d. per day, the premium on them was 5s. to 7s., but they have gradually sunk, and are now quoted at 1s. to 3s.; the old Bills at 1½d. per day being at 3s. to 1s. discount. The Consol Market has been in rather an unsettled state, and is upon the whole rather worse than at the beginning of the month. Bank and East India Stock are perfectly steady.

The impunity with which Gomez has been enabled to penetrate from the Biscayan Provinces of Spain to the rich Provinces of the South, and to levy contributions upon the large towns, has produced a very unfavourable impression of the Ministry of the Constitution of 1812, and has wrought a large depreciation in the Securities of that State. Active Stock has indeed been as low as 19, but has rallied a little upon the doubtful intelligence of Gomez having met with some reverses. The continued tranquillity of Lisbon, notwithstanding the dismal auguries of the enemies of the new Government, has caused a gradual improvement in Portuguese Bonds. All other descriptions of Foreign Securities have been almost entirely neglected of late.

The embarrassed state of the Money Market has checked all operations in Joint-Stock Shares. The closing quotations of the principal Securities on the 25th are annexed:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 205½ 6½—Three per cent. Reduced, 87½ ½—Three per cent. Consols, 88½—Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 96½ ½—Three and a Half per cent. New, 98½ ¼—Long Annuities, 1860, 14½ ½—India Stock, 256 7—India Bonds, 4 6—Exchequer Bills, 1½d., 3 1 dis.—Ditto, 2d., 1 3 pr.—Consols for Account, 88½.

SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 22 4—Canada, 37 8.

RAILWAYS.

London and Birmingham, 55 60 pr.—London and Greenwich, 1½ 2½ pr.—London and Southampton, 7 6 dis.—Great Western, 11½ 12½ pr.—Stephen-son's London and Brighton, 1½ 2½ pr.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 102 3—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 78½ 9½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 39 41—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 22½ ¾—Danish, 3 per cent. 74 5—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 53 ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 99½ ¾—Mexican, 6 per cent. 22½ ¾—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 15 17—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 55½—Ditto, 1835, 3 per cent. 35½ 6—Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 107½—Spanish Active, 5 per cent. 21½—Ditto Deferred, 5 per cent. 8½ ¾—Ditto Passive, 5 per cent. 5½ ¾.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

At the Court at St. James's, the 5th day of October, 1836; present, the King's most Excellent Majesty in Council. It is this day ordered, by his Majesty in Council, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday, the 20th day of October instant, be further prorogued to Thursday, the 8th day of December next.

THE REVENUE.

The official returns of the revenue, for the quarter ended October 10, show a considerable improvement in the receipts of the Customs upon the year and quarter, as compared with the corresponding periods of 1835. The increase is 1,758,705*l.* upon the year, and 999,790*l.* upon the quarter. In the Excise there is a decrease of 145,346*l.* upon the quarter, but an increase of 606,976*l.* upon the year. The joint increase under these two heads is

therefore 2,365,681*l.* upon the year. The produce of the Stamps, too, has increased by 73,537*l.* upon the quarter, and 291,215*l.* upon the year; and the Post-Office has proved more productive by 27,000*l.* upon the quarter, and 90,000*l.* upon the year. The Assessed Taxes have decreased 20,333*l.* upon the quarter, and 63,250*l.* upon the year. In the Miscellaneous Taxes there has been a falling off of 10,273*l.* upon the quarter, and 24,204*l.* upon the year. The increase upon the whole year, as compared with the last, is 2,727,693*l.*, and upon the quarter, 1,026,459*l.* The amount of Exchequer Bills which will probably be wanted for the service of the current year is fixed at 3,343,071*l.*

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the												
	Yrs. ended Oct. 10, 1835		In- crease.		De- crease.		Yrs. ended Oct 10, 1835.		In- crease.		De- crease.	
Customs...£	5,353,987	6,353,777	999,790			18,408,212	20,166,017	1,758,705			
Excise	4,007,375	3,862,029		145,346			11,681,197	12,938,173	606,976			
Stamps	1,671,204	1,744,741	73,537				6,505,224	6,796,439	291,215			
Taxes	355,120	334,837		20,283			3,733,997	3,670,747			63,250	
Post-Office ..	372,000	399,000	27,000				1,396,000	1,486,000	90,000			
Miscellan....	16,513	6,240		10,273			76,787	52,538			24,204	
	11,776,199	12,700,674	1,100,327	175,852			41,801,367	44,460,809	2,748,890		87,454	
Imprint and other Mo- nies, &c.,.	78,269	180,253	101,984			455,873	524,124	68,251			
Total. £	11,854,468	12,880,927	1,202,311	175,852			42,257,240	44,984,933	2,815,147		87,454	
	Deduct Decrease 175,852						Deduct Decrease'					87,454
	Incr. on the Quar. . 1,026,459						Increase on the Year					2,728,693

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

DEMERARA papers state that the attempts of the authorities in several of the West India Islands to prohibit, by legislative enactments, the emigration of labourers to British Guiana, were viewed with ridicule in that colony; and it was asserted that they would incur the severe censure of the British Government. Proposals are made in some of the papers for inducing labourers to come from Africa direct.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Cape of Good Hope papers state that a Bill was presented to the Council for indemnifying the Governor, and all other persons acting under his authority, for all acts, &c. done during the existence of martial law in certain districts. It was reported that the salary of the Attorney-General was to be reduced to 700*l.* a-year, and that the Senior Puisne Judge was to be translated to the eastern province, where a separate judicial establishment is to be created. Colonel Smith, who has been superseded in the command of the new province by Captain Stokenstrom, had received a high testimonial from head-quarters for the unwearied zeal and activity he had displayed in the discharge of his arduous duties.

CANADA.

Lord Gosford's speech, on the opening of the third session of the fifteenth Provincial Parliament, urges upon the Assembly the re-consideration of

their decision on the application for payment of the arrears due on account of the public service, and for the funds necessary to carry on the civil government of the province. His Lordship adds, that, owing to the advanced period of the season, he should not recommend any other matters to their consideration. The speech, in conclusion, states that his proceedings, and the principles avowed by him for the guidance of his administration, had met with the approbation of his Majesty and the Government at home, as would be shown by the documents to be submitted to them.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Papers from Hobart Town contain the Lieutenant-Governor's address to the Legislative Council, Launceston. It describes in very favourable terms the state of the colony, stating that his opinion is derived from the annual augmentation in commerce and agriculture.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the storm raging in the Peninsula, and the elements of strife lurking in other parts of the Continent, accounts from France continue of a satisfactory nature. In no quarter has any seditious manifestation been observed. In the capital, upon the tranquillity of which that of the provinces almost wholly depends, no extraordinary vigilance is remarked, and not much dread would seem to be entertained of a revolutionary attempt.

SPAIN.

A decree has been issued by the Queen of Spain, sequestering and applying to the wants of the State the temporal revenues of such of the clergy as have left the country, and are residing in foreign states.

PORTUGAL.

The political horizon is extremely gloomy in Portugal, and fresh changes are confidently anticipated. The new Cabinet is completed, and the appointments are as follow:—Presidency of the Council and War—Count de Lumiares; Home Department—Manoel de Silva Passos; Grace and Justice—Manuel Lopez Vieira; Finance—Viscount de Sa da Bandeira; Foreign Affairs—Senhor Braencamp; Marine and Colonies—Antonio Cæsar de Vasconcellos Correa. The persons of whom it is composed are more notorious for their violent opposition speeches than for any specific services they have rendered their country. The Viscount de Sa da Bandeira is the only member of the present Government who held office in Portugal since the accession of Queen Donna Maria. The Cortes will meet in November.

SWITZERLAND.

A quarrel has occurred between the French and Swiss Governments on the subject of the expulsion of foreign refugees from the Helvetic territory. It is to be hoped that England will act as the peace-maker between the parties.

TURKEY.

Constantinople has been visited by a destructive conflagration. The whole quarter of the city called Sultan Bugazid, in the middle of Constantinople, has fallen a prey to the flames. Many magazines full of goods are destroyed; and the loss is estimated at two and a half millions of piastres, or more than 500,000*l.* sterling.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

MADAME MALIBRAN DE BÉRIOT.

[From the numerous biographies of this accomplished lady we select that which has been published in "The Athenæum."]

Few deaths, among those personally strangers to us, have saddened us more deeply than the one we are here called upon to record. We are apt, in the prodigality of admiration, to invest the orator, the poet, the artist, with a charmed life; and are, therefore, startled as from a dream, when one who has lately ruled us by the brilliant spell of Genius is called away, in the prime of hope and triumph, to share in the common lot.

But, independently of the usual regret which the summons of one so young, so full of the pride of life, as the subject of our notice must excite, her death is peculiarly melancholy, as having called her hence when, as it were, she was but on the threshold of happy years of domestic life. Madame Malibran was born, we are told, in the beginning of the year 1809. Her youth was one of unceasing study and harsh constraint. Her father, the once famous singer, Garcia, and the best singing-master in Europe, compelled her to conquer a voice by no means of the finest natural quality, and to acquire a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge of music, with a violence to which it is painful to advert; and the audiences who have smiled at and applauded the brilliant displays of vocal power in which she revelled with unexampled profusion, little guessed how dearly such a union of skill and facility had been acquired. A similar education would have stupified or destroyed one of a less buoyant spirit; but Maria Garcia was sustained through it by a temperament of singular energy and vivacity,—perhaps by the consciousness that she possessed those gifts yet more precious than her impressive and penetrating voice, or her striking Spanish features, which were one day to make her the wonder and delight of all Europe. We have heard that in her childhood she showed no remarkable evidences of talent; but the circumstance of her profiting by and surviving such severe discipline was no insignificant earnest of future greatness.

Mademoiselle Garcia made her first appearance on the stage as one of that unhappy troop—the chorus of the Italian Opera in London. It was in the year 1825, and, therefore, at the early age of sixteen, that she made her *début* as *prima donna* on the same boards, in "Il Barbière." "Her extreme youth," says Lord Mount Edgumbe, in his pleasant Musical Reminiscences, "her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly easy action, gained her general favour." This agreeable impression was confirmed by her performance in "Il Crociato," which was brought out by Welluti, at the latter end of the same season. Subsequently she appeared with an increased credit to herself at the York Festival,—one of the youngest singers who ever occupied so prominent a post on a similar occasion. But it was not till her return from America (whither she had accompanied her father as *prima donna* of his Opera company) that her extraordinary powers made themselves fully manifest. We have heard indeed that so cold was her performance of the character of *Desdemona*, when she first rehearsed the part, at New York, that her father threatened to stab her in good earnest unless she threw more energy into the character. The threat proved effectual; for assuredly her fault in her recent personifications of "the gentle Lady married to the Moor" was one of redundancy, and not of restraint.

It was during this sojourn in America that the ill-starred marriage with M. Malibran was contracted. The history of this connection, and its sequel, are too familiar with the public to require being here dwelt upon. In the year 1828 Madame Malibran appeared at Paris, we believe, in the opera of

"Semiramide." It would not be easy to describe the sensation thenceforth caused by her performances throughout Europe, or to enumerate the tributes paid to her wherever she went—from the first garlands wherewith she was crowned at Paris, to the Royal honours with which she was only the other day received by the guard in attendance at the theatre where she was performing. For the last eight years our journals have been filled with tales of her successes and triumphs—in one year gained at Milan, where the plaudits were so reiterated and tumultuous as absolutely to endanger the stability of the far-famed La Scala; in others won under our own eyes, upon the well-accustomed boards of Drury Lane, to which she introduced a refinement of musical cultivation, a passionate but appropriate energy of action, hitherto strangers to English opera.

We are not about to offer any bold or detailed criticism upon the merits of Madame Malibran as a singer or an actress; but a hasty word or two may be permitted to us. In both characters she was distinguished above all her contemporaries by versatility of power and liveliness of conception. She could play with music of every possible style, school, and century. We have heard her on the same evening sing in *five different languages*, giving with equal truth and character the intense and passionate *scena* from "Der Freischütz," and those sprightly and those charming Provençal airs; many of which were composed by herself. The extensive compass of her voice enabled her to command the whole range of songs which is usually divided between the *contralto* and the *soprano*. She was, it is true, often hurried away by the tameless vivacity of her spirits into flights and cadences which were more eccentric than beautiful; we have heard her, in the very wantonness of consummate power, rival the unvoccal *arpeggi* of De Beriot's violin; and execute the most sudden shakes and divisions upon those highest and deepest notes of the voice which less perfectly trained singers approach warily and with preparation. But those know little of the dignity Madame Malibran could assume, or of the unexaggerated expression which she could throw into music, even the plainest and least fantastic, who are not familiar with her Oratorio performances—with the earnest pathos of her *scena* "Deh parlate" (Cimarosa's noblest song); with the calm and holy sweetness of her *Pastorale* from the Messiah, "He shall feed his flock,"—or in a strain loftier than these, with her delivery of that most magnificent of recitatives, "Sing ye unto the Lord," from "Israel in Egypt." In this last she so completely identified herself with the spirit of the scene, that no painter of "Miriam the Prophetess" ever dreamed of face, form, or attitude more appropriate—more instinct with sublime triumph than her's at that moment!

The acting of Madame Malibran was marked by the same characteristics as her singing—it was always coloured, at times *over-coloured*, by the spirit which sustained her for awhile through a career of unexampled exertion and excitement. If in no entire performance she ever equalled the sibylline grandeur of Pasta, or the intense pathos of Schroeder, she had her moments of inspiration when she electrified her listeners by outbursts so brilliantly passionate as to make all her compeers forgotten. Her performance of *Norma* has been described to us as beyond all praise; her *Fidelio* was the best character in which she appeared in England. The concentrated and piercing agony of her speaking voice in the grave scene of that delicious opera is at our heart as we write;—in the part of *Fidelio*, too, her action was not carried to the excess which, in other dramas, at times almost seemed to threaten life or reason. In the *opera buffa*,—as *Zerlina*, *Rosina*, *Cenerentola*, *Fidalgua* (which last, be it remembered, she performed in London to the *Carolina* and *Libetta* of the Sontags), her vivacity had no bounds; her *simorie*, too, had the charm and the fault of caprices struck out in the humour of the moment. In short, upon the stage, though she was often extravagant, she was always *riveting*; and few among her audiences could go home and sit in cool judgment upon one who, while she was before them, carried them, as she pleased, to the extremes of grave or gay.

The woman was one with the musician and the actress.—The personal fatigue through which Madame Malibran's high spirit bore her was prodigious. She has been known to undergo the wear and tear of a five hours' rehearsal—with a song at some morning concert between its pauses—and then again in the evening, half an hour after having gone through one of her exhausting parts, to be found, as energetic and animated as ever, at the Philharmonic or Ancient Concert. And this again she would leave for some private party, where, after singing with a freshness surprisingly little impaired, she would wind up her day's exertions, perhaps, by dancing the Tarantella. She was the delight of all her intimate friends, for the many gifts she possessed, besides those which made her so professionally eminent. Her observation was keen, her humour quaint and inexhaustible; and her fund of anecdote various and always at command. She was skilful with the pencil—some of her sketches are full of genius and character. Her love of her art was intense and consuming; and the circumstance should never be forgotten (either as honourable to her memory, or as a warning to too exacting audiences), that her illness was exasperated by her dragging herself into the Manchester orchestra to fulfil her engagements, rather than subject herself to the imputation of feigned indisposition; and that she exerted herself to comply with the fatal demands of a delighted audience, when the hand of death was upon her!

It is difficult to write calmly of these things; and the thousand recollections that crowd upon us, warn us to stop, lest we pass our wonted boundaries. It is enough to say, in the lyric drama of Europe, she who has died has left no peer behind her!

ADMIRAL LORD DE SAUMAREZ.

Admiral the Right Honourable James, Lord de Saumarez, G.C.B., died at his seat, at Saumarez, in the island of Guernsey. Lord de Saumarez was in the 80th year of his life, having been born in the month of March, 1757. He has terminated a long and useful career, the principal part of which has been passed in the honourable employ of serving his King and country. He was an intimate friend of the late gallant Lord Nelson, under whose command he won many of the glorious trophies which have since signalized his fame. His Lordship had attained to the highest rank as a naval officer, his last appointment being that of General of the Royal Marine Artillery, on the 13th of February, 1832. He was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Honourable Military Order of the Bath, September 5, 1802; had been honoured with two medals by his present Majesty William IV., the first for the prowess he displayed at the battle of St. Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797, and the latter for that in the battle of the Nile, on the 1st of August, 1798; and was moreover authorized to wear the order of the Sword of Sweden, as Vice-Admiral of Great Britain. His Lordship leaves a family of four children to deplore, with his native country, and the whole British nation, his irreparable loss. By his Lordship's demise, a pension of 1200*l.* a year will revert to the crown. Lord de Saumarez was descended from a very ancient and respectable family in the island of Guernsey, many of whose members have been devoted to the service of the British crown. The original family name is De Saumarez, which continues to be used by the eldest branch of the family. His Lordship's eldest son, the Honourable and Reverend James Saumarez, succeeds to the title and estates. He had just attained his 47th year on the decease of his gallant parent, having been born on the 9th of October, 1789. He is rector of Huggate, in the county of York, and is married to Mary, second daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William Lechmere.

WILLIAM MARSDEN, ESQ., LL.D., F.R.S.

William Marsden, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., who recently died, in his 82nd year, at Edge Grove, Aldenham, was author of several well-known works

connected with the history and languages of the East. His family were of Derbyshire extraction, but he himself was born in Ireland, and went to India at an early age. Soon after his return to this country, he published "*The History of the Island of Sumatra*." About 1795 he was appointed second Secretary to the Admiralty, by Lord Spencer. After his retirement from public life, in 1807, he resumed the studies of his youth, and has left behind him a number of publications which are well known to the Orientalist. Since the death of Lord Stowell, he has been the senior member of the club which was founded by the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and known by the honorary designation of "*The Club*." Mr. Marsden, some time ago, exhibited a not very common instance of patriotism, in voluntarily resigning a pension of 1500*l.* a year, which had been bestowed on him as the reward of his public services.

REV. DR. ROWLEY.

Dr. Rowley was educated at Abingdon School, under the late Dr. Lemprière, and entered as a member of University College, November 1, 1799, being then 17. Having received the highest honours at the public examination in the Easter Term preceding, he took the degree of B.A. June 21, 1803; became M.A. May 8, 1806; was elected to a Fellowship of University, Feb. 13, 1807; appointed Tutor of that College in the course of the next year; and nominated Public Examiner in 1810. Upon the death of Dr. Griffith, in 1821, he was unanimously chosen to succeed him in the Mastership of University, to which he was elected on the 1st of June, in that year; and immediately after he proceeded B.D. (June 9) and D.D. (June 15, 1821). In October, 1832, Dr. Rowley, who had previously, for some years, acted as a Pro-Vice-Chancellor, was nominated by the late Lord Grenville, Vice-Chancellor of the University; and it is remarkable that, having filled that distinguished post for the usual period, he was on the very eve of resigning office, when he was seized with the fatal malady which has, in a few short weeks, terminated his valuable life.

During the Vice-Chancellorship of Dr. Rowley, independent of several very important academical occurrences, three of a peculiarly interesting nature have occurred: the visit of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the election and installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University, and the royal visit of her Majesty to Oxford.

The "*Oxford Herald*" states—"It is needless for us in Oxford, where the many excellent qualities of the late Dr. Rowley were so well known and appreciated, to express how deeply his death will be felt in the domestic circle of his relatives and friends. We cannot, however, conclude this brief and imperfect notice without adding, that the death of the late Vice-Chancellor is not only a private but a public loss of no ordinary nature. In his official duties, he was noted for his punctuality and decision; nor was he more remarkable for his firmness of character, and a straightforward and fearless determination to perform, in all cases, what he deemed his duty, than for a kindness of disposition, and a constant readiness to consult the wishes and convenience of all who were officially connected with him. There is no person throughout the University, whatever be his grade, who does not respect his memory and lament his loss."

It should have been added, that Dr. Rowley died possessed of the rectory of Stanwick, in Northamptonshire, to which he was presented some years since by the Earl of Eldon, then Lord Chancellor.

COLONEL BURR.

This extraordinary individual died at the Richmond House, Mesereau's Ferry, on Staten Island, in the 81st year of his age. Colonel Burr had been confined to his room for the last year, but had enjoyed uncommon fine spirits, and was able not only to discourse with his friends, but to pre-

pare his papers for publication. Few men have made a more conspicuous figure in American history. He was born the 6th of February, 1756. He joined the army under Gen. Washington, then before Cambridge, as a volunteer, in August, 1775. He marched from Penobscot, with General Arnold, through the wilderness to Quebec, one of the most fatiguing marches ever recorded. The sufferings endured by this band of American troops have hardly a parallel. He was Aide-de-Camp to General Montgomery on the ever-memorable night of the 31st of December, 1775, when the assault was made on the city of Quebec, and at which this distinguished officer fell. After serving with fidelity and honour in the campaign of Canada he returned to New York, and entered the family of General Washington, at his (Gen. Washington's) request. He was soon appointed Aide-de-Camp to General Putman, and fought bravely in the battle of Long Island, after which he was made Colonel in 1777, and remained in the army, and was a conspicuous officer in the battles of New Jersey. In 1780 he retired in consequence of ill-health, arising out of his fatigues at the battle of Monmouth. As soon as the peace was declared he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, which honour he declined. He served as Attorney-General until he was chosen United States Senator, which he held from 1793 to 1799. In 1801 he was chosen Vice-President, which term expired in 1805.

On the 10th of July, 1804, he killed General Hamilton in a duel, which put a final end to his political career, and in fact drove him from his country. He then engaged in the celebrated Burr's expedition destined to Mexico—was taken, tried, and acquitted at Richmond in 1807. He soon left the country, and returned about 1811, and commenced his profession as counsellor at law. He has been engaged in a number of important causes, which have reached our highest courts. Within the last few years he has enjoyed an annuity of about 1400 dollars, and a pension of 600, so that he has been comfortable in his circumstances.—*New York Daily Advertiser*.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Bromsgrove, the Rev. John Price Alcock, M.A., Minor Canon of Rochester Cathedral, to Hannah, only daughter of Charles Creswell, Esq., of Barnesley Hall.

At Kincolt, in the county of Leicester, the Rev. H. R. Burdett, to Susan, only daughter of the late Rev. T. Brewin, of the above place.

At St. John's, Paddington, the Rev. William Boyd, M.A., Vicar of Arncliffe, Yorkshire, to Isabella, eldest daughter of George Twining, Esq., of the Strand, and of East Sheen, Surrey.

At St. John's, Paddington, the Rev. Alexander Morden Bennett, of Cumberland-street, to Maria Sarah, only child of the Rev. Josiah Pike, of Upper Seymour-street West, and niece to Elizabeth, Dowager Countess Winterton.

At St. Marylebone Church, J. H. Jones, Esq., of the Island of St. Vincent, to Annie, second daughter of the late Robert Lindsay, Esq., of Kingston, near Taunton, Somersetshire.

At Prendergast, Arthur Thompson, Esq., of Liverpool, banker, to Frances Catherine, eldest daughter of James Bellairs, Esq., of the Mount, Haverfordwest.

At Exning, Suffolk, the Rev. S. Smith, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Minor Canon of Ely, to Barbara Ann, eldest daughter of R. Robson, Esq.

At Harborne Church, L. M. Murray Prior, Esq., of the 13th Royal Lancers, to Letitia,

only daughter of J. W. Unett, Esq., of the Woodlands, Warwickshire.

Died.—At the Manor House, Deptford, in the 70th year of his age, John Hillman, Esq., many years surveyor of shipping to the Hon. East India Company.

In Guildford-place, Russell-square, George Owen Whiteside, Esq.

At Park-place, Chelsea, aged 62, Mr. R. G. Ashley, formerly Principal Viola in the orchestra at the King's Theatre, and youngest brother of the well-known musical family.

At Egham Hill, Frances Winstanley, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Winstanley, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.

At Brighton, Charlotte, the wife of John Glynn Mytton, Esq., aged 27.

At Henley-upon-Thames, George Herbert, Esq., of his Majesty's Treasury, in the 58th year of his age.

In the Island of Guernsey, in the 80th year of his age, Admiral the Right Hon. Lord de Saumarez, G.C.B.

At Hadley, James Seton, Esq., aged 79.

At his residence at Paris, John Lewis Fleming, of Old Brompton, Esq., and Baron Fleming, in France.

Aged 66, Colonel John Watling, of Hill House, Gloucestershire.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

King's College.—The Society of Apothecaries has lately enriched the various collections in the Medical School of this institution, by the presentation of a large and beautiful series of specimens of the *Materia Medica*, being duplicates of those selected for their own collection at Apothecaries' Hall. As much care is required in choosing the purest and best specimens, many of which it requires time to procure, it is not expected that the collections will be quite perfect for many months. A new room has been opened in the College for their now extensive museum of *Materia Medica*. The dormitories for the students, fully furnished and abundantly ventilated, a new medical reading-room, as well as a dining-hall, or refectory, are among the newest improvements in the College.

CORNWALL.

Amount of produce, and the dividends paid, by the under-mentioned Cornish mines, from the 30th of June, 1835, to the 30th of June, 1836:—

Mines.	Amount of Produce.	Div. per An. percent.
Consolidated	£139,695 . .	500
Carn Brae	51,439 . .	300
Dolcouth	25,463 . .	750
East Pool	12,936 . .	130
Great St. George . .	37,895 . .	130
Wheal Jewell	45,945 . .	2000
Levant	36,361 . .	275
Marazion	13,634 . .	50
Tresavean	88,358 . .	400
Wheal Tolgus	20,691 . .	190
Wheal Unity	21,128 . .	75
Wheal Virgin	10,846 . .	100

DEVONSHIRE.

The burning cliff at Holworth excites great interest, having recently presented a more than usually vivid appearance. A line of sulphureous vapour now issues out westward of that portion of the cliff which of late attracted public attention. This line of vapour, irregularly stretching from east to west, is now forty feet in length, and about the same in height, from the base of the cliff. The high tides have committed sad havoc at the base of the cliff, and drawn down an immense quantity of calcined and vitrified sub-

stances, well deserving the notice of the geologist and mineralogist.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hereford Cathedral.—This fine edifice has lately been much improved and restored, chiefly under the direction of the Very Reverend the Dean. Among other improvements is the restoration of a beautiful chapel under the eastern end of the edifice, which has long been hid from public view by the rubbish suffered to accumulate around it.

A meeting has been held at Hereford for the purpose of receiving the report of the engineers as to the eligibility of the different lines through Ledbury and Ross. After considerable discussion, the following resolution was passed:—“That this meeting earnestly recommends that the support of the landholders and capitalists of the county of Hereford be given in aid of the line of railway proposed to be taken via Ledbury, with a branch to Ross; and that the several bankers of the city of Hereford be requested to receive deposits for shares in the Gloucester and Hereford Railway Company.”

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Committee of the Gloucester and Bristol Railway have unanimously determined to prepare for Parliament in the ensuing session. They have set to work with determined energy, and their surveyors have commenced operations to prepare the necessary plans, &c., for deposit. A most important matter, which the Committee had to decide upon, was, whether or not the Cheltenham and Great Western Union Line should be used as far as practicable, or whether an entirely new line out of Gloucester should be laid down, which was decided in favour of using the Cheltenham and Great Western Union line. By this decision, the necessity of making from seven to eight miles of additional railway is avoided, a great outlay of capital saved, and the Stroud interest strongly and closely united in favour of the undertaking. The interests of that district, as connected with the Swindon line, will not now be interfered with; whilst they

secure, by Mr. Walker's line, a saving in distance, in going to Bristol, of about three miles, as compared with the extension line.

A numerous meeting of the shareholders in the Cheltenham and Swindon Railway undertaking has been held at Cheltenham to receive the report of the Board of Directors. From this report it appears that, after paying the expenses incurred in the application to Parliament, there remained a clear balance in hand (out of the paid up capital of 2*l.* 10*s.* per share) of upwards of 1200*l.*, and since that period the expenses have been comparatively trifling. It also appears that great improvements are contemplated in the gradients and curves on the line, by which a considerable saving is anticipated. The report remarks, that though the Company encountered a more severe Parliamentary opposition than almost any other railway, yet the expenses incurred thereby were less than in any other contested railway-bill brought before Parliament during the session; which economical management the Directors in their report attributed to the ability and the moderation of professional charges on the part of their engineer and solicitors. It was further stated, that from certain improvements in the width of the rails and in the machinery, (which improvements, as was understood from occasional remarks, would be exclusive to this railway and the Great Western,) the journey from Cheltenham to London, it was calculated, would be performed in *three hours*! The chairman, after having concluded the reading of the report, observed, that it was advisable to proceed with the formation of the line with the utmost industry and despatch, so as to be quite ready to open it for business simultaneously with the Great Western Railway in 1839.

LANCASHIRE.

Telegraph between London and Liverpool.—It is in contemplation, we understand, to establish a system of telegraphic communication, both by day and night, on the great railroads now in formation, more particularly on the London and Birmingham and Grand Junction lines. Its advantages in a commercial point of view, by bringing the two great marts of commerce in the British empire (London and Liverpool) within a few minutes' communication of each other, are more incalculable and mighty than any other.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Severn Navigation Company.—A meeting of the Severn Navigation Company has been held at Worcester. A report from the Committee was read detailing their proceedings, and announcing the total amount of the deposits which had been received on shares at 471*l.*, and the whole expenditure up to that day at 1013*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* A report from Mr. Rhodes, the engineer, who is now engaged in surveying the Severn, was presented, in which he says—

"I have much pleasure in stating to the Committee that there appears no difficulty whatever in improving the navigation to such an extent that ships of from 300 to 400 tons may navigate and sail up to Worcester, and deliver and take in their cargoes at the quays to be made for that purpose, and for trows and barges from Worcester to Stourport. This can easily be accomplished without injury in the slightest degree to the low lands by inundation; on the contrary, the flood-waters will flow off with more uniform velocity, in a greater body and in much less time, from the increased capacity of the channel, and the backwaters or land-floods will be drawn off by an enlarged drainage entering the river at a lower point, affording such an irrigation of the lands as must be beneficial instead of injurious."

To effect this desirable object, Mr. Rhodes proposes to erect a lock below Gloucester, one near Upton, and three between Worcester and Stourport, with collateral cuts. The following are Mr. R.'s calculations of the expenses for various depths of water:—

The making the navigation	£.	s.
perfect from Gloucester		
to Worcester, for the description of vessels which now trade on it	47,483	18
From Worcester to Stourport	61,060	7

£111,544 5

For improving the navigation to Worcester, by obtaining about ten feet of water	168,248	7
To Worcester, by obtaining twelve feet of water	200,000	0

York Cathedral.—This noble edifice is now beautified with a new spire at the south-east angle, in place of the old one, which was taken down a few years ago. It is about 30 feet high, and though the base has not received its attendant en-

richments, yet its symmetry and the boldness of workmanship of its ornaments are, we presume, in no wise inferior to the original. Great credit is due to the Venerable the Dean and Chapter, for their liberal spirit and desire to restore the decayed and tottering parts of their church to their pristine state of strength and beauty.

The Hull Packet states that a person at Patrington has at present in his possession about thirty coins of various Roman emperors, all found in the vicinity of Patrington and the southern side of Holderness. They are most of them in excellent preservation, particularly a fine gold one of Gratianus, two silver ones of Vespasian and Lucius Verus, and several copper ones of Constantine the Great, Constantinus junr., and Constans. He has also several British and Saxon coins, found in the same neighbourhood; likewise a small brass figure of Mercury, supposed to have been a Roman household deity, found at Kilssea.

WALES.

London and Holyhead Road.—The thirteenth report of the Commissioners of the London and Holyhead Road has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The report mentions the condition of the roads on the different trusts; from which it appears that in most instances improvement has taken place in the state of the roads, and alterations are in progress in various places, that will either shorten the road or render it less hilly. A thorough examination has been made of the state of the Menai and Conway suspension bridges, the result of which is most satisfactory. The cost of the erection of the Menai Bridge was 211,791*l.*; and there has been spent on repairs, during the ten years it has been erected, 4185*l.* The cost and repairs of the Conway bridge have been 59,764*l.* Towards meeting this expenditure, there has been received in tolls on the bridges 16,580*l.*, and on account of additional postage charged on letters passing over them, the further sum of 101,708*l.*; leaving a deficiency of 157,452*l.*

SCOTLAND.

The Highland and Agricultural Society are about to act on a new plan for giving premiums for the improvement of cottages. They will concentrate their whole efforts in each county in a single

district of four parishes. In this district the same premiums are to be repeated annually for four years. They will allow five pounds yearly as premiums for cottages, and two pounds premiums for cottage gardens. A second premium is to be given annually for cottages, and also for the best kept gardens: and, in addition, the owner of the neatest cottage is to be furnished with a medal. Those who mean to compete for the prizes are to enter their names in April, and the prizes are to be awarded on the 12th of July and 12th of August.

The iron trade continues to flourish, and the orders already received are so numerous that they cannot be soon executed. Scotland participates largely in the benefit. The "*Glasgow Herald*" says:—"In proof of the rapid progress which the iron trade is making in the vale of Clyde, especially since the black band was brought into play, we have to mention that about 200 acres of ironstone on the Airdrie estate, belonging to the Right Hon. Sir William Alexander, was lately let on a nineteen years' lease at 12,050*l.* a-year, or an optional lordship in favour of the landlord, at a certain price per calcined ton. The lease is to five respectable iron-masters in that neighbourhood."

At the late summer assizes throughout England and Wales there were but six executions—a thing unprecedented! being less than *one* to each circuit; but the fact is, that with the exception of the execution of the three Irishmen at Shrewsbury for highway robbery, there was no example of blood upon any circuit but the western; and of the three executions upon that, two were for murder, and one for the arson of a dwelling-house.

Profitable Employment of Surplus Labourers.—As there are at this moment many labourers in want of employ, and it is of the utmost importance not to give them any pretence for tumult or complaint, a mode of setting them profitably to work is a very great desideratum, and such is, in many instances, afforded by the new Highway Act, which abolishes altogether statute labour, and subjects the waywarden or surveyor to the penalty of five pounds for neglect in not putting the roads in such a state of order as shall be satisfactory to the magistrate before whom a complaint shall be made.



J. H. Linton

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION ;

OR, TALKING MADE EASY.

WITH the close of the year, it seems right that I should terminate my lectures upon the art of talking, which, if I may judge by the extraordinary quantity of nonsense which I find floating in society, must have been very generally successful.

I have brought before you, my pupil, the various modes of treating words, phrases, cant terms, and conventional plagiarisms from other languages. I shall conclude by giving some general hints which may, perhaps, be found advantageous as the pupil proceeds.

It would be quite impossible to produce upon paper anything like a "report" of the general conversation which takes place in a large mixed company—the nothingnesses, for instance, that are talked in any one evening at Devonshire House would fill twenty quires of foolscap. It is not because the nonsense of that well-lighted mansion is not just as good and as great nonsense as the nonsense talked anywhere else, that I mention Devonshire House, but because, as his Grace is unlimitedly hospitable, his parties are innumerable extensive; I therefore refer to that emporium as affording a fine field for the diffusion of useless knowledge.

If only one fool at a time were allowed to speak in such places, reporters might afford as fair opportunities to the uninitiated of judging of the intellectuality of these splendid *soirées*, as others of the tribe are able to furnish us with of the eloquence and wisdom of another assembly, in which the man on his legs has it all his own way as long as he can stand; and where the only man who does not speak, is the Speaker,—a circumstance which some people consider extremely favourable to the reputation of the Right Honourable Gentleman who just at present fills the chair.

Speaking of the Speaker, and of a most ridiculous joke which appeared in some ultra-Tory newspaper, in which he is most shamefully and irreverently said to look when wigged for the Chair,—like an owl in an ivy bush,—I cannot help quoting from an author almost forgotten, but whose works I delight to see now sometimes noticed, and of which I remember the "Quarterly Review" some time since hinted that a new edition was likely to appear,—I mean Foote, who, in his play of the "Knights," (a play which, although Foote, who acted the hero, had but one leg, ran many nights) makes Hartop, as Sir Penurious Trifle, describe the dexterity of an innkeeper in the Puritan time of the Protector. It is worth your listening to, because by those who are at all dramatically read, if

you repeat it, you will be held in high estimation as a *retriever*; and if you should get amongst a party of listeners who never have happened to hear of the modern Aristophanes, and they should believe it to be an effusion of your own, you will be set down as a wit and an historian; and please to remember that, in all my lectures, I never professed to make you either—nature alone can do the one—reading *may* do the other.

However, Sir Penurious goes on thus—with a little variation, merely to suit the delicacy of modern readers.

“Stout enough,” says Sir Penurious, “heartly as an oak—hey, Dick, now I talk of an oak, I’ll tell you a story of an oak; it will make you die with laughing. You have heard it often,—hey—shall I tell it *you*—you, Knight? I was at the Bath last summer,—a water people drink when they are ill—hey—you have heard of the bath—eh, Dick? There’s a coffee-house there—hey—where the people take coffee and tea—hey, you—and read the news. So, ecod,—you, Knight, I used to breakfast at this coffee-house every morning—cost me eightpence—hey—though I had a breakfast at home—no matter for *that*—hey, you—there I breakfasted—gad, you, Dick—at the same table with Lord Tom Truewit. You have heard of Truewit?—hey, you—a droll dog! He told us the story, and made us die with laughing. Hey, you—you have heard of Charles the Second—you, Knight? Gad, he was son of Charles the First—he, hey—was King in England, and beheaded by Oliver Cromwell. So what does Charles the Second do—you, Knight, you?—but he fights Noll at Worcester—a town you have heard of, hey?—but it wouldn’t do—Noll made him scamper—hey—take to his heels—you, Knight. Truewit told us the story—it made us die with laughing. I always breakfasted at the coffee-house—hey—it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home. So what does Charles do, but hides himself in an oak—an oak-tree, you—in a wood called Boscobel, from two Italian words, *Bosco Bello*—a fine wood, you—and off he marches; but old Noll would not let him come home—‘No,’ says he, ‘you don’t come here.’ Lord Tom told us the story—made us die of laughing—it cost me eightpence, though I had a breakfast at home. So you, Knight, when Noll died, Monk there—gad, you—afterwards Albemarle, in the north—brought him back. So you—the Cavaliers—you have heard of them?—they were good friends to the Stuarts—what did they do? Gad, you, Dick, they put up Charles as a sign—the Royal Oak—eh—you have seen such signs at country alehouses? So, gad, you, what does a Puritan do?—the Puritans—hey, you, Knight—were friends of Noll—but up he puts the sign of an owl in an ivy-bush, and underneath he writes—‘This is not the Royal Oak!’—hey—you have seen writings under signs, you, Knight? Upon this, the Royalists say—‘Gad, this must not be.’ So what did they do—hey, you—but prosecute the poor Puritan, and make him change his sign; and—hey, you, Dick—how do you think he changed it? Gad, he puts up the Royal Oak, and writes underneath—‘This is not the owl in the ivy-bush.’ It made us all die with laughing—Lord Tom told the story—I always breakfasted at the coffee-house—it cost me eightpence, although I had a breakfast at home—hey—you, Knight—what! Dick, hey!”

This story of the “owl in the ivy-bush” is worth the reading; and

no doubt at the time when it first appeared (now nearly ninety years since), aided by the abilities of the author and actor in giving a correct imitation of some long-forgotten worthy of the day, must have been exceedingly diverting.

A story like this, well told, and set off, if possible, with the mimicry of some contemporary blockhead, would make the fortune of "a diner-out," as the amateur Jack-puddings of the present day are called.

Now, there's a phrase—"dining out:" never lose sight of *that*. If vulgarity and bestiality can go lower than the expression, "dining out," then bestiality and vulgarity are enviable for their ingenuity.

"How do you do, Hopkins?" says one raff to another.

"I am not very well, thank you," says the other raff to Hopkins; "I have got a headache. However, I know what it is—I dined out yesterday."

Simpson says to Jackson—"You will kill yourself,—you will kill yourself, my dear J., if you go on 'dining out' so much."

Tyro! look out for such monsters! If you ever encounter those who talk this sort of language—as if a man either ate or drank more when he "dined out" than when he dines at home—write them down—what you may yourself determine.

I remember hearing a very clever, impudent, and certainly agreeable professional man, describing the particular splendour of a Cabinet dinner at a very important Cabinet Minister's table, not, of course, as having partaken of it, but as a proof of the extraordinary expense to which a man holding Cabinet office must necessarily be put by the costliness of such *symposia*; and while he expatiated upon this, he was perfectly in earnest; as if a dinner which the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Lansdowne gave to his colleagues upon a Cabinet day, would be one bit better or one bit worse, because it happened to be restricted to a select thirteen, than any other dinner which he would give on any other day to any other thirteen less select personages who might chance to dine with him.

There is a story told of a gentleman officially connected with the Athenæum Club, which is somewhat apposite. It was the custom with certain of the present Ministers, during their last reign, to have house-dinners at the Athenæum on the Wednesdays in each week. One Wednesday came, and the names of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Spring Rice, and a few more were down on the house-dinner card, although they had ceased to be ministers. The house-steward, as usual, directed the butler to inquire of the proper authority as to the arrangement of the dinner. The proper authority gave the proper directions.

"They have always *had* a Cabinet pudding," said Mr. Watson, unconscious of the effect of the observation; "is *that* to be the same, Sir?"

"Oh, to be sure," said the competent authority.

Whereupon the other gentleman officially connected with the Club added—"but without the *plums*, I presume."

And I may mention that *this*, good as it is, is by no means the best thing that the said gentleman officially connected with the Athenæum Club has said or written.

The art of telling a story is one which very few people possess. In order to do it effectually, the narrator should appear perfectly uncon-

scious of the point of his narrative, and let it burst upon his hearers without any preparatory elevation of his own. Mimicry is admitted to be about the lowest absurdity in the whole art of buffoonery, if simply exhibited and received as what is called a "take off;" but in telling a story, of which persons actually living or dead are in truth (as Sandy says) the *dram. pers.*, it is a most extraordinary help to the story-tellers to let them talk in their own proper manner and dialect. It was by adopting this system that one of the best (and probably the greatest) imitators that ever lived gave a zest and spirit to his anecdotal conversation very rarely to be met with in society.

Swift says "Story-telling is not an art, but what we call à knack: it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets off some stories to advantage, when the hearer is to be surprised in the end: but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical gesticulations. I will yet go farther, and affirm, that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body and the formation of the features of him who relates it."

Sir Richard Steele advises all the professors of the art of story-telling never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly hinted at and mentioned by way of allusion. Those which are altogether new never should be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and private accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Steele certainly valued the tact of story-telling very highly; for he says, "I have often thought a story-teller is born, as well as a poet."

It may be difficult to give you any set form for telling a story well; but if, upon the Spartan principle, the pupil may be taught the art by the exhibition of the mode in which people tell stories ill, the following may perhaps be of some use.

The narrator may be supposed to be a man of some five-and-forty, with a low forehead, a turned-up nose, fishy grey eyes, and a drawling voice; who, having obtained possession of the party by whom he is surrounded, proceeds something after this fashion:—

"Why—now—let me see. It's about four years ago—no—not four—no, it can't be four, because I recollect Hobbs, who married Miss—what *was* her name?—Mary, dear, don't you recollect?—that tall girl that used to live with those people in—psha!—what street is that which turns out of Oxford-street, just by the place where Lord—pooh! Lord—who was Secretary of State once—lived. Miss—well, I shall think of her name presently, I dare say; but I know it can't be quite four years ago; I was going along Kew Lane—but I ought to have told you before, that we had taken a house at Twickenham that

year—if you know Twickenham, you know that as you go along by the river there are three or four very good houses—it was at one of those—but just before you come to the church you turn down opposite the green-grocer's—the second turning past the Crown—well, it was one of those—I think we gave—what was it, Mary, dear?—seventy pounds a-year—seventy or seventy-five, I won't be certain which, for I'm not a very good hand at remembering;—however, in Kew Lane at that time I met Dr. Coggin—Coggin, I think, the name was—a very respectable clergyman who had the living—of—dear me, what was the name of that place where the steeple of the church was struck by lightning?—that was in the year that poor Billy had the measles—that I recollect—and so—Dr. Coggin—but I ought to have told you before that Dr. Coggin's father formerly kept a school at Hammersmith—and—I think at one time he had ninety boys. He was a tall, powerful man of his age, and his wife—dear Mary, don't you recollect her coming to see us when we were first married?—I do, just as well as if it was but yesterday—and so—let me see—where was I?—Oh!—I remember—in Kew Lane, a place I shall never forget, on account of those ships which were chalked upon the wall—I am sorry to say they are now all nearly washed out—the poor fellow who did them is dead—and, as I was saying only the day before yesterday to Mary—how soon people are forgotten! So—as I was telling you—Dr. Coggin was in his little carriage—it wasn't a phaeton—but I recollect it was made of cane—that is, the body of it was—and he was driving a pair of dunny-roan horses—so—I said to the Doctor—I should perhaps have told you he was always a wag in his way,—always joking as much as he thought consistent with his profession—and so, I said, 'What a fine pair of horses you have got there!'—knowing that he was always rather particular about his cattle. 'Yes,' says he—I wish you could have seen his countenance—he was a remarkably well-looking man—I should say he stood full five feet eleven without his shoes, and a very good countenance he had. 'Why,' he says, 'they say, Mr. Simpkin, good horses can't be of a bad colour, but I differ; if I could change the colour of these, I don't care to what other, I would not take a hundred guineas apiece for them.' So, upon that, I says to him, 'I tell you what, Doctor—when you get over Kew Bridge, turn to the right, and drive them a mile or so.' 'What then?' says the Doctor. 'Why,' says I, 'that's the way to Turn'em Green.'—I thought Coggin would have split his sides—I never saw a man laugh so much in my life—and away he drove."

"Well!" said somebody.

"Well!" said somebody else.

Both these somebodies having, unfortunately for the story-teller, read all the jest-books which have been published during the last fifty years.

"Well," says Simpkin, "that's all!"

Upon this sort of *affair* much has been written by the authorities I have already quoted; and, strange to say, a vast deal more *has* been written upon this apparently trivial subject than many readers may suppose; and Steele imagines a case extremely like that of poor Mr. Simpkin. "It is a miserable thing," says he, "after one hath raised the expectation of the company, to pursue the matter too far—there is no retreating! and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'"

Swift, however, has a description which very closely applies to my specimen of the *Turn'em Green* narrative. The Dean says, "Nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much ; yet I rarely remember to have seen a few people together, where some one has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none is comparable with the sober, deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done ; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory : the whole company is all this time in suspense : at length he says it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before ; or at best some insipid adventure of the relator."

There are certain little historical facts—biographical anecdotes and matters of gossip connected with days long since gone by—which you will find extremely useful ; only take care not to split upon a rock where innumerable young beginners are stumped—that of believing you have exclusively discovered something exceedingly entertaining, which, in point of fact, is not one bit fresher or more novel than my friend Simpkin's joke of *Turn'em Green*, which was originally made by Foote some sixty years ago upon some pale pickles.

Traditional antipathies may serve your turn in a rural party.—Ghosts are never-failing subjects. You must, however, carefully avoid the routine, because there is a regular circuit of ghost stories, however true they may be or however false. The Wynyard ghost, the Lytleton ghost, and even the ghost of Cock-lane, are too familiar now to be touched upon ; but there are many which may yet serve your turn, if you keep your eyes about you and look sharp. The apparition of the head which Lord Grey has seen at Howick is one of the latest upon record.

As for the antipathies, you may introduce a vast many names of note ; and, rely upon it, nothing more enhances the every-day conversation of society, or the gossip of the newspapers, than the introduction of numerous or rather innumerable names of people of all sorts and conditions. Everybody knows that the Medici family have a natural antipathy to roses. Boyle, the philosopher, could not endure the sound of water drawn from a cock. Erasmus trembled at the sight or smell of fish. Scaliger shuddered at water-cresses. Henry III. of France could not endure a cat. Marshal D'Albert was seized with faintness if a sucking pig were put upon table ; and the Duc d'Epemon would faint at the sight of a hare : so Tycho Brahe, only that his antipathy exhibited itself in a total paralysis of his limbs if he saw the animal alive. Lord Chancellor Bacon fell into fits when there was an eclipse of the moon ; and Uldislaus, King of Poland, was actually forced to fly from table if apples were put down before him. La Mollie la Vayer could not endure music ; yet delighted in the sound of thunder. Shakspeare tells us that the sound of bagpipes produced very curious effects upon some people ; and a modern publication mentions a Mr. Rose, of Southampton, who invariably fainted if he saw a plate of ship-beef. There are a thousand other instances will serve you well, as showing a knowledge of history and the world.

• Then there is another resource which will in many cases "astonish the natives." I mean that by which you seize upon the commonest possible phrase which is in general acceptance and universal use, to dilate upon its derivation—if anybody, for instance, wishes anything, or anybody else, as people sometimes do, at "Old Nick!"—instantly start a doubt or difficulty as to why his Satanic Majesty should be called Old Nick?—pay a passing compliment to the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and deny the possibility of anything like a parallel between him and his namesake—then branch off into a discussion upon the demerits of the Father of Evil—the girls will lay down their book to listen, and their mother, sitting on the tender-hooks of doubt whether the disquisition is perfectly correct, will open her eyes and her mouth, ready to stop you the moment you get to what—whenever they think anything rather too good—they are sure to denounce as too bad.

Why the Father of Lies is called Old Nick nobody has yet ascertained—do your best. There is a book, "*De Dea Nebuleunia*," by Keysier, which mentions a deity worshipped by the people of Deumark and Germany by the name of Nocca, or Nicker—derived, as he believes, from the German Nugen; which has the same meaning as the Latin Necare; Rudbekius talks of a great spirit, called Neckur or Nec-kar, who governed the sea; and Wormius asks whether a figure said to have been seen on the river Lun in the year 1615, might not have been the same being; for he was called "*Wasser Nichts*."

Here you may diversify by observing that the name has taken two turns, which time confers—Neckar having been a great minister who played Old Nick with France; and the other Nugen, or Nugee, being a great tailor, who has played Old Nick with half the extravagant puppies of the day.

You may may now glance into a discussion of the question whether his Satanic Majesty has not been named after Machiavel, whose name was Nicholas—imagine it possible that, if Machiavel had never existed, the old gentleman would probably have taken the name of Tully. But Machiavel is innocent of having lent his name, as I have shown, inasmuch as the books I have quoted were written long before his time; although, in a letter sent to Mr. Pym, at Oxford (1643), the writer says, "they have overmatched *Old Nick* Machiavel, the Florentine!" And Grey tells us—not Lord Grey—but Zachary, not the worthy Michael Zachary, but Zachary Grey—that Sancho Panza's compliment to Don Quixote evidently applies to the intriguing minister, when he says "That Old Nick, or the Devil, could not over-reach him!"

And so you may go on with any other familiar *nick*-name or conventional phrase, and do wonders.

I ought, perhaps, here to repeat that it is absolutely essential to your existence, in the sort of society to which I suppose you aspire, to belong to one or two of the best clubs, and to, at least, three or four of what are called learned societies, the peculiar merits and virtues of which, and their members, I have already more than once referred to. The Royal Society is, of course—as its name implies—the "very head and front," and never was more justly so called, than now, having a Prince of the Blood Royal at its head. What is done there, the reports of which are subsequently published

"—for such as like to read them,"

I do not pretend to ask, but it is right to belong to it. Then there is the Society of Arts, which annually dispenses its premiums to wondrous and geniuses of whom one never hears one syllable afterwards, and affords premiums for models of inventions which are never put into practice. I would venture to say that, for the last quarter of a century, not one single wonderful discovery that has been rewarded by that Society has ever been brought—not to perfection—but into use.

A gold Ceres medal for the best method of plating straw hats ; a silver medal for a new mode of drinking hot brandy and water without burning your fingers ; twenty pounds to the man who plants the greatest number of potatoes, without reference to the fact of their ever coming up ; a silver palette to a young lady for a beautiful landscape done by her drawing-master ; and the something prize, with some other fine name, to an old body in Hertfordshire for having hatched more chickens or reared more lambs than her neighbours, are the splendid trophies of this great national establishment.

The Geographical Society is another admirable institution, to which you ought to belong, because, by paying a certain subscription, you will ascertain, in the course of a few years, that London is in Middlesex, and Southwark in Surrey. By belonging to the Zoological Society you will become acquainted with the classical names of the dogs and ducks, and, as I have before told you, be privileged to take your wife, daughters, or sisters to pass the Sabbath in watching the dirty tricks of the flirting monkeys, or the more magnificent indecencies of a bathing elephant.

The Statistical Society will tell you how many miles of ground every omnibus in London travels in a day ; and the amount of duty thereupon which they pay to government ; how many horses die in a year in Great Britain ; how many men are engaged to light the gas-lamps in Mary-le-bone, and how long, to a second and a half, a man walking at the rate of three miles and a quarter per hour will be, travelling on foot from the corner of Berkeley-square to the end of Catherine street, in the Strand, or from South-street, Park-lane, to the bottom of Oxendon-street, in the Haymarket.

As to the Geological Society, you must not miss it : as some writer has said, the importance of knowing the geological history of Ludgate-hill or Cornhill, is far beyond any gratification which its superficial inches can afford you, even though the wealth of the Indies were scattered over it. You will soon learn to envy the excavator, who goes down to scoop out the filth from the common sewer, the opportunity which his descent affords him of ascertaining the characteristics of the soil below.

Then there is the Horticultural Society, to which you must belong, where there is a " Council " sitting to decide on the virtues of cabbages and the growth of cucumbers. Mr. Somebody gets up and makes a speech on radishes, and is replied upon by somebody else in a magnificent eulogium upon Isleworth asparagus. This illustrious Cabildo issues permission to the nobility and gentry, at five shillings a head, to come and look at bunches of grapes, pines, strawberries, and all the rest of it, not one of which has been raised in their own gardens, but have been sent thither by fools even greater than the spectators, who really

feel their vanity gratified because their gardeners are able to raise good fruit and vegetables, which, let it be observed, they do without the slightest aid or assistance from, or communication with, the most wonderful Corporation and Council.

Then every year you must go to Dublin, or Edinburgh, or Bristol, or Hogs Norton, or wherever the "Heads" decide, to attend a meeting of British science, at which you will be expected to make some most important communications; but as everybody is expected to do *that*, and scarcely anybody does anything of the kind, if you will be content with bad dinners, done cheap and nasty, execrable concerts, dull balls, and damped fireworks, your scientific character will be raised most wonderfully—for *that* week,—and you will return to your home or lodgings not much the worse for the excursion.

The Antiquarian Society, whose members still write themselves A.S.S., upon its first establishment fell under the lash of the Satirist, with one of whose effusions I began this my last lecture. Since his time the absurdities which he ridiculed have increased only in the increase of similar institutions. If one does but look over the lists of the members of these scientific bodies the truth comes out. A rich pudding-headed citizen, who would not know a rhinoceros from a giraffe if he met him in Lombard-street, and who never would trouble his head about his ignorance, becomes, under the new régime, a member, or, if sufficiently rich, a Councillor in a society of naturalists. All sorts of people who have no pretension are pushed forward, and, as is always the case, the pretenders naturally scramble forward to take the lead, thrusting out in their obstinate efforts all those who really understand the art or science, for the furtherance of which the Society, whatever it may be, originally instituted, had been degrading and disgracing it by their display of ignorance, and their low ambition to be at the top of such a tree.

I have said that the absurdity of these "national" establishments did not escape the wandering eye of the forgotten English Aristophanes. Upon *his* genius I shall draw for a detail of the supposed proceedings of that body in his day, when Sir Matthew Mite, the hero of the tale, enacted by himself, was to be admitted a member. Sir Matthew, as you remember, if you know him, and if you do not you should make yourself acquainted with him, the better to enjoy his reception, was one of those odious mushrooms who having, half a century before, left his father (if he ever had one) for one of the presidencies of India, returns a half-dried skeleton stuffed with rupees, at once the most detestable and presuming of bores, who is naturally anxious to get into any place where anybody will speak to him, and is, therefore, always ready to make his way into all societies the doors of which are to be opened by a golden key.

The scene which I quote is admirably good; and so you will say, pupil. It is laid in the great room of the Society of Antiquaries, who are discovered sitting, with their President at their head and their Secretary in attendance. Whether they go through the mummary of having a mace upon the table, as the Royal Society have, I do not know; but thus the affair begins:—

"*Secretary.* Sir Matthew Mite, preceded by his presents, will attend this Honourable Society this morning.

1st Antiquary. Is he apprized that an inauguration speech is required, in which he is to express his love of *vertù*, and produce proofs of his antique erudition ?

Sec. He has been apprized, and is perfectly prepared.

2nd Ant. Are the minutes of our last meeting entered ?

Sec. They are.

1st Ant. And the valuable antiques which have so happily escaped the depredations of time, ranged and registered rightly ?

Sec. All in order.

2nd Ant. As there are new augmentations to the Society's stock, I think it right that the members should be instructed in their several names and natures.

1st Ant. By all means—read the list.

Sec. 'Imprimis—In a glass-case, and in fine preservation, the toe of the slipper of Cardinal Pandulpho, with which he kicked King John at Swinestead Abbey when he gave him absolution.'

2nd Ant. A most noble remains !

1st Ant. An excellent antidote against the progress of Popery, as it proves the Pontiff's insolent abuse of his power—proceed.

Sec. 'A pair of nut-crackers presented by Henry the Eighth to Anna Boleyn on the eve of their nuptials. Wood supposed to be walnut.'

1st Ant. Which satisfactorily proves that walnut-trees were planted in England before the Reformation.

Sec. 'The cape of Queen Elizabeth's riding-hood, which she wore on a solemn festival when she rode behind Burleigh on a pillion to St. Paul's. The cloth undoubted Kidderminster.'

2nd Ant. A most instructive lesson, as it proves that that patriotic Princess wore nothing but the manufactures of England.

Sec. 'A cork-screw presented by Sir John Falstaff to King Henry the Fifth, with a tobacco-stopper of Sir Walter Raleigh's, made of the stern of the ship in which he first compassed the globe. Given to the Society by a clergyman of the North Riding of Yorkshire.'

1st Ant. A rare instance of generosity, as they must both have been of particular use to the reverend donor himself.

Sec. 'A curious collection, in regular and undoubted succession, of all the tickets of Islington Turnpike, from its first institution up to the 20th of May.'

2nd Ant. Preserve them with care, as they may hereafter serve to illustrate that part of the English history.

Sec. 'A wooden medal of Shakspeare, made from the mulberry-tree planted by himself, with a Queen Anne's farthing; from the manager of Drury Lane Playhouse.'

1st Ant. Has he received the Society's thanks ?

Sec. They are sent.

Enter Beadle. Sir Matthew Mite attends at the door.

1st Ant. Let him be admitted immediately.

Enter SIR MATTHEW MITE preceded by four BLACKS. FIRST BLACK *bearing a large book*—SECOND BLACK, *a large green jug with a handle*—THIRD, *some lava from Vesuvius*—FOURTH, *a box.* SIR MATTHEW takes his seat. SECRETARY receives the first present, and reads the label.

Sec. 'Purchased of the Abbé Monteni, at Naples, for five hundred pounds, an entirely illegible manuscript, said to be in Latin; containing the twelve books of Livy, supposed to be lost.'

Sir Matthew. This invaluable treasure was very near falling into the hands of the Pope, who designed it for the library of the Vatican, but—I—I rescued it from idolatrous hands.

1st Ant. A pious, learned, and laudable purchase.

'Sec. (takes the second present). 'A sarcophagus, dug from the Temple of Concord.'

Sir M. Supposed to have held the dust of Marc Antony's coachman.

Sec. (takes the third present). 'A large piece of lava thrown from the Vesuvian volcano at the last great eruption.'

Sir M. By a chemical analysis it will be extremely easy to ascertain the constituent parts of this mass; which, by properly preparing it, will make it no difficult task to propagate burning mountains in England, provided they are properly encouraged by premiums.

2nd Ant. Which they will be, no doubt.

Sir M. Gentlemen,—Not contented with collecting, for the use and advantage of my native country, these inestimable relics, with a large catalogue of petrifications, bones, beetles, and butterflies, contained in that box (*pointing to the present borne by the fourth Black*), I have likewise laboured for the advancement of national knowledge; for which end, permit me to clear up some doubts relative to a material and interesting point in the English history. Let others soar to illumine the dark annals of Greece or of Rome; my researches are sacred only to the service of Britain!

Gentlemen,—The point I mean to clear up, is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no less eminent cat; and in this disquisition four material points are in question:—First. Did Whittington ever exist?—Second. Was Whittington Lord Mayor of London?—Third. Was he really possessed of a cat?—Fourth. Was that cat the source of his wealth?

Gentlemen,—That Whittington lived, no doubt can be entertained;—that he was Lord Mayor of London is equally true; but, as to his cat—that, Gentlemen, is the Gordian knot to untie. And here, Gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a cat is. A cat is a domestic, four-footed, whiskered animal, whose employment is catching of mice. But let Puss have been ever so subtle—let Puss have been ever so successful—to what could Puss's captures amount? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse; no family can make a meal of the meat; consequently, Gentlemen, no cat could have given Whittington his wealth. Whence, then, does this error proceed? Be it my caré to point that out.

The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts. For this purpose he constructed a vessel, which, from its agility and lightness, he aptly christened 'The Cat.' Nay, to this day, Gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported into London in nothing but *cat's*. Hence, Gentlemen, it appears that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat; and *that*, Gentlemen, was, in my humble judgment, Whittington's cat.

1st Ant. What a fund of learning!

2nd Ant. Amazing acuteness of erudition!

1st Ant. Let this discovery be made public immediately.

2nd Ant. And the author mentioned with honour.

1st Ant. And I make no doubt but the City of London will desire him to sit for his picture, and send him his freedom in a fifty-pound box.

2nd Ant. The honour done the first magistrate richly deserves it.

1st Ant. Break we up this assembly with a loud declaration that Sir Matthew Mite is equally skilled in arts and arms.

2nd Ant. *Tam Mercurio quam Marti."*

And thus, according to Foote, breaks up this learned assembly, which, although society has had the advantage of upwards of sixty years' experience since the picture was drawn, does not really appear much more ridiculous than the equally learned, but more numerous, bodies of the present day.

There is one species of wit—if it may be so called—which has risen considerably in the word-market of late years, in the shape of conundrums. I forget, in the hurry of business, whether I have previously alluded to it. You will find it extremely easy, generally popular, because adapted to the meanest capacity, and universally successful, because the worst attempts are invariably the best. The first stride to popularity which this style of humour made was through the medium of Mr. Peake, the dramatist, to whose fertile genius and ready pen the play-going public have been greatly indebted for much amusement; and why they are not still more so, we do not understand. Mr. Peake wrote a farce in which was a character called Billy Black, which was enacted by—we speak with a delicate reservation towards old and valued favourites—the best comic actor extant, Mr. Keeley; and, as all my pupils will recollect, the conundrumizing of the said Billy, with his following “D’ye give it up?” set everybody making conundrums.

If you try your hand in that line, you must endeavour to find new ones; for instance, try these:—

Why is a man riding hard up-hill like another man presenting a young lady with a little dog?—Because he takes a gallop up—*Cocknické*, “a gal a-pup.”

Why are three couple of boys going from school to church like Mr. Harper, the celebrated trumpeter?—Because they go “two, two, two.”

Or, to take the very acmé of Cockneyism, as proposed by a Radical Alderman, who means, if possible, to be one of the City Members in Parliament,—Why is a cow the fittest quadruped to sit at the head of a table?—Because she “calves,” (*carves*.)

These are some of the freshest of the school; treasure them, therefore, and see what is to be done with them. If they do not quite answer your purpose, try back upon Swift: the Dean will give you a thousand lifts; for, like Foote, his Reverence is so much overlooked in these days of just decency and delicacy, that you have only to dabble a little in his mud, which modern modesty will not meddle with, to find pearls and diamonds of much worth, in which you may shine with unsuspected lustre before women (at all events), who—thanks to the refinement of the present age—would not dare to admit that they had detected you in a plagiarism, lest they should incur the disgrace which a conviction that they had been dipping into the dirt of the last century would inevitably entail upon them.

In concluding—at least for the present, or, I might better say, for the present year—these hints of mine for the making conversation easy, I shall just give you the thoughts of some of those writers who, more seriously and eloquently than I have been able to do, have laid down axioms and rules for the guidance of the graduates and under-graduates in the school.

Lord Chesterfield says, “Take rather than give the tone of the company you are in. If you have abilities, you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people’s choosing than your own.”

Then comes *Steele*, who tells you that it is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man’s conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear *you*, or that you should hear *him*.

•Stillingfleet, in his *Essay*, gives the following advice upon the subject :—

“ Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue ;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever *be* more knowing than you seem :
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.”

I am, however, warned by the waning space of my paper to conclude this last address for the year. I may hereafter not only continue my lectures, but collect and arrange them into more regularity, in order to give them that revision which they most evidently require. If I have been of any use to my pupils, I shall be most happy ; and the hope that I may yet be of some service to young beginners will encourage me, in probability, to resume the subject in a second course.

THOMAS HENRY LISTER, ESQ.*

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

NOVELS being designed to represent human life, in their range they are necessarily coextensive with it. Whatever exists in nature, or in society, that smacks of humanity, is a legitimate subject for a novel ; and though most individuals must have their sympathies in closer union with one species of tale than with another, they cannot justly place their own predilections in bar of any. All styles, it has been well said, are admissible, except the prosy ; and prosing is a catholic vice, and proper to no particular sect. To set up, then, a narrow standard of taste, and to admit of no literary salvation beyond the close pale of a sectarian creed, is but a vulgar error. We have our own opinions on the relative scope and merits of the different styles of fictitious narrative, and we are free to admit that what is called the fashionable novel, as it has usually been treated, is open to strong objections ; but we must uphold that the “ Fashion Pest ” diatribe, in the late “ Westminster Review,” against the species, was an argument from abuse to use ; and that there was infinitely more of passion than of judgment in the entire article. In the old days of novel-writing, indeed, when the production took as long to blossom as an aloe, and one generation rarely witnessed more than a single good specimen, no view of life that was less than encyclopædic would satisfy the ambition of an author : but in these days of successive crops, small portions of humanity afford sufficient scope, whether for amusement or for instruction ; and provided that portion be faithfully drawn and carefully developed, no one complains that the picture is not a whole-length. But if this be admitted, (and it is so with respect to the sea novel, the religious novel, and some others,) to exclude fashionable life as affording no fit theme for fictitious illustration, is a prejudice not more easy to explain than to justify.

* Author of “ Granby,” “ Herbert Lacy,” &c.

Fashionable life, it is true, excludes to a great degree the display of deep pathos, or of broad humour; for where all affect not to "shew up" their feelings in society, the probability is that few have any to exhibit. In selecting a subject from aristocratic life, the humorous, to be faithful to its original, must be very lightly sketched; and the distress should be made to arise more out of conventional *disconvenances* than from outraged affections; because the more true such feelings are to universal humanity, the less they are so to the particular class in question,—at least as that class chooses to exhibit itself. It is accordingly a prevailing defect in the fashionable novel that a romantic interest is sought at the sacrifice of probability in the character; or, the aristocrat is made to wince by placing him in circumstances of melo-dramatic violence, which are alike foreign to genuine pathos, and to the state of society which is the subject of delineation.

Human life, however, is not made up of such extremes; and, if fashionable society (*quasi* fashionable) does not lend itself to striking situations and appalling events, it affords an infinite variety of materials for philosophic remark and dramatic illustration, at once curious, interesting, and necessary to be understood. The workings of passion and sentiment, as they are modified by rank and wealth, are not less striking or influential on society at large, than when they occur in the bosoms of those in humbler stations.

The leading defect of high life as a theme for fictitious narrative is its circumscription. Its forms are not various,—they are, indeed, (even by definition) one; and the combinations and situations of which it admits are less pregnant with diversified results than those of the other grades in society. In a few, a very few hands only will the *canvases* suffice for making out a lively and interesting work; while a palling sameness pervades the writings of the secondhand imitators, enough to weary the most omnivorous perusers. We would therefore lay down for this species of composition the far-famed canon applied to apple-pies, that they should not be "all quince." The ball-room, the club-house, and the country villa, are not often found sufficient to cke out the requisite number of pages; nor does the moral complex of a mere woman of fashion afford stuff enough for an interesting heroine. If the female protagonist is nothing more than this, she is insipid; if she transcends her class, she is displaced and unnatural. The exclusiveness of aristocratic *ton* is not so absolute as to render the dovetailing of persons of all ranks into the same tale a practical absurdity; and we are inclined to think that the interest, the nature, and the keeping of a novel would be enhanced by selecting the working part of the *dramatis personæ* from more universal life, and by confining the exhibition of what is purely fashionable to the persons of the walking ladies and gentlemen.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon these generalities of our subject, (without, however, touching on a tenth part of what might or should be said to do the theme justice,) not merely because we thought it required such illustration, but because we are satisfied that we have also developed the sources of the leading merits and faults of the writer before us. The author of "*Granby*" stands in the first line of those who have brought to the delineation of high life a personal knowledge adequate to the due execution of his task. His fashionable novels, therefore, are really fashionable. His best scenes are of daily occur-

repce, and may be encountered in action, in every street or square at the west end of the town. His *finesse* in observation, and his skill in display, preserve him from overstepping the modesty of nature; and whatever the personal peculiarities of his characters, his gentlemen are gentlemen, and his fools and his knaves, whatever else their defects, are the fools and knaves of good company.

The department in which he is least natural is that on which he is forced by the necessities of the novel writer. Not that there is wanting in high life villany quite sufficient to grace the direst gentleman in black and scarlet that ever trod the stage, or stalked through pages of a Minerva-press romance. But in real life such persons seldom place their necks within the hangman's noose; and, seldomer still, suffer themselves to be found out. It is therefore impossible to colour the fashionable scoundrel up to the florid tone of romantic story, without violating probability. The separate ingredients indeed of such a villain as a Tyrrel, or a Sackville, are found every day on the pavement of St. James's-street; but they are rarely all united in one person. We think, therefore, that the author of "Granby," &c., makes too large and frequent sacrifices of *vraisemblance* in his efforts to give a romantic interest to his tales; and that a story of more every-day occurrence would better assimilate with the class in life which he has chosen for illustration. But we object, too, to the vicious personages in question on another account. The author is either too good a man, or of a taste too fastidiously refined, to admit of his painting his villains quite consistently. There is a hardness in the vice of high life to which the author fears to reach. It is all worldly, all cold, all selfish; corruption has overspread the entire surface, and penetrated to the innermost recesses of its victim. Before a gentleman by birth and breeding can stoop to be a Tyrrel, he must be all but unhumanized; and when detected, to "die game" is his only ambition. In the less abandoned characters, this hardness in the aristocracy shows itself in the inapprehensive *naïveté* (we were going to say) with which they run their career; as if the objects of their pursuit were really of the most praiseworthy description. Like our primitive parents, they are naked, but not ashamed; and the circumstance demonstrates the absolute blank in their moral being. This the author of "Violet" has happily represented; but the writer of the novels before us evidently feels that the state is too shocking for representation. *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*, he seems to say; and, in order to accommodate his villains to his own endurance, he throws in some touch of nature which is out of keeping.

Where he is not thus pressed upon by the necessities of his task, his characters are very fair copies of the great originals he draws; and, without being personal, identify themselves in the reader's imagination with individuals with whom he is well acquainted. Trebeck, for instance, is drawn with the utmost fidelity; and the highest exclusive society is never free from the intrusion of some such pretender to its privileges, whose claims lie only in his own impudence, and the easy gullability of the class with which, and on which, he plays. One cannot go to a London assembly without stumbling upon a Trebeck in some one or other of its modifications and degrees; and it is difficult to determine whether we should rather give way to indignation at the favour he enjoys, or laugh at the weakness of the dupes who yield it to him.

Of the three productions of the author before us, "Granby," "Herbert Lacy," and "Arlington," there is little individually to be said. They are alike tales of fashionable life, and *therefore* bear a close general resemblance to each other. "Granby," we think, upon the whole, to be the most vigorously conceived and executed; perhaps, because it was the first, and therefore came upon us in all the charm of unbroken novelty; but then we prefer "Arlington" to "Herbert Lacy;" and there, the novelty lies in favour of Herbert. One merit in these volumes, not to be passed without remark, is the truth and the subtlety of their passing observations on life and society. Such is the following description of high society in "Arlington:"—

"In a social point of view, the party and its arrangements seemed perfect, for all appeared to do merely just what they liked, while each was contributing to the entertainment of the rest; and the most luxurious independence was never allowed to betray its selfishness, and subside into a want of consideration for others. There seemed to be a common stock of social pleasure to which all, without effort, easily, gracefully, and liberally contributed; and yet it was unprofitable, and worse. *There was no lack of external decorum*; nothing was said or done, which, if reported singly, would shock the nicest moral sense, or convey the impression of depravity; and *yet there was a laxity of tone*, which must soon have become apparent to any one who resided in the house."

Now this is just the prevailing *tone* which has spread, and is spreading, from the highest over the middling classes of Great Britain, and which betokens the infection of a deep corruption. There is no lack of external decorum; but the universal sensitiveness to conventional delicacy which enforces it, is the best evidence of the *laxity* it indicates. Men fear to speak, precisely because they fear not to enact; and it is *mauvais ton* to betray, by a look or a word, a possible acquaintance with realities which can neither be denied nor defended. Equally good are the author's remarks on "polite conversation" in the same novel; and many others might be cited, in which a refined satire, and a keen sense of the realities latent beneath the surface of seemings, are favourably demonstrated; but want of space admonishes us to close this article, and we must have done.

To weigh this clever writer in the scales with other candidates for fame as novelists, were as invidious as it would be an idle attempt. His greatest excellence, perhaps, is his perfect adaptation to the task he has undertaken. If others have shown a deeper insight into general humanity, or greater power of wielding, at pleasure, the sensibility of their readers, there are few who have given a fairer or more faithful portraiture of the special object they have professed to imitate.

THE YEOMANRY OF ENGLAND.

THE earliest division of civilized society was into those who *defended*, and those who *cultivated* the soil; and though it was the custom to look upon the former as the superiors of the latter during those darker ages when might was paramount to right, and physical force the grand distinction between men, yet with the progress of civilization, as the face of the country began to smile upon its inhabitants, and to attach them to their homes by the enticements and comforts that flowed from the labours of their hands, the worth of him who toiled for the subsistence of the community, and increased both the products and the beauties of nature, began to be felt and admitted to rest on as sound a basis as that of him who guarded, and on a much sounder than that of him who exhausted the one and defaced the other. The temperate and far-seeing wisdom of Alfred would have established this equalization much earlier in Britain than it obtained in Continental Europe, and our insular position would have encouraged its growth, but it was checked by foreign invasion.

The Normans, however it might be their desire to degrade husbandry in the eyes of their warlike community, had neither the power, nor perhaps the inclination, to destroy the relics of Saxon liberty which existed in the form of *socage**, a free and privileged tenure "retained by such persons as had neither forfeited it to the king, nor been obliged to exchange their tenure for the more honourable, as it was called, but at the same time more burthensome tenure of knight service." They indeed merely adopted the law into their own code, and as it includes under it "all other methods of holding free lands by certain and invariable rents and duties," it in fact constituted the source of our present *freeholds*, and traces back the origin of our *freeholders* to a race of men who quietly maintained possession of their rights and privileges against the storm of foreign despotism which overthrew or restricted most of those of the higher classes†. As feudal tyranny and military

* The derivation of the word *socage* is considered by Blackstone to be from the Saxon word *soc*, liberty or privilege. It originated in plough service, in contradistinction to military service to the lord of the manor or to the king, but was changed in process of time into an annual rent. In Kent, the species of *socage* tenure called *gavelkind* is well known to have been preserved inviolate from the innovations of the Norman conqueror. Britton describes the *socage* tenure under the Norman name of *Fraunke serme*.

† The *villeins* (the Norman term for the Saxon *serfs*) were bettered in their condition by their conquerors, though haughty treatment for a while embittered their fate. As the head of our Article includes by custom, though not by law, portions of the class descended from these men, we insert the following extract from Blackstone's "Commentaries:"—

"Under the Saxon government there were a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what is called *folk-land*, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition.

enterprise began to decline, and the arts of peace to rise in the scale, the socage tenures, which were inconsiderable at the time immediately preceding the Conquest, were by successive charters of enfranchisement granted to the tenants, increased in number and value so far as to make a justly-prized part of English tenure; while their possessors gradually swelled into an important and influential body of men. When the generic term of *yeomanry* was applied to them is not ascertained, but probably early, as its etymology is Saxon, apparently either from a word signifying *society* or *fellowship*, or, according to some interpretations, from one signifying *young man*. The term, as defined by the quaint Sir Thomas Smith, means, in its strict application, "One that hath free land of forty shillings by the year; who is thereby qualified to serve in juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act where the law requires one that is *probus et legalis homo*." As however the value of property increased, as well as the estimation in which the agriculturist was held, the class came to include men of much larger incomes, and in the end of substantial property; for long before the inhabitants of boroughs and cities had established their rights and privileges, or amassed capital generally, agriculturists had effected, upon its true bases, labour and skill, an investment in land that was even safer from the inroads of war and despotism, than that which was the offspring of commerce and manufacture.

The yeomanry of England, therefore, may be said to have consisted virtually, for many years past, of that entire class which occupies the space between the lord of the manor and the peasantry, though this wide range necessarily includes many different grades, from those who farm their own estates by inheritance or purchase, and are now commonly known by the name of *gentlemen farmers*, or squires, to the smaller tenantry—they "who have free land of forty shillings a-year."

Their ancient and honourable descent is proved, and the next question to consider is, what rank (real, not nominal) they hold in society.

England, from her insular position in the first instance, and her continental relations in the second, combines within herself three distinct

• • • • • "Sir Thomas Smith testifies that, in all his time (and he was Secretary to Edward VI.), he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining, were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us 'that the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confessions, and specially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was for one Christian man to hold another in bondage; so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the said holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not like sort by theirs; for they also had a scruple in conscience to empoverish and despoil the church so much as to manumit such as were bond to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten, and so kept their villeins still' By these several means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders, their persons being enfranchised by manumission or long acquiescence; but their estates in strictness remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before, though in general the villein services are usually commuted by a small pecuniary quit-rent.

"In some manors the copyholders were bound to perform the most servile offices, as to hedge and ditch the lord's grounds, to lop his trees, to reap his corn, and the like; the lord usually finding them meat and drink, and sometimes (as is still the use in the Highlands of Scotland) a minstrel or piper for their diversion."

characters—she is agricultural, mechanical, and commercial. In the last she is equalled, if not excelled, by other nations; in the second she has competitors, and will in all probability be hereafter equalled; but in the first she is at present without a rival, and may probably continue so from her long-established experience, the vastness of her resources, and her free constitution. But to what is she originally indebted for this superiority? Not to the care of her upper classes, for their estates are under the management of others; not to the labour of the peasantry, for that without direction would do nothing. No: she is indebted for her rich eminence to the hard-earned experience and active intelligence—to the skill and industry of her yeomanry, the earliest supporters of her national respectability, and the stoutest defenders of her national credit—the staple of her prosperity, as her sailors are the bulwarks of her freedom.

It is however more as moral than as political agents, that England should expect most benefit from her yeomanry, though be it remembered that as such they, in common with every other class, would eventually do much more for her stability than as the individual partisans of a faction, or the mere abettors of local alteration. For while political change may be the work of a day, it takes years to effect a moral revolution; and if we look into the philosophy of the matter, it must be the character of a people that directs the stream of its politics. The yeomanry stand midway between the high and the low; they must possess in a great degree the confidence of the aristocracy, and they *ought*, in every sense of the word, to enjoy the confidence of the peasantry. The “increase of the land” is, as it were, under their wardship, and its distribution is in their power; it becomes their duty to dispense also among the classes below them the blessings of protection, consolation, and encouragement. In this light let us view them.

Without going so far back in time as the customs of the Saxon ancestors of the yeoman, so beautifully illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in the paternal and almost princely rule of Cedric, or descending to the class his Dandie Dinmont portrays, we will turn our eyes back only from forty to sixty years, before the high prices and other deceptive illusions introduced by the war had disturbed the fair contentment of the farmer's life, or the vast strides of science and art had carried their excitements into his quiet homestead. At that period the English farmer was completely identified with his country, and was considered as characteristic of its soil as the British oak itself, while his home was sought out by strangers* as the best illustration of genuine English

* D—— Farm, situated in one of the best cultivated districts in England, was in the occupation, about fifty years ago, of a yeoman of the old school, in the strictest sense of the word. He lived out of the produce of his farm, dined at half-past twelve with his labourers in his large stone kitchen, off yeast dumplings and his own pork, beef, mutton, or fowls, as the case might be; boarded and lodged forty harvest men in his roomy garrets, and headed the table at their “harvest home;” transacted his business at the market-town every week, and knew little more of the great world. He was unmarried, and therefore his household could not boast the order that the mistress's hand conveys, but he had substantial comforts enough to boast of. His dwelling surrounded three sides of a court, one wing containing the kitchen, its opposite the cow-sheds, pigsties, &c.; while the farm-(or as it is called in the neighbourhood, *pah-*) yard occupied the centre. Into this characteristic medley of industry and disorder, confusion and good cheer, one of the Royal family expressed a desire to be introduced, while visiting in the vicinity, in order

manners and English *comfort*, an indigenous and untranslatable word. He himself was strong of body, from healthy and natural habits—his cheek was ruddy with the freshness of early morning—his nerves strung by exercise and endurance—his frame knit by unrestrained activity and strength. He was independent, for all his resources were within his own reach—he was generous, for Nature was generous to him—he was honest, for no desires that he could not rightly satisfy tempted him to be otherwise—he was intelligent, for his faculties and observation were continually in exertion on subjects to which they were best fitted. If he had prejudices, they harmed no one, but rather confined him to his own circle. Of that circle, however small or however large, he was the centre; his was the eye that overlooked it—his the hand that directed it—his the smile that brightened it. He was like the sheaf of corn glowing in the field, which, though it seem nought among its fellows, quietly but unfailingly yields its golden shower to gladden both the heart and face of the country.

Of his household and his habits, alas! but few traces are remaining. The farmers' wives of that period aspired to, and were justly proud of, a name now nearly obsolete, or at least become offensive to ears polite—a good housewife. They wore linen of their own spinning, disdained not to direct and join in the labours of their servants, nor to dispose of the honest produce of their own and their husband's industry at market,—catered for the family from the well-tended dairy, garden, and poultry-yard—rode behind their husbands, or in the humble pudding cart*—were cleanly, frugal, and provident, and were rewarded by contented hearts, and a family well provided for.

to see a specimen of the true English farmer, even then beginning to disappear. The hearty old man determined to show his illustrious visitor what he came to see, in all its native homeliness, and received him at the head of his hospitable oak table, groaning beneath the produce of his own pastures and poultry-yard, and surrounded, as usual, by his farm-servants, who stunned his Royal Highness with their cheers, as his host pledged him in a bumper of home brewed. The loyal farmer would only address his Royal guest as Mr. Prince, interlarding all his replies with this expulsive of his respect; and when the Duke took his leave, nothing could prevent his entertainer from holding his stirrup bare-headed.

Our friend was a humourist. Shortly after the Royal visit the assessors enforced against every one who could be imagined to enjoy the services of a male domestic, the tax imposed on livery servants. This impost was levied on our good old farmer. He immediately selected the roughest of his cow-boys, a lad of large dimensions, and as uncouth in his appearance and manners as one of the calves or colts in whose tendance he was employed. He ordered for him a blue coat, silver-laced down the seams, and when thus accoutred he took the boy to the county-town, desiring him to follow wherever he went at the distance of not more than a yard. Away he posted to the corn-market held in the shire hall, and with imperturbable gravity paraded his new footman amidst the gaze and the bursts of laughter of his brother farmers, till he had shown his state in every direction. This was his mode of satirizing the Government, and it had a strong effect upon the minds of his class, for few men were more justly respected.

* Country people who are accustomed to depend for their little stock of knowledge on individual observation, often trace great effects to slight causes in a most amusing manner, but not without some show of reason. "Ah!" said a shrewd labourer, during the riots of 1830, "there never was any luck in the country sin' them *gigs* came up." Now the rise from a pudding or chaine-cart to a gig, was one that followed hard upon the transient prosperity of the farmer, and, as one of the first steps of his extravagance, must certainly be looked upon as an assisting, though not the main cause of agricultural distress; but it was *the* one the labourer remarked.

Then to the conduct of the farmer, when the labour of every season was accompanied with its appropriate revelry, and people were then fed, as children are now taught, by amusement. The wheat-sowing (or wheatsel) was a frolic—the sheep-shearing was a frolic—and the harvest, the crowning of the husbandman's year, was a time of universal rejoicing. Young as I was when all this joy was in the land, I can well recollect that as harvest approached every face in the village appeared to grow brighter. Then it was that the kind-hearted dairy-maid rose when the dawn was yet gray to warm the flet-milk, and give the harvest-men their nourishing breakfast, before hard work began—then the master headed his well-provided board, surrounded by the honest faces of servants (nay, more than servants, of friends) of from fifteen to thirty years' standing—then were his men lodged by thirties and forties, under the same hospitable roof, instead of toiling home miles after a day's hard labour—and then, too, even the luxury of the poor was thought of in this their only season of well-earned indulgence; and often, as I used to sit perched on a wheat-sheaf, or couched on a barley-swathe by the side of some good-natured old farm-servant in the circle formed for the "fours" (cake and ale sent into the field at four o'clock) under the "chequered shade" of the hedge-row, I have thought, urchin as I was, while I heard good wishes echoing on all sides for "our master," that no one was so happy as the farmer, and that the labourer was truly worthy of his hire. At that time the harvest-man sometimes "*made*" as much as seven pounds; now the average rate of payment is five, and he has to find his board.

Such is only a glance at the protection and privileges enjoyed, in conjunction with more substantial benefits, by the old farm-labourers, and which gave to service more of the nature of a generous and well-kept bond between man and man, than of an imposition by a superior upon a subordinate. This, together with almost every other trace of the "good old times," is now nearly obliterated. We may institute societies for the encouragement of long service, and they may be, and doubtless are, beneficial, but pecuniary reward will never take the place of that genuine coinage of the heart which was the payment for reciprocal service between master and man, and which, instead of paying off their mutual obligations, only bound them closer together.

One of the circumstances which contributed not only to the stability but the respectability, compactness, and power of the class, was its *esprit de corps*, or, if an English phrase be preferred, the pride which any class demonstrates in whatever peculiarly belongs to itself, its station and character. This was eminently the case with the yeomanry. Their houses were well fenced against cold and wet, cheerfully placed, tolerably spacious, and thoroughly comfortable, though a little more or less perhaps according to the size of the farm. No sash windows, but the sun beamed every morning brightly upon the girthlights, which were numerous in proportion as they were small. The furniture matched the building. No affectation of refinement was to be discovered in kitchen or hall, parlour or bed-chamber; strength, excellence of materials, and substantial workmanship, were the distinctions. There was enough, and not too much; no sofas, no pianofortes, and rarely a carpet. They aspired to solid comforts, but despised luxuries, which were, to their notions, effeminate. The floor of bricks and of boards was the distinc-

tion. The beds were either of white dimity* or moreen of some dark or warm colour. But the exquisite neatness and order which were everywhere visible, was the peculiar characteristic. Often and often have I seen the maids in their leather stays and shift sleeves, a cotton handkerchief pinned over their necks, toiling, with a short bunch of the stalks of heather called a scrub, to obliterate every spot and speck from churns and milk-keelers, as white as the ash of which they were made could be polished up to; or taking equal pains with the oak tables and wainscot or walnut-tree chairs and furniture. In the back-house they sung at their work, and when it was done they sat down in their afternoon gowns of stuff or linen, and their mob caps†, in the ample chimney, cheerful with blazing wood, or where, as was not uncommon, the master and mistress shared the kitchen with them, at a somewhat remote part of the room. Their discourse was of the farm, which was regarded as the source of the means of life to all; and *our* nine acres, or *our* long spong, was the "possessive" language in which they discussed the best mode of its cultivation. John gave his advice as freely as it was asked, and with the homely sincerity of a subordinate but certain interest; he considered his labour as his property in the land. The women went equally deep into all the affairs of the cow-yard and the dairy, enlivened by the occasional greater incidents of the "great wash" or the brewing. But all was *home* and *home* feeling.

How much has dress altered, too, since that time! The yeomanry, indeed, approached more nearly to a national costume than any other class in England. It was plain and substantial, sober in colour, yet not sad—completed by a hat of wide dimensions in the brim, and lower in the crown than that of other people, and based in a pair of top-boots. The women, perhaps, were a little emerging (even then) from ancient custom. The matrons wore linen and stuff as their ordinary habit, silk and chintz when *dressed*. Some of the young were nearer the fashion of the times, but never have we seen native loveliness more becomingly arrayed than in the plain russet of the genuine farmer's daughter.

* The associations of agricultural life are not without their poetry; indeed, this element of our intellectual being makes its presence felt under circumstances where it might be least looked for, seeming like a sanctuary where the mind often takes a momentary refuge in hours of fatigue and difficulty, and where it is perhaps refreshed for future effort. A young officer, acting as aide-de-camp to General —, in Holland, after the landing at the Helder, was making his way across the country with despatches of the last importance to the admiral stationed off the coast. On the second night he arrived, jaded and harassed, at a solitary farm-house; he was hospitably received, his wearied horse tended, and himself ushered into the family circle, quietly seated at their evening meal. Neither party could speak the other's language, and in the little acts of courtesy called for at the tea table, a young girl of the party, as her only means of communion with their tired guest, employed the popular cry of the time, "*Orange Boyen!*" whenever she handed him his tea-cup or any other portion of his welcome repast. But the perfect order of the small sitting-room, the distant view through a glazed door of a white-curtained bed-chamber, arranged with exquisite and refreshing neatness, and the unsophisticated hospitality of the farmer and his family, caused the young aspirant for military glory to sigh and almost, for a moment, to determine to relinquish all his prospects of future fame for such secure and unostentatious peace. Years have not effaced that moment from the officer's memory. Such scenes did (and do, we hope) exist in hundreds of our English farm-houses, though war, thank Heaven! sends none of its weary heralds to them to be refreshed.

† There was no distinction more perfect than the coiffure of the women. A cap with ears, which pinned under the chin, was at once modest and becoming. The mistress edged hers with lace—the maid, with a muslin border.

THE FAIR was the great enjoyment of the year; and it is within our remembrance when these annual concentrations attracted not only the farmers and their dependants, but even the neighbouring peers and squires. We have seen the carriages of earl, baron, and baronet, promenading round a small temporary camp of canvass booths for hours, in one of the most squalid of villages; nay, we have seen pork roasted under a hedge, conveyed, in the sight of thousands who delighted to witness such participation in their pleasures, to the occupants of these lordly vehicles, and enjoyed with a homely and hearty relish, which we fear has long since passed away from the ultra-refined understandings of these now ultra "civilized persons."

A fair was held on the Tuesday before Midsummer-day, in the neighbourhood of a hall (the farm-house was so called, and the farm consisted of no less than the whole parish, without a house in sight for a mile on any side) where some of our happiest hours of childhood were spent. The farmer was a man of taciturn habits, but very kindly dispositions, and he had large connexions in a distant part of the country. On the Monday previous to the fair he kept open house, and thither resorted the entire concourse of his acquaintance. The ground floor of the house consisted of three large rooms—the kitchen, hall, and parlour; the last being the state apartment, and rarely admitting daylight, save on this important occasion. The guests were numerous enough to fill at dinner both this room and the hall, at which, though the punch and port were the only foreign ingredients in the good cheer, the "old beer" and grape wine were amongst the beverage most inquired after, and most relished. There sat Mr. W—— at the head of the hall, and Mrs. N——, his staid housekeeper, at the bottom of the parlour table, while the song went round, till the men congregated in the former, to enjoy their pipes, and the ladies in the latter to sip their tea (coffee was not known among them) till the hour for beginning the dance, about seven—for they dined (the savages!) at two; and at seven a couple of fiddlers struck up, and young and old stood up for the now-despised country-dance, which was *kept up* till supper, (as ample in its provisions as the dinner,) and after supper till the peep of dawn suggested "Sir Roger de Coverley," or the cushion dance, as an excuse for a kiss all round. On the following morning the whole party repaired to the fair, and it would not be easy to bring home to the differently-constituted minds of the present generation, in what its pleasures consisted, for assuredly there was nothing that would now attract or amuse any above the humblest classes of society. "In the street," as the road which passed through the centre of the village was called, and which might form an area of some two hundred square yards superficial of an irregular form, were placed rows of canvass-covered stalls, for the sale of the confectioner's and toyman's commodities—not supplied as now with a nameless variety, but limited both in the quantity and quality of the goods. There were also small tables, at which the louts were tempted by lotteries for small amounts of silver and copper, or articles of miserable finery; nor were the invitations to these trials of chance always conveyed in language the most delicate or decent; sticks set up in earthen mounds, with tin boxes on the top, allured the boys to try their fortune at a throw; and a flying coach, as the roundabouts of that day were called, when Russian swings were not, made up the sum-

total of the entertainments. Up and down and around did the folk, who were no fewer than the entire population of the whole vicinage, pass hour after hour, with short interruptions, during which they sojourned with their acquaintances, or took refreshments at the house they best liked, for every door exhibited a tea-kettle or a bough, in token that they were hostel-keepers for the day. At night almost every house had its fiddle and its dance, and the air resounded with the voice of merriment.

But the distinction was, that all this was really enjoyed—the draught of pleasure was long and hearty. The fair was a subject of anxious solicitude and preparation, not only to the inhabitants but the visitors. It afforded a point of time from which all transactions were dated. “We will do this after the fair,” or “it happened so many weeks or days before the fair,” was the most common and intelligible mode of computing time.

“Nancy,” said a young farmer to a city lass, who was visiting his sister about 1790, “Nancy, I wish you would just cut my hair as you know the newest fashion.” Unhappily the newest fashion was *the crop*, which the revolutionary mania had just introduced. Down he sat, and Nancy, obedient to his wish, had, with unrelenting hand, shorn away to the closest possible brevity half the forest of hair which loaded a huge head, overshadowing a dark but bright countenance, when impatience to ascertain effects induced the sufferer to consult the glass in this stage of the process. Never shall we forget the look of horror and despair with which the bereaved Samson exclaimed, “Here’s a figure I shall cut at the N——s fair!” And he did “cut a figure;” for no persuasions or representations could induce him to undergo the completion of the excision. To the fair he went, with one-half of his head curling like Medusa’s, and the other as bare as a bedlamite’s.

The fair was also very much the Almack’s of the caste. We remember a very pretty and innocent little creature beseeching her mother to take her to such a *place* of diversion, closing her entreaty with the pithy inquiry, “how she was to get a husband if she did not go to fairs and markets?” And she was right, for these were very often the mart*.

Those patriarchal households which formed, in years gone by, the nucleus round which rural society gathered, are now, alas! broken up; and their component parts dispersed, to their own individual destruction and to the infinite prejudice of the community. What is now the condition of the farmer and his household? He himself is more ambitious of displaying the external and conventional signs of a *gentleman*, than the intrinsic proofs of a man of substance and worth in his sphere—the real as well as the nominal head of his circle. He hunts—not in the good old hospitable fashion, but in “capital style;” he shoots, not for

* That genuine homage of the heart, of which isolated instances show themselves alike under the most refined and the coarsest modes of expression, sometimes added zest to the scene. At a fair at Hemel-Hempstead, we recollect once seeing a country lad and his sweetheart. The boy, though surrounded in a crowded building by hundreds of spectators, looked at her with eyes glowing with admiration, then retreated a yard or two and renewed his gaze, till, when his ecstasy rose to its highest pitch, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her; nor did he scruple to repeat his caresses, in spite of the discomfiture of the object of his affection, and the amusement of the bystanders.

“What was the world to them—

Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?”

No! that was love in the truth of unsophisticated nature.

the sake of the sport, or for his own and his friend's pleasure, but too often for the sake, literally, of slaughter and a meretricious kind of distinction; he dares the perils of Doncaster and Newmarket, and enjoys the luxuries and refinements of London. Champagne and Hock have taken the precedence of "the nut-brown ale" upon his table; the fricassee and ragout that of the noble baron and sirloin. He is no longer anxious to "hear the lark begin his flight," but breakfasts late with his wife, who dresses, and drives her pony-phaeton*. His daughters have their governess† and his sons go to the university. And what becomes of his dependants? A steward, or head man, manages the farm; his servants are hired scrupulously for a week or two less than the year, lest they should make a settlement in the parish; his labourers are not allowed to enter his house as of old, as their castle of defence; they are hired at so much the harvest, and the "wheat is put out," as the reaping is termed; their "frolic" is kept at the tavern, and if the master be there at all, it is only for an hour; and, last of all, the troops of gleaners, who used to be welcomed to the field with the open-handed and open-hearted cordiality of the season, and to shower blessings in return upon the farmer's head, are now cut off from their inheritance by the practice of mowing the wheat, and are preceded by the drag-rake, and sometimes by the pigs to boot‡, and toil hopelessly for miles for a mere pittance.

The consequences of these changes on the peasantry have already been traced out in a former article of the "New Monthly§," but to confine ourselves to our present topic; the whole system of rural economies as they at present exist, is one of reaction on the yeomanry; and that reaction is the real cause of the present cry of agricultural distress. Farmers do not like to make such an admission; perhaps, they are not sufficiently philosophical to discover it; nevertheless, it is a self-evident truth to every disinterested observer, that the yeomanry of England have acquired, and are acquiring, desires and habits incompatible with their station and duties as members of society. They have "started from their spheres," and in so doing they have snapped the ties which bound them both to those above and those below them; the former regarding them with distrust, the latter with disappointment, and they them-

* A very rich land-owner, when distress was beginning to be felt, announced to his tenants at his audit-dinner, that instead of returning any portion of his rents, he had prepared to make a most valuable present to each of his tenants' wives. For some time the old gentleman refused to reveal what this gift was to be; but, at length, being much pressed, he gravely announced—a Duffield jacket and a milking stool to each of their wives. It was an offensive, but perhaps not entirely unjust satire.

† A few months since, the wife of a farmer, who was still in a condition of life to make her own butter and dress her own fowls, was asked how her daughters were.—"Quite well, I thank you, Sir; they are with their governess." "O! you have a governess for them, have you? and what does she teach them?" "Why, Sir, she teaches them all sorts of languages, and those kind of things!!!"

‡ In the best times a good gleaner would get as much as six bushels of corn; now their average is not above three. Look at this reduction in what not unfrequently forms their dependence for a winter. Farmers used formerly to desire their men to be sure to "leave enough for the gleaners;" but now they tell you quietly that they dare say the poor feel the difference very much, but that *mowing* is three times as quick a process as *reaping*, and the drag-rake saves a great deal of corn. And this little saving in time and straw is paid out again in parish allowance, and more than returned in ill-will.

§ See "State of the Rural Population," in the Number for March, 1832.

selves have gained nothing by the change but a slippery and equivocal sort of elevation, from which the too frequent fall of one who has ventured farther than the rest, ought to serve as a warning—though it is taken only as a proof of “distress.”

It is almost needless to trace the course of these disastrous changes in the economy of agriculture, for they are well known. War prices, acting as a stimulus to improvidence, and a miscalculation as to the endurance of merely adventitious chances, induced expensive habits, while the growing refinement of all classes spread even through rural life. Nor is it to be either expected or wished that the agricultural classes should remain at a stand, while every other is pushing upwards in the scale of civilization. We did not advocate the coarseness of the old-fashioned farmer's life when we set forth its sterling qualities, and we cannot see that the union of the real adornments of domestic life with its real comforts is incompatible with its true end—the performance of duty in whatever station we may be placed. If civilization of mind and polish of manner depreciate a man's honest calling in his own eyes, they are evils—if they raise him above sympathy with the natural claimants to his protection, they are evils—if they allure him from his home and home duties, they are evils—if they enervate the strength and simplicity of his character, they are evils;—but we contend they do none of these if rightly applied.

Of the truth of this there exist many examples in the country, but there is one so pre-eminent that we recur to it as the standard by which every agricultural establishment might be measured proportionally to its rank. Here are united, by an unusually happy power of combination, the characteristics of the mansion, the studio, and the English farm-house—here refinement may luxuriate, learning to drink at its own fountain, genius and art find inspiration, while industry and honest independence are never lowered from their just places in the circle of extended benevolence. The original character of the hospitable tenement, and the source whence its princely means are supplied, are never forgotten; and if wealth has elevated the one to a palace, it has also lent its aid to the fertilization of the other, with a success that has been felt throughout the country. The spirit which gives its real charm to this little kingdom (for so it may be called) is one which can and ought to be cherished as its true palladium, in every cottage in the land—the love of home*; and which not only attaches all its inmates to the families which succeed each other, generation after generation, in the farms of the

* “The domestic and private affections are the very channels through which the God of Nature ordained man's benevolence first to flow. His happiness and social dignity are wound up in them, and deprived of them he becomes at once devoid of moral strength. To reject them, is to mutilate and not to elevate his moral nature; and is not a jot more wise than it would be for a philosopher to pluck out his eyes in the hopes of speculating with greater clearness on the general properties of light. The general good of man is incontestably a noble object; but it can be promoted only by those means which God has given us. And those men have ever been found to follow this noble object most steadily and wisely, who have obeyed the laws of their moral nature and fortified themselves by the practice of the humbler virtues first placed within their reach.”—*Sedgwick's Discourse on the Studies of the University.*

“Divine Philosophy” develops the truths upon which practical life is founded, and though she be usually clad in as uninviting a garb, to the general eye, as the old-fashioned farmer's wives, yet sometimes her native beauty shines out as in the passage above, in a manner to reach every heart, and strengthen every good principle.

tenantry, but to the bounteous soil itself: all its produce is received with additional thankfulness, and consumed with additional zest, because it is home produce. At H——, indeed, is to be found in real perfection all that we would fain feel formed the pervading distinctions of the English yeomanry; that mental dignity which contemplates its own station from the highest point of view, and elevates everything around it to the same level; that unclouded judgment which despises not the sterling usefulness of life, because it is in a situation to command its embellishments; that moral strength which is alike inaccessible to conventional frivolity or obsolete vulgarity, but preserves intact the highest characteristics of the English commoner—the active integrity of the yeoman, the benevolent courtesy of the gentleman, and the unshaken fidelity of the patriot.

We are free to admit that at the present time nearly all the classes of society appear to be in a state of transition; and surrounded by the unceasing improvements of science and the blandishments of art, to lie like the butterfly just escaped from its homely shell, and as yet unable to use the beautiful machinery provided for its future elevation. We trust however that the yeoman will, in common with the other ranks, escape from such frivolous thralldom. His place is that of active observation and exertion; he is neither one of those theorists who, as Chateaubriand wittily observes, “think everything and do nothing,” nor of those busy speculators who are affected by every cloud on the horizon of the social and political atmosphere. It is his to deal with the fixed and certain operations of nature, and to aid them by the improvements which knowledge in its practical application is every day offering to his notice; while the end of his labours is to diffuse that physical prosperity and comfort around him, which is the first step towards promoting moral and intellectual culture. Regarded from this high point of view, the duties of the farmer become as sacred, as ennobling, as those of any other set of men; and if he could be prevailed upon to look at his political relations in the same spirit, their obligations would become still more binding. Such a course does not preclude either a paternal attention to the wants, both physical and moral, of his dependants, nor an enlarged cultivation of everything that bears upon his peculiar pursuits, or would lead to enlarge his general views as a member of society. It would only prohibit such lowering occupations as tend in real fact to depreciate the general estimation of his class, and to exhaust his resources, so as to compel him to press hard upon and neglect those beneath him.

Let the yeomanry of England found their claims to distinction on what they really are—not on what they would seem. We have shown their ancient and honourable descent, and that they can in truth lay claim to more original freedom than almost any class in the land; the importance of their calling to the prosperity of their country cannot be for a moment disputed; they have but to maintain their individual position by the independence that such facts ought to inspire, by the intelligence and information that modern improvement gives them every opportunity of exercising and acquiring; and last, not least, by the kindness and hospitality that was their best distinction in days of yore, and they will need neither the strong hand of the law to control their peasantry, nor the weak one of an “Association” to relieve their own “distress.”

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. II.

SECTION V.

True Use of the Press.

"ANTONY. There many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.

"OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die ; consent you, Lepidus ?

"LEPIDUS. I do consent.

"OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

"LEPIDUS. Upon condition that Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Marc Antony.

"ANTONY. He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him."

Julius Cæsar.

AGAIN the all-seeing Shakspeare prophesieth of our time. The views of the triumvirate—Crabtree, Brainworm, and Pounce (I put them in the order of their intellect and their energies)—were now so congenial, that no day passed without a *séance*, in which were settled the attack and defence of parties, principles, and private characters. No praise or censure was spared, just or unjust, according as the great object was supposed to be benefited. There was the proscription of the one side, and the elevation of the other, which would not, in cool determination, have yielded to the proscriptions of Rome itself. And can we be surprised ? for were not our three heroes as emulous of dividing the Republic between them, when they should have established it, as Anthony, Octavius, and Lepidus themselves ? Indeed, they much remind us of the virtues of those bright characters, whom they only wanted a proper field fully to equal. Swords, and bucklers, and legions they had not ; but slander and flattery they had at command in the Reform paper of Pounce. Pounce was the Lepidus of the party—"a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands"—but having five legions, meet to be courted and trusted too. Brainworm, though not in age, seemed the Octavius ; Crabtree, the Antony.

At one of these meetings, Brainworm, notwithstanding his views for his son upon the courts of Mr. Melton, to show his patriotism, proposed an attack, through the pen of Crabtree, upon the whole of the Melton Hall family.

"They are incorrigible Conservatives," said he, "to the backbone. They have not a public virtue belonging to them, and I know that the old man before he died had views upon the peerage."

"Quite enough," said Crabtree. "I suppose you can furnish me with materials for paragraphs, either in a heavy column of attack, or a few rockets. As a total stranger to the family I must trust to you for this."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Brainworm, "the matter is not so easy ; for the family has been so long so well reputed, that a direct overturn could not be expected. I think we must begin by sap. And here it is rather lucky you are a stranger, as it would not perhaps be so creditable (such are still the foolish prejudices of people) for me to come forward, exclusive of my views for Jack."

"His father put you to school, I think," said Pounce.

"He did so," returned Brainworm, reddening; "but what of that?"

"What, indeed!" added Crabtree. "Gratitude, in itself a doubtful virtue, becomes a vice when it stands in the way of reform."

"But he helped you to all your business at first!"

"And what then?" cried the patriot. "It is now all gone, for which I may thank the aristocracy, of which this family are leading members. Still it might be inconvenient for me to appear, for it might even hurt your 'Mercury,' and there would be the devil made of it in the 'Conservative Advertiser.'"

"How so?" asked Crabtree.

"Why, there is rather an awkward bond of mine for money expended on Jack's education, to say nothing of the courts."

"These are the cursed private obstacles," exclaimed Crabtree, "that prevent public virtue from showing itself."

"I have a letter, too, for the 'Mercury,'" added Pounce, "that they have lowered their rents twenty per cent."

"More fools they," remarked Brainworm; "but that article ought to be suppressed."

"Undoubtedly," answered Pounce; "and as Mr. Crabtree is now ostensible manager, we need not appear. I only mentioned it."

"Have you nothing else against these Meltons?" asked Crabtree.

"Nothing we can lay hold of, and still less prove," said Brainworm; "though I have from my father's and my connexion with them ransacked, and have a pretty good insight into, all their transactions. In truth, it goes against me rather to be a party to this: but my duty to the people is paramount. As long as the Squirearchy remains, there is no freedom for the country."

"None at all," said Crabtree. "*Delenda est*; and it can only be done by a vigorous press, of which it would show the true use better than any practical illustration we could make. We will commence our attack on the Meltons immediately. I suppose they are very proud?"

"Not in the least," returned Brainworm; "and with their own hands they give away bread and meat to their cottagers at Christmas."

"That," said Pounce, "might be easily turned against them, by being set down to the account of ostentation."

"I agree," said Brainworm, "provided the articles in the 'Mercury' do not appear to come from me. But then if I abandon the Meltons, whom I have hitherto perhaps foolishly protected, my friend Pounce must give up the Seagroves, whom he never would let me attack, though so vulnerable."

"Who are the Seagroves? how are they vulnerable, and why does Mr. Pounce protect them?" asked Crabtree. "I suppose they are aristocrats?"

"They are baronets, and vote against the people," said Brainworm.

"Quite enough," answered Crabtree. "But have they no faults?"

"None at all," answered Brainworm.

"But why then does Pounce protect them?"

"They have promised to speak for him to be distributor of stamps," replied Brainworm, "as the late Mr. Seagrove procured it for his late father."

"I am sure," returned Pounce, "you can't accuse me of deserting the people's cause on that last account."

"I am sure I have not a friend in the world, let alone a mere benefactor, that I would not sacrifice to restore the people's right, and contribute to that end by the sale of the '*Mercury*,'" said Brainworm, with a sneer.

"Well, I give them up," replied Pounce, "and you may insert the verses you wrote against them whenever you please."

"I could wish for something tangible," said Crabtree. "Do they never commit poachers?"

"O, yes!" answered Brainworm.

"That will do," said Crabtree. "And are the poor-rates high?"

"Certainly, but they do all they can to lower them."

"Either will also do," concluded Crabtree. "If they raise them, they oppress the farmers; if they lower them, they oppress the poor!"

"Excellent," said Brainworm.

"You have forgot that Melton's father was a placeman," observed Pounce.

"And you want to be one too," returned Crabtree.

"Ay, but that must not be mentioned."

"Well, but what was this place which makes his son fatten on the sweat of the poor?—I think that is the phrase," said Crabtree.

"I believe he was a lord of the bedchamber," answered Pounce, "and had 3000*l.* a-year for doing nothing but putting on the king's shirt. Fine doings when kings can't shift themselves, without paying 3000*l.* a-year for it; and they say there are ten of them, which makes it 30,000*l.*"

"Pooh!" said Brainworm, better informed, "you are but a fool, Pounce, for all your printing-press, and will ruin the '*Mercury*' if you believe everything an old woman tells you. There are but six lords of the bedchamber, and they have but 1000*l.*"

"We can say, however," observed Crabtree, "that some Conservative misinformed Mr. Pounce, in the hope he would excuse his ignorance; and I could descant a great deal from this upon the rascally malignity of the Tories."

"Good," answered Brainworm; "but Mr. Melton neither was nor could be a lord of the bedchamber. Sure I should know what he was, from being his friend. He was *gentleman* of the privy chamber, and had no salary at all."

"Well, but he had a place," observed Crabtree.

"Yes!"

"And the very place called him gentleman?"

"Yes!"

"Quite enough. You see he even had the impudence to twit us with his superiority in the very name of his place; and as to his having no pay, that need not be mentioned; it has perhaps been whispered that he had 1000*l.* a-year, and the public will believe what they like about it."

"I am afraid the '*Conservative*' will contradict it," said Pounce.

"Nobody believes contradictions," answered Crabtree; "everybody, assertions."

"You will make an excellent Radical editor," said Brainworm.

In this way the patriotic conclave proceeded; and to make all the easier for the new editor, it was agreed that Pounce should collect, and

Brainworm arrange, (the said Pounce being more ready with his tongue and ears than his pen,) all the froth and scandal, right or wrong, and all disparaging anecdotes, founded or unfounded, that could be applied by Crabtree's ingenuity to any, high or low, who professed Conservative opinions in the neighbourhood. The baseness of this, if it ever struck them, which is highly problematical, was soon got rid of, by the conviction in which all were sincere, that the end ennobled the means, and that there was no end so glorious as to enlighten the people, and restore them to the position which Nature had intended for them, and in which there was to be no distinction of rank, or, if possible, of fortune.

In a conversation which Crabtree some days afterwards had with Brainworm alone, he expressed his regret as well as surprise that so poor a creature should have fortuitously been intrusted with so powerful an engine, for the direction of men's minds, as the public press. In this the reader has perhaps anticipated me in supposing there was some other motive in the forecast of Mr. Crabtree than mere anxiety for the public weal. Zealous, nay furious as he was to pull down, he was equally anxious to build up again in his own person. In other words, if sincere in his wish to destroy all above him, (which he certainly was,) he was equally desirous of obtaining a little profit to himself in the scramble. And this, thought he, neither honour nor patriotism forbids: so that if the weapon of a printing-press is too heavy to be wielded by this magnanimous Feeble, (for so he soon came to denominate his first ally, Mr. Pounce,) and if the interests of the cause require that it should be taken from him, it will be but a simple consequence that the same interests should place it in my hands as the successor. He had not been many days at his coadjutor's without being impressed not only with the necessity, but the possibleness of such a change. There were only two obstacles—want of money on his part, and possible objections on that of Brainworm; who, as has been told, was a partner in the concern. To this worthy member of the triumvirate, therefore, he resolved to open himself, at first at a distance; for a very few hours discovered to him that he and printer Pounce were very different men. He therefore commenced his approaches with somewhat more caution than he might have used towards Pounce himself, though the principal party interested.

"Some men," said he, to Brainworm, "have greatness thrust upon them, and our friend there seems one of the number. But do you conceive that the great objects we have in hand can ever prosper under such a leader?"

"Leader!" exclaimed Brainworm, surprised, and eyeing Crabtree with much earnestness.

"Director, if you like it better," said Crabtree. "I mean, do you, with your abilities and great views, feel comfortable with intrusting such an engine as the press in the hands of one so timid, and evidently so indiscreet, as this mere shopkeeper?"

"With our principles and views," returned Brainworm, still uncertain what to make of the address, "we must not despise shopkeepers."

"Despise them! No!" answered the stickler for equality; "they are excellent tools, and we cannot do without them in the warfare we are

about to wage. But having used them, it would be absurd to suppose their level is equal to ours, which makes me fearful of some blunder under their management, if to manage they are allowed."

"You think then," returned Brainworm, drily, "there are more levels than one? that one which we have agreed to preach to all the world?"

"Yes! to all the world," replied Crabtree; "till the crusade is accomplished against the present usurpers!"

"After that, what?" asked Brainworm.

"Why, you and I, and all others whose nerves and education fit us for the rule, may find a *higher level*—that is all," observed Crabtree.

Brainworm said he now understood him, and quite agreed there would be no harm in making people change places now and then.

"I, for example, a lawyer rather down in the world, should have no objection to be Lord Chancellor, if writing down a chancellor would raise me up. But must we not take care that this design should not appear? or that there should be one level common to all, while people stand in our way, but two or more as soon as they are got rid of? We may otherwise be reminded of what Harry Martin, roundhead and regicide as he was, exclaimed, when Cromwell had mounted to a *new level*—

'If we were to be governed by a single man, the last was as proper a gentleman as any in England. No! no! Pull down as much as you please, but no building up again with perhaps less sound materials than we have already. All must be equal, or all as we are.' You see, Mr. Crabtree, I am more of a real republican than yourself."

Crabtree was a little disconcerted, and said he had been misunderstood, since all he meant was, that the tools they worked with ought to be good, which might not be if such a man as Pounce had such a sway in the paper: that as to the tenet of equality, if that meant in rights, nobody could go beyond him in abolishing everything like privilege, title, precedence, or even fortune, if overgrown; but as to equality in everything—talents, merit, virtue, strength, health, et cætera—that was impossible. "A strong mind like Mr. Brainworm's," he said, "must, for instance, ever take the lead of, and direct such a puny one as Pounce, and he was really alarmed to think that, because he was a proprietor, he should have anything to do with the press."

"His money has paid for it," said Brainworm, "and I see not how you could hurt him. Have you money to purchase him out?" He said this drily, and with something like a sneer; for, as may have been seen, he was by no means a shallow fellow, and though he had not Crabtree's learning, he had more knowledge of things. And though he was an equal enemy to everything above him, he was by no means disposed to elevate those below him, as he certainly felt an expelled servitor to be. He saw as far, therefore, as another into the bent and drift of Crabtree's opening, and asked the critical question he did, with a view of deciding the thing at once, by bringing it, as he thought, to an impassable point. Crabtree felt this, and that there was no alternative but to renounce the design, or to show something feasible to accomplish it. Not willing to quit it, therefore, he said he thought Brainworm himself might be able to buy out Pounce, (which was a gross falsehood, for he knew his small means,) or by his credit procure funds to enable himself (Crabtree) to do so, to be repaid by instalments out of the

profits of the paper. The truth being thus out at last, Brainworm could not suppress his spleen, and having muttered something about old birds not being caught with chaff, said, rather gruffly, "In short, my dear Sir, the thing is not possible, and would not, in my mind, be advisable if it were."

Thus rebuffed, the apostle of liberty and ambition was forced to resolve other plans for success in those objects of his aspiring brain, which he was now so keenly pursuing.

SECTION VII.

Progress of Radicalism.

"BEVIS. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier means to re-dress the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it !

"HOLLAND. So he had need, for it is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

"BEVIS. O ! miserable age ! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

"HOLLAND. The nobility think scorn of leather aprons."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

Our hero now entered into his full career of politics, which, spite of rebuffs, gave him far more pleasure than ever did his career of letters. He had neither dean nor proctor to exact from him obedience to a discipline to which his vanity, or, as he thought it, his superior worth, would not permit him to stoop ; nor were there constantly at his elbow a number of young men who tore his heart to pieces by reminding him of his inferiority in station. It was this that sharpened his democratic tasks more than any of the other public evils of which he complained, and was resolved to redress. For what could not a man who had a printing-press at his command redress or alter in this age of printers and reform ? It has been well said, We were once priest-ridden ; then law-ridden ; now press-ridden ; nay, in France, there was a peer who edited a newspaper. What a glory to this Gracchus in his own opinions (Tiberius or Caius, I don't know which). But though he certainly did resemble them in their insurrectionary spirit from hatred to the patrician order, I am afraid we must take our leave of them as examples. Affability and softness were perhaps unworthy the aspiring of so high a mind, and perhaps might have interrupted the soaring flight of his patriotism. Hence we will not blame him too much for not better concealing his contempt for poor Pounce, even at his own table, or for the tyranny of his treatment of the poor shop-boy. A hero and a patriot has not time to be condescending, his thoughts being always too sublime for what is called the *petite morale* which makes inferiors happy. To be sure this does not absolutely defend, but it may, with the considerate, palliate a small indecorum he happened once in a moment of abstraction to be guilty of, in kicking the above-mentioned shop-boy out of his room, for not having cleaned his shoes. To be sure, also, there was another point, in which the Gracchi might be thought not to have been the objects of his imitation.

His friend Hartley, now by special recommendation become the private tutor of a wealthy young man just entered at college, having heard of what he thought Crabtree's forlorn situation, in having left his father's house, had sent him a ten-pound note in a letter ; from its kindness worth

double the sum. This act called up all the fierceness of the proud liberator (if proud the sequel will allow us to call him) : he answered the letter, not merely with thanklessness, but reproach. He asked tauntingly what right Hartley had to presume to relieve him, supposing him to be in want, which he was not? There was a beautiful flourish about the pride of a real patriot, who ought only to accept of pecuniary aid, if he needed it, from his country at large. He, however, congratulated his old chum upon having so successfully entered on the horse in a mill-path he seemed so pleased with ; but for his own part he was not sorry to have discarded such menial pursuits. Finally, he said he would send back the money *the very first opportunity*, and made a dignified request that he would never offend in the same point again.

The opportunity never arrived ; for, on second thoughts, he rather repented of his *fiercé* ; and finding that his five-guinea bonus from Pounce had been expended in some shirts, a pair of trowsers, and other necessaries, which apostles of reform must wear as well as other men, he began to hesitate as to the immediate return of Hartley's despised gift, at least till quarter-day came round ; and then discovering that from inadvertence he had forgotten that his receipt amounted only to fifty shillings, he put off the restoration, (how could he help it?) nor, that ever was discovered, has the money been returned to this day.

Except with this little mortification from his brother servitor, Mr. Crabtree's days were now happy, and his prospects good. The progress of reform indeed was slow, slower than he had expected, if it had not even retrograded ; for people were, many of them, foolish enough to think enough had been done. Not so the more enlightened and high-minded Crabtree. The king was still on his throne ; the lords still in their house ; and country gentlemen, nay even clergymen, still on the bench. They were without pay indeed, but so much the worse ; for they indubitably paid themselves by favouritism, power, patronage, and self-importance—all at the people's expense. This was not to be borne. Magistrates ought to be paid like other public servants, and as that was by the people, by the people they ought to be *elected*, not appointed by the king. This was argued with all possible reform violence, to say nothing of reform falsehood in the reform paper. The lords-lieutenants were accused, both as a body and individually, of unfitness, from imbecility—of injustice, from partiality—of gross corruption, from party views—and of intolerable oppression, from contempt of the people. Some magistrates were inculpated for actual plunder to an immense amount. The lie concerning Mr. Melton's pay of 1000*l.* a-year, where there was not a farthing received, was renewed ; and, when contradicted, not retracted. If a hard-working official, worthy of his hire, had presumed to pocket his salary, it was plunder ; and if he had happened to have worked long, say forty years, the forty salaries were added together, the compound interest calculated, and the functionary held up to the country as a plunderer to the amount. Thus, a deserving servant, who had spent the earnings of his office, (say 500*l.* a-year) for forty years, quietly and honestly, thinking he had a right to it, is accused to the people as having cost them, not 500*l.* a-year, but 50,000*l.* ! What clerk of the peace, or scribe however laborious—even what parish priest, however conscientious—could possibly be worth to the country 50,000*l.* ? What, indeed ! says the farmer or the shopkeeper who pays the taxes whence these

sums are taken. Is the statement dissected? its fallacies explained? the length of service detailed? Yes! but nobody believes it; nobody has read the answer, everybody the attack! But, O! fortunate Radical! if any one of these 50,000/. delinquents happens to be a magistrate, or related to a man of birth or power—see, fellow-countrymen, how you are insulted! how your money, wrung from your industry and toil, is wasted, and made the wages of corruption, and all because the swallower of 50,000/. is an aristocrat, or connected with aristocrats! Making them regorge this plunder is nothing! Is the gallows too much for such robbers?—Such was the language of this hero of truth, and martyr to oppression, who soon found, in his new occupation, how to make these things tell. To be sure, every mouthful of his bread was the bread of slander—at every stroke of his pen “a reputation died,” and this he knew; but the bread choked him not when he reflected that it was in the cause of the people, who were so dull, perhaps so just, as to be of themselves blind to common exhortation, and must therefore be *forced* into energy by uncommon falsehood. And this jesuit of politics adopted the same creed as the jesuit of religion; he did evil that good might come of it, of which good he made himself the sole judge. Both were rascals as human creatures, but the cause of liberty and religion make both of them divine.

Mr. Pounce’s “Mercury” profited much under this consummate administration of its new editor, so fully bent upon success, so little restrained by principle. Aspiring little men who wished to be great, and even those who were great already who wished to be greater: all whose genius, talents, and public virtue were kept down by the jealousy and tyranny of the higher orders were cordial admirers of this people’s friend. When asked, indeed, what was meant by the higher orders they could not tell, except that all agreed it meant everybody and anybody higher than themselves. When asked who were privileged? there was the same difficulty in answering, till the apostle told them it was the House of Lords. For could it be endured that a couple of hundred of mere men with legs and arms exactly like themselves—to whom eating, drinking, and sleeping were as necessary as to the lowest cottager—should have the power to resist the opinion of a whole nation? If asked where that opinion was to be found? the answer was oracular—in Mr. Pounce’s “Mercury.” The oracle went on to define certain abstruse abstract ideas, made plain and easy to the poorest man’s comprehension in the way of catechism. What was a king? A lump of flesh and blood in a human shape, fat or lean, with or without brains, as it might be, but always clothed in purple and fine linen; always well fed while the poor were starving, and always surrounded with battle-axes to murder the people if their distress made them troublesome. These lumps of flesh and blood could perpetuate themselves, being not even elective, as they ought to be, by the people; but they got many children for the people to maintain, though the poor-rates were far from sufficient already. So much for the abstract of a king. Then what was a throne? A large arm-chair with three steps before it; lined with crimson velvet, bordered with gold fringe, the legs gilt, and extremely well-cushioned, for the Royal body to repose, while others were at work for it.

Such accurate descriptions and patriotic excitements now covered

the windows of that champion of liberty, Mr. Pounce; and soon, by way of *bonne bouche*, were added to it pictures of Bishops in their robes and mitres hanging on gibbets; Ministers and ex-Ministers (particularly the Tories), drawn to the life in the act of house-breaking, or robbing shops and hen-roosts, with farmers and shopkeepers swearing at and knocking them on the head, to the great diversion, and edification too, of all the real farmers and shopkeepers, who stopt, in passing, to improve themselves in the science of good government. How many incendiaries followed these exhibitions we know not, but they had obviously increased; and when the savages who perpetrated them were tried and condemned, the whole strength of Mr. Crabtree's skill and eloquence, with most admirable powers of mystification, were put forth, if not to defend the act, to mitigate the sentence. The Judges were ridiculed in their persons and dress; Jefferies called the thousandth time from his grave to give strength to the picture; and the jury, being connected with agriculture, denounced and threatened for partiality. The chief blame of the crime however was, as usual, laid upon the rich; their selfishness and their grinding of the very bones of the poor, who, in the mild and sentimental language of the sympathizing editor, were called the *poor rural incendiaries*. The atrocity was softened because of their ignorance, and how could they be wise when all education was denied them? for Ministers even seemed to revel in taxes upon knowledge. In answer, indeed, the public were called upon to remember the hundreds of thousands voluntarily expended by the rich upon the education of the poor. It was not admitted; being evidently not charity, but ostentation, to keep up their pride and influence, and at any rate an insult, or at best a return of part, a very small part of what they had defrauded the poor of in times aforegone.

The pathos, as well as stirring language of these ebullitions, made their due impression upon the class of people intended to be moved by them, and though the criminals were hanged, Mr. Crabtree had the happiness of perceiving that he had made great progress in the art of exciting discontent in those classes which he thought would be most useful, when all should be ripe for it, in effectuating the great designs he had in view. Hence, as nothing would be so successful with the mob, no prisoner was ever tried for any crime that might interest their sympathies, but he immediately advocated their cause with as much zeal as if he had received a brief and fee for it as a counsel. It was a pity that there was now no treason to exercise his powers. The war was over—there was no hooting or stoning the king—no rebel to be tried or defended. However, a most revolting murder had been committed in his county, by one of the most disgusting ruffians that ever stained society. He, however, had been a known and active incendiary, though acquitted from failure of proof. He had also headed several mobs on the part of Radical candidates at elections, and had now murdered his friend in cool blood, in order to take his purse. All the lower world that could, went to see him in gaol, under the pretence of comforting a poor unfortunate. Our political philosopher went to give countenance to a *great man in distress*. His paper teemed with accounts of his magnanimity, his indomitable spirits, his cool self-possession in planning his defence; and when at the bar he was called upon by the Judge, it was now—said the report in

the "Mercury"—it was now that he felt ALL THE DIGNITY OF HIS SITUATION*.

This report was eagerly read, and differently spoken of. It was written with great warmth of imagination, in fancying what the great parts in the murderer's character might have led him to, if he had been an innocent man, and not plunged in debauchery as he was by the hardness and injustice of the times. "It was this," said the editor, "that impelled him from very hopelessness to become, first idle, then sensual, then bloody. How different might he have been under a different form of government!" Mr. Crabtree was praised and blamed for this report; but his praise lay among the lower ranks, whom he wished to debauch; and for the upper, whom he meant to reduce, he did not care. It was remarkable that neither of his principals (or coadjutors, as he called them) were favourable to it. Pounce had become lately timid, if not cowed, by the superiority and boldness of his ally. He was restless and uneasy, and gave many hints to Brainworm of a wish to recover the direction of the paper, even though he might part with his writer. Brainworm told him to look at the sale, and say nothing; that notwithstanding the lies, the abuse, and the poison, the course was a right course to bring them both profit and consequence—witness the many hats that were taken off to them by men their superiors in fortune, who now bowed from fear, if not from hope, though formerly as stiff as iron. Nevertheless, Brainworm did not altogether approve so much dignity being given to a murderer; he thought assassination and robbery by a supposed friend might not be a pleasant thing, and began to be a little alarmed to find such a wretch as the perpetrator of it, who was at first execrated, could now be talked of with composure, and almost with respect. He mentioned this to the would-be tribune of the people, to whom he attributed this change in the English character, and cautioned him against the repetition of such a mistake. At this Crabtree, though he regarded him very differently from Pounce (giving him credit both for more nerve and more experience), began to question both; so much tact and knowledge of the mob—those brilliant tools he had to work with—had he already derived from the experience he had acquired of their fluctuating nature. "See you not," said he to the equally designing, but more cautious lawyer, "to what all this, paradoxical as it may seem, ultimately tends? Are we not engaged in the Herculean endeavour to loosen—not an ill-framed wall, standing singly by itself, and totally unsupported by others—but a ponderous, massive, and deep-founded edifice, the work of ages; and only the more cemented and dovetailed together by the *old* character of the people, and their veneration, their prejudiced veneration for the laws."

"Well, Sir," cried Brainworm, eyeing him with scrutiny, and not a little astonished; "and what then?"

"Well," returned the wily aspirant, "can this be so easily done while that character remains? If they continue so alive to right and wrong—so abhorrent of crime—and so indignant at a criminal, as to view his death with satisfaction, what uphill work will it not always be to induce them to become criminal, and incur punishment themselves? Were it not for this inconvenient attachment of even the lower ranks (I speak not of the mere mob) to order and obedience, and their aver-

* This language was actually used in some of the reports of Thurtell's trial.

sion to the breach of them, our task of changing them would be comparatively easy. Break down their prejudices, and we may succeed. Keep them up, and we shall fail."

"Allowing this," said Brainworm, "and giving the fullest scope to our system of slander and sneer, which has done wonders in beating down the ridiculous respect for our hypocritical betters, as they call themselves, I see not how your scheme can be assisted by holding up a murderer of the blackest kind, not only as deserving pity, but praise."

"I am sorry, though so much older," replied the expelled servitor, "to see you less advanced than myself towards a knowledge of what may best assist our great objects. If people are so afraid of the very name of a murderer—if they still continue to think him little less than a devil incarnate, as they at first called this wretch (whom, with a very little more proper mystification, they would soon be persuaded to canonize), how think you they would feel under the name of rebels, which may one day be plentifully bestowed upon them by our enemies, and which might imply a hundred murders?"

"Yes; but assassination is the worst kind of murder," said Brainworm, "and would certainly hurt our cause."

"Call it *sacrifice*," returned the prince of Radicals, "and what will become of your scruples? Was Brutus the assassin of Cæsar? or Timoleon of his brother? Or turn to modern times, and ask the most canting friend of order, if he thinks the illustrious Charlotte Cordé a murderess, because she killed Marat? I could multiply instances: the two Dukes of Guise, grown too great for the State; the Prince of Orange, too great for Philip II.; and of Henry III. of France. Do you think Jaques Clement would not have been canonized by the Pope, if the Pope had dared? I say nothing of Archbishop Sharpe's slayers, for I will not, any more than the Covenanters, call them murderers; but I must wind up with asking you if you think harm of the judges of Charles I. or Louis XVI.?"

"The last cases are totally different," said Brainworm; "and as to the others, I do not know your exact object."

"I have two," returned the patriot: "one remote—one immediate."

Brainworm stared with a mixture of fear and admiration, for he found himself far surpassed already by this tyro, as he had thought him, even in his radicalism. However, Crabtree went on to say, that by the first he only meant to observe that the idea of murder was by no means always the idea of guilt—that guilt which inspires horror—but is often thought justified by the cause; for which he would only refer him to the famous pamphlet of "Killing no Murder," by Colonel Titus, which frightened Cromwell out of his wits. Then, as to his second and more immediate object, he would relieve his alarm by saying that he had no specific proscription in his thoughts; but as the time seemed approaching, when the insolence and folly combined of the Lords, might call down upon them some severe chastisement by the people, probably their annihilation, which could scarcely be effected without blood, the more that horror at blood could be done away with among the people, the less difficult the task to excite them.

"Upon my word, young man," said the astonished Brainworm, "I cannot but admire your wonderful genius for the regeneration of a State, and the destruction of all obstacles that might stand in the way. The

gunpowder plot was clumsy, in comparison to yours. That required only half-a-dozen murderers—yours would make a whole nation assassins in their hearts. 'Tis a change richly worth thinking of, but at present a little hard of digestion, not to say a little doubtful as to the result."

"You mean to say, then," replied the true patriot to the pseudo one, "that you approve the end, but do not love the means. If so, I cannot but express a wish that you would enlarge and hasten your principles a little, and meantime leave me to pursue mine." With this, and a look of fierce contempt, he flung out of the room, leaving what he called the milk-and-water Reformer in astonishment, mingled with fear.

"This fellow would change things with a vengeance," said the lawyer to himself, when alone. "He will blow us all up if he is not checked. For my part, I should like a few circumstances altered which perhaps would improve my own, but have no mind to dangle on a gibbet, even in such good company."

This sentiment, and what led to it, he, as soon as might be, laid before that other sage of the triumvirate, Mr. Pounce, who quailed at the recital.

"I was an absolute fool," said he, with an air of exquisite distress, "when I listened to, and was taken in by, this runagate, with his dusty coat and old shoes. Who would have thought there was such a fermentation in the man? Neither I nor you, neighbour Brainworm, would have any objection, you know, to pull down the Squires by a little regular abuse; nor should I much care about the Bishops, nor the Lords either, if it could be done peaceably, and let one sleep quiet in one's bed; but to talk of accustoming people to blood!—Oh! it is monstrous! I think, Mr. Brainworm, we had best get rid of him—what say you?"

"You have the power by the articles," answered Brainworm, but rather hesitatingly.

"I know that," said Pounce, "and I have sometimes thought of hinting it to him; but when he saw what I was thinking of, he cursed me for a coward, and said I deserved to be a slave to stick at anything, for the end always justified the means, especially where the people were concerned. D——n the people, say I, if I can't do as I please; but he looked so fierce that I could not say a word. He has sometimes talked of purchasing me out; but, Lord bless me, where is he to find the money? and yet I am inclined to think on't."

"That I would not do," answered Brainworm, rather alarmed; "for he and I, perhaps, might not agree; and particularly, you know, as there is nothing binding in law between you and I."

"True!" said Pounce, thoughtfully; "but something must be done."

These worthies then separated; and Pounce began seriously to revolve how to get rid of his too-Radical assistant, either by dismissing him, or listening to his proposal of purchasing. To the first he was inclined, but had not nerve for it himself. He thought of doing it through Brainworm, but Brainworm had no legal right to act, so that would not do; he therefore, notwithstanding his assent to Brainworm's caution, resolved to open his ears the next time the Radical should open a proposal.

SECTION VIII.

The Radical's Creed.

"Be brave, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

The opportunity was not long wanting. There happened to be at that time seated in the neighbourhood two persons of considerable note, and particularly distinguished in the troublous times we are reviewing. Both were of the legislature—one a peer, the other a wealthy banker in the Commons. Both were enthusiasts, both theorists, both *mauvaises têtes*. The commoner was the wisest, perhaps the honestest, of the two. The peer raved about the people, because he was not sufficiently admired by the court. The banker hated lords because he was not one himself: he was therefore loud for equality, and in this there was no small resemblance between him and our hero. The peer, feeling he was not loved by the King, and disappointed in his wish for a seat in the Cabinet, ran headlong against the aristocracy; wrote to the people in terms that he was one of them, and openly counselled them not to pay the taxes; but to agitate, perpetually agitate, as the surest means of obtaining redress—redress of what he did not say, for he himself did not know. The banker went deeper; for, feeling plebeian, without a chance of gaining the other order, he persuaded himself first, and then endeavoured to persuade others, that there ought to be no orders at all. He was, of course, a favourite with the mob.

These two patriots, and worthy gentlemen, had befriended Pounce in setting up his paper; but thinking it too tame, had left him to shift for himself. The change of both its tone and style, under the management of Crabtree, caught their attention, and they desired to be acquainted with him. Their condescension in this affronted him, but he swallowed it in the hope of benefiting his darling object, the annihilation of the distinction of rank.

"Both these," said he, "are aristocrats of the fiercest kind. The peer is the proudest of his order; the banker of his: they mean to use me, and I will use them. *Vogue la galère.*"

On his introduction, they complimented Crabtree on his energy and his style; thought him an acquisition, and flattered him much by asking his opinions, and quite agreeing with him that the people were still dreadfully blind, and he born to enlighten them; for which purpose they hoped he would go on with his paper with fresh and fresh spirit. It was extraordinary, they said, what good it had done already against the influence of the Crown, which the peer held ought further to be reduced. Crabtree said he had no want of will, and, if the paper was his own, much might be done; but that the proprietor was a coward, who had taken the side he had merely to increase his sales, and though he had no objection to slander, because it greatly tended to that end, he was sorely afraid of treason which might end in the gallows.

"And what say you, Mr. Crabtree?" said the Peer.

"My Lord," returned the Radical, "I would do anything, brave anything, for the equality of condition and rank, to which all men have a right."

"Not quite all," said the Peer, half smiling. "There must be

nobles, you know; though they ought not to press onerously on their honest inferiors."

"My Lord," replied the Republican, "I would have no inferiors; the word ought to be blotted out of language."

"That could not so well be," observed the Peer, (who rather piqued himself on being a developer of principles,) without destroying our mixed Constitution; without destroying the triad of the State, which is so glorious;—in short, without——without destroying the House of Peers."

"I am fully aware of that," returned Crabtree, with some malignity; "but I should see nothing but good even in such a measure; and I am happy to think there is one Peer at least who, if there was a conflict, would be disinterested enough to renounce his order and stand by the people."

"If you mean *me*, Mr. Crabtree, by that compliment," said the Peer, rather annoyed, "I am bound to say you have made a mistake. I would do much for the people, and would take away a great deal of power from the King, whose influence is often pernicious; but once overthrow the Lords and the country is gone. No! I hope I shall never see these sentiments embodied in my friend Pounce's paper. Sir, I wish you a very good morning."

Crabtree felt a little disappointed, but the banker, who had been silent hitherto, told him he could expect no more from Lord ——'s character, for that though he would level up, it would be only to pull down those higher than himself: he could not therefore be expected voluntarily to descend. "But I," said the banker, "who am a real leveller, desire to know the extent of those principles, which you say the blockhead Pounce will not allow you to promulgate. I expect you will honestly state the objects you wish to advocate."

"First, an agrarian law," answered Crabtree.

"That would be too difficult to carry without force," said the banker, (whom we will now designate by his name, Mr. Stockwell,) "and there are too many landed proprietors in both Houses."

"For which reason," said the Republican, "the power of the Lords to impede the wishes of a whole nation ought to be taken away."

"That would apply to the King," said Mr. Stockwell.

"It would," returned Crabtree, "but him we could easily manage, by a proper House of Commons."

"How?"

"Stop the supplies, if he were obstinate."

The banker shook his head.

"It would ruin the Funds," said he.

"So much the better," retorted the Roundhead. "It would get rid of the overgrown monied man, who is almost as great a pest as the overgrown landed man."

Mr. Stockwell did not seem to like his political companion much more than the Peer had done. Willing to hear more, however, he observed there was a medium in all things, and there were points in order to force which he might not be averse to stopping the supplies; but there was not spirit enough yet in the House of Commons to make the attempt.

"Nor will be," said he of the press, "until the great measure of universal suffrage is carried, or, preparatory to it, at least the vote by

ballot; and to this, if Pounce's paper were my own, I trust I could largely contribute."

"You have altered my sentiments," said the banker; "and I wish with all my heart you were proprietor instead of editor."

Crabtree caught at this, and said he had already prepared a list of improvements in Church, State, and moral relations, which would not more astonish the world by their importance than by the facility of their accomplishment; for we had only to will it, to make it effectual. These he had marshalled in an energetic paper, which however the puny spirit of Pounce would not permit him to publish. Mr. Stockwell asked eagerly if he had it about him, which he had; and the patriot banker, though alarmed for the Stocks, had the gratification of pondering the following synopsis of his own views.

The first proposal was the extinction of the bishops, and if there must be an hereditary house, of all titles—even that of Esquire, which Crabtree said always made him sick. Next, a resumption of all grants from the Crown, at whatever time, and on whatever occasion—unless good and sufficient services in the grantee, though a thousand years back, could be proved even now to the Commons' satisfaction. The whole Pension List, whether for life, or by Act of Parliament, or otherwise, was to be swept off at a stroke. The abolition of tithes of course followed, and the lay-impropriations, which were evidently usurpations, without compensation. All ecclesiastical and, particularly, collegiate estates were to be diminished, and the discipline of universities reviewed: degrading ranks and offices (such as servitors), and degrading customs (such as capping masters and doctors), to be suppressed, as unworthy the dignity of man. If bishops were to be retained, they were to be reduced to what they were in the time of the Apostles, and all deaneries and chapters to be totally abolished as useless. Next was the entire reduction of the Civil List, with all the royal allowances, except that of the King; which title, if the prejudices of the age required its continuance, might remain till the people were more enlightened, when it should be changed to that of President; and, meantime, the allowance to be reduced to that of the American President. As to the younger branches, being no more than citizens, they might—like other citizens—be left to the professions; or, if the ladies could not provide for themselves, as it was the title of Princesses that made them so expensive, that being gone, small annuities (which, however, would be ever odious when given to such useless personages) might be afforded them for life. None to any future king's daughter. Even this would be nothing, however, without the reduction of the pay of the Army and Navy; as well as the diminution of its numerical force to, at most, one half. Then, as to Civil Offices, all power of appointment in the Crown should be abolished, and the public functionaries created either by election by the people, or, if that were inconvenient, the House of Commons. Moreover, all existing salaries to be taken away, and the offices put up to the lowest bidder. All these reductions would at last be a real relief to the impoverished and oppressed people. So much for fiscal improvements at home. Abroad, great reductions indeed might be effected, if only our silly prejudices could be overcome: For the whole system of colonization ought to be abrogated at once, as useless. Colonies could provide for their own defence and administration; they were not worth

having, except as matters of patronage, that is, of corruption. All this, however, would do little towards our regeneration as a people, unless a proper balance was established in our domestic relations to one another. The execrated existence of title and distinction of rank, being done away, as little distinction of property as was absolutely not inconsistent with the enjoyment of one's own acquisitions, ought to be allowed. Hence, if an agrarian law should be found impossible, the Aristocracy might receive a wholesome correction by the destruction of the rights of primogeniture, which would for ever prevent the too hideous ascendancy of riches.

Such were the views which our heaven-born Reformer had, in his delighted dreams, taken for the country, and such he presented as feasible, as well as just, to his rich new ally; provided only he had independence and time enough to enable him, by his writings, to beat down the prejudices that might oppose them.

"To do this," he said, "our modes of thinking and false notions of virtue, and what was supposed to be required by moral duties, which are often no duties at all, had only to be altered. For instance, the ties between master and servant ought immediately to be put an end to; and if men and women were still allowed to be too great to wait upon themselves, the very words should be abrogated:—there should be no such thing as master, and the appellation of servant should be changed into the American one, of Help. In the same sense, to suppose there was any tie but that of interest between landlord and tenant; or even, after attaining a certain age, between parent and child, was ridiculous, unphilosophical, and slavish. Gratitude was a weakness, unworthy of reason. The word Government to be changed into that of DIRECTION. Imprisonment for debt to be utterly abolished. Also, all prosecutions of the Press for any writing whatever, whether against the State, the King, religion, or private character; the true way of meeting an attack being to answer it. Resistance to the execution of laws obnoxious to the people, to be no longer punishable; the proof of their being so obnoxious to be the fact of that resistance. Hence, to enforce obedience to law by anything of violence should in itself be illegal; and if death ensued to the party resisting, it should be murder in the other party; not so, if to the party enforcing."

Such was the outline of the principles of all government, and the reforms necessary in our own, presented by this Lycurgus, and would-be printer, for the contemplation of his brother-dreamer—the banker and patriot, Stockwell. To do the latter justice, being an extremely modest man, he was quite overpowered at seeing himself so surpassed by the superior soar in the flight of the ex-servitor. The immensity and reach of thought, the magnitude and boldness of contemplation exhibited, dazzled his intellect to such a degree, that, at first, he could make no comments. He respired with difficulty, took time, and took snuff, and read the paper again and again, before he ventured an observation. At length he said, "This beats all expectation, Mr. Crabtree! it is gigantic; beyond hope, and beyond praise! My very sentiments in my closet, though afraid yet to broach them in Parliament. I am glad too to see that in your paper, at least, you have not meddled with the Funds. You ought certainly to be encouraged. These principles, properly disseminated and perpetually and without intermission repeated, must in the

end put down Aristocracy of every kind, and particularly that of the nobility, who are absolutely unbearable to plain men like myself. I wish you were in Parliament, Mr. Crabtree, you would make an excellent coadjutor."

"All in good time," returned Crabtree, his rugged front almost softening; "the time may come and, perhaps, is not far off, when from my exertions, supported by yours, Mr. Stockwell, the accursed gold tufts, wherever worn, shall be doffed, and plain caps common to all; and when lords that ride in coaches-and-four shall not drive over an honest man, or put him out of his way."

From this we may gather how much those petty humiliations still rankled in the mind of the patriot, and what a share they had had in producing his patriotism. It furnishes too a fresh exemplification of what great things are often derived from small causes.

Much more passed between the two Reformers, but the most important effect of the meeting was, that, in order to give the fullest scope to the daring genius of the servitor, his rich ally should furnish him with the means of buying out Pounce from the printing concern, which would give him full power to spread, as well as concoct those wholesome mental poisons, as necessary sometimes to restore health to a diseased commonwealth, as natural poisons to a diseased body. Nor is this the only point in which the body politic and the body of flesh and blood resemble one another, for each often takes remedies worse than their disease.

SECTION IX.

He becomes a Printer, and thinks himself Dr. Franklin.

Backed by Mr. Stockwell's support, the regenerator of England that was to be soon brought things to a point with a man as willing to abdicate as he to succeed. Pounce, more and more terrified with the career he proposed, and more and more annoyed by the insolence of his manners, readily laid hold of an opening which he one day made, by asking for what sum he would part with the sole property in the "Mercury?" Pounce named one far less than he would have asked even before its value had been increased by Crabtree's exertions; at the same time timidly expressing surprise at the offer of prompt payment which he very confidently made. The Radical, telling him that it was no business of his, provided he got his money, named a day for the settlement; and a contract of sale was drawn out, by which Caleb Crabtree, Yeoman (for so he ordered himself to be described), was installed in the possession of the "Reformer's Mercury" for the county of ———, with the printing-house, types, and stock-in-trade, heretofore belonging to Thomas Pounce, Gentleman. The purchase-money amounted to very many hundreds, for which Mr. Stockwell desired interest, and a bond; but this being strenuously objected to by the Radical, on account of the risks he was to run, and the vengeance he might provoke, should any accident happen to Mr. Stockwell, the demand was relinquished, *for the present*, by that gentleman. The interest was promised annually, and the principal by instalments, in three years.

Behold, then, now, the poor, oppressed, despised servitor of Oxford, abandoned by his father, and seemingly by the world—though it was

the world's cause for which he suffered; behold him converted into a guardian of the public virtue, a director of the public opinion, and intending to be infinitely more, if the crusade to be preached against riches and honours prospered. The very first day when he took possession, and after having closed a glowing address to "*the Unfortunate People of the United Kingdom*, called, by *Pride and Corruption, the lower orders*," he fell into a profound reverie, in which all the glories that had ever been, or might ever be, achieved by the press, flitted before his eyes. He called up all the heroes of the French Revolution, who had daily contributed, by their journals, to that "*glorious fabric*;" and ended in America, with the man who did most honour to human nature there—the enlightened Franklin. His opinions of the latter might be not wrong, as far as they went; but they stopped far short of what really belonged to that enlightened person. He thought of him only as a successful liberty merchant—a man who had acquired not only fame, but power and money, by levelling, or greatly contributing to level, all distinctions, and reducing all pride of birth, honours, and personal consequence, to the equality of his darling Republic. How little did he appreciate the other merits of this amiable man, and practical philosopher!—His knowledge of physics, his beneficial discoveries, his general philanthropy, his solid experience! How little did he care for his prudence, and those observations on the habits and conduct of men, spread out in maxims and rules, which all ought to read, and few can read without lasting benefit! To emulate his bland manners, his simplicity, his honesty, and disinterestedness, which made him popular through a long life, and consecrated his memory after his death, never entered the contemplation of his intended imitator! He only thought of him as a successful rebel, an ambassador to foreign countries, and a ruler in his own.

"Why may I not be all this?" said Mr. Crabtree to himself, at the close of his reverie; and as his *own* dinner was announced to him, in his *own* parlour, by his *own* servant. "Poor Hartley," said he, as he finished with a glass of old port, "I cannot say I envy him his rich pupil, and his cap off whenever he sees a fellow that calls himself a master. By the way, I owe him ten pounds!"

At that moment, his maid having let fall a tray, he got up in a passion, called her an awkward —, and had she been the shopboy, instead of a woman, would have struck her, but lowered his lifted hand, not from shame, but fear of what might be said of it.

He now reigned all-powerful in his printing-house; employed several jackals to pick up every sort of private scandal, himself administering the department for inculcating the private and public conduct of all Tories, Conservatives, lukewarm Whigs, and abject neutrals. Over these he commenced a reign of terror, by misrepresentation, vituperation, and the foulest imputations of avarice and corruption in themselves, their relations, or ancestors. If a man who had served his country, ever so well, in the Army, Navy, or Church, happened to obtain preferment or promotion, and was connected with nobility, or people in office, the services were overlooked, and it was sure to be turned into an infamous job on account of that connexion. On the other hand, if another, professing Radical principles, was dismissed or punished for an infamous crime, such as breach of trust, swindling, or

even forgery, he was equally sure of being defended, and the punishment attributed to the malignity of the upper orders.

The burning of Bristol, and the plunder of its unprotected inhabitants, was the mere consequence of the natural indignation of an injured, high-spirited people, driven to madness by oppression and misrule. To defend a house in Ireland, when attempted to be burped, with its owner and his whole family in it, if death ensued to the assailants, it was murder—if to the inhabitants, it was fair revenge for a thousand wrongs. The cry of "*Guerre aux Châteaux !—Paix au Chaumières !*" which set France in a blaze, and consummated the Revolution, if not preached as a duty, was threatened as a thing impending to England. If the House of Lords did not sanction the proposal of every visionary political quack, or presumed to differ with the Commons upon anything in which the word "people" was used, they were called suicides—their doom was sealed by themselves—they were no longer to be tolerated, but suppressed by a holy insurrection, which would naturally follow, and be the mere consequence of their own folly.

All these topics were pounded, or soaked, in various ways, with various success, into the brains of the reading—that is, of the whole—public, twice a week, by the "*Radical Reformer's Mercury*," making an impression according to the nerves, prejudices, objects, or wishes of those who read. By some, the editor was thought merely mad; by many, a designing knave; by as many, a patriot of the highest class. Be this as it may, he and the cause of Radicalism flourished.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD.

It was the early winter,
 The snow was on the ground,
 When first my beauteous maiden,
 My flower of love I found :
 She passed me with a timid step,
 A soft and downcast eye ;
 My feelings mounted to my cheek.
 When first my love pass'd by.

I saw her gain the cottage,
 And yet I linger'd near ;
 Around me breathed a magic—
 Life never seem'd so dear !
 My spirit in a golden ring
 Of beauty had been bound :
 It was the early winter,
 The snow was on the ground.

I saw her on the Sabbath,
 I ventured near her side ;
 Oh, how I pray'd to Providence
 That she might be my bride !
 And soon my fondest hopes were blest,
 Whilst bells did sweetly sound :
 It was the early winter,
 The snow was on the ground.

TIGERS AND TIGERISM.

" Nomen erit pardus, *tigris*, leo,—siquid adhuc est
Quod fremat in terris violentius."—JUVENAL.

" Locus est et pluribus umbris."—HORAT.

THERE are among most people to be found some things, and some combinations of idea, for which their language has no expression; and, *per contra*, some names in their language for things which they have not. The most striking instance, probably, is to be found in the necessity which we English are under of borrowing from our neighbours, (as Paddy is wont to say,) "the loan" of the word *ennui*,—being, as we confessedly are, the most burdened with that disease of any population in Europe; while the French, from whom we take the term, are light-hearted and careless to a proverb. The Latin, also, *ab urbe conditâ*, down to the present 1836, (when it has fallen into the hands of apothecaries, pedagogues, and German professors, to be murdered at discretion,) has contrived to rub on without a definite article; leaving the people with no better mode of speaking *δεξιτερῶς*, than by pointing with the finger. But the most extraordinary nation in this respect are the Italians, whose purists have interdicted the use of all words of later date than the fifteenth century; so that a man cannot go in a steam-boat, ride in an omnibus, nor so much as call for a dish of tea, or a pot of XX., without perpetrating a solecism. Attention to this circumstance is necessary, on very many occasions, if we would avoid the common and coarse mistake of inferring the presence or absence of certain things, in certain communities, according to the richness or poverty of the popular vocabulary. How often, for instance, do we give credit to societies and to individuals, for the possession of honour, religion, generosity, truth, &c. &c., merely because they know how to name them; while it is notorious that they who have these things most frequently in their mouths, have generally the smallest portion of them in their hearts? On the other hand, we are far from safe in supposing a man deficient in a quality because he makes no boast of it; or in believing, when we find a novelty sliding into a language, that the thing it expresses is only then beginning to be known among the people who speak it. It would be a foolish error, for example, to imagine that the population of these happy realms were altogether ignorant of that moral phenomenon, a quiz, before the reign of George the Third; or that before the time of his late Majesty, of glorious and pious memory, they were such "sad" dogs, as not to know what "a lark" is. "Twaddles," too, were sufficiently numerous long before they were so written down; and the Parliament House was infested with two-legged "rats," even before the revolution of 1688, though they have neither been sung nor said, *eo nomine*, till our own days.

Among the most recent introductions into our English vocabulary, we have the neologismal appellatives, "tiger" and "tigerism,"—words of great intensity and signification, without which it would be impossible to get on for "one calendar day" in genteel society. But, much as these words are in circulation, they are very little understood, except by the

select few; and a sentence or two on the subject may not be amiss; as well for the benefit of country parsons, east-endians (or *Indians*), and such other offshoots of the existing generation, as for the instruction of posterity, to which all the writings in the "New Monthly Magazine" are so expressly addressed.

A *tiger*, then, be it known, is by no means to be interpreted as signifying one of those inhabitants of the parish of Marylebone, which are located in the Zoological Gardens, but simply a variety of the genus *homo*. Young as the word is, in this its manly sense, it has already passed through several shades of meaning, by no means to be confounded with each other. On its first introduction, a few years back, it was used to express a humble dependent taken into a curricule, to hold the terrier between his legs, to make the vehicle run level and easy, to receive the out-pourings of ill temper after a run of bad luck at play, or, in due time and season, to be let slip after a pedestrian beauty with a pocket-handkerchief in her hand, and to dog her to her lodgings. A tiger was further serviceable at the dinner-table, to sing songs, to draw corks, to laugh at his patron's jokes, and see him to bed at the end of the evening. Of all things changeable, fashion being the most so, this *servus-curru-portatur-eodem* fashion could not be expected to last for ever; and, accordingly, it fell with the vehicle for which it was introduced. Cabs came in, and curricles went out; and when tigers ceased to ride cheek by jowl with the lambs their masters, the term got up behind, and was used to represent that diminutive of a boy who figures in a frock coat and a complete pair of top boots, as an essential *quota pars* of every well-appointed bachelor's "turn-out."

Such, down to the day in which we write, is a tiger proper; though, among the learned, this application even of the term is giving way, and merging, by degrees into a third signification, which we may call the tiger-metaphorical. The post-vehicular tiger, or tiger proper, being, as every one knows, usually—nay indispensably, dressed à *quatre épingles*, or in plain English, to an excess of ostentatious and punctilious nicety, he is an appropriate and express image of that "*aliquid plus quam satis est*" in attire, that overdone "*habitus nitor*," which distinguishes an ignorant and impudent pretender to fashion from the great original, whom he fancies he is imitating. All deviations, then, from the simply elegant propriety of toilet,—at once so undefinable, yet so unmistakable,—which marks a real and perfect Exclusive, or genuine man of *ton*, is figuratively ycleped "tigerism;" and the offender, whether he sins in pure inapprehensiveness of the *juste milieu*, or from a vulgar affectation of singularity, is, in modern parlance, metonymically called "a tiger." *Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto*.

Take the word, therefore, in whatever sense you will, it would be an equal oversight to suppose the thing it represents new, as the language. We English were, at no period of our history, "so little an house of call to the chariot of the sun*," as to be without tigers of all denominations. Lord Barrymore indeed may have had the honour of inventing the name; but the thing is of all antiquity, as appears by the first quotation which heads this paper: for your tiger is precisely the scurvy dog there mentioned; and like Juvenal's other dogs, rejoicing in fierce names, being

* *Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.*

by nature the tamest and gentlest of the whole order of mammalia,—fetching and carrying with the docility of a poodle, and the intelligence of a learned pig,—is catachrestically called after the most ferocious animal in the zoological world.

Ap[ro]pos to the learned pig,—it is now almost forgotten that that egregious animal completely broke down when called upon to exhibit before the Prince of Wales. Whether it happened that the animal was mistaken for a brother of the Epicurean sty, or that an abstract sense of merit alone was at the bottom of the affair, I know not; but he was honoured by an introduction. A party was made for the occasion, at some noble house, and the pig was asked to meet his royal master. We have the negro's authority for stating, that the habits of the animal are aristocratic, or, to use his own words, that "pig he only gentleman." The pig accordingly was indulged with *la petite entrée*; but, unluckily, the reception-room was an octagon, and its sides were lined with mirrors down to the ground. The learned personage consequently, on looking around him, found himself surrounded with a whole college of swine, or rather by a university of grunTERS; and suddenly struck with a sense of humility, he, with his proverbial firmness of purpose, refused to exhibit in such superior society. After much preliminary confusion, then, he laid himself down, with a grunt of displeasure, on the hearth-rug; and utterly regardless of the "*principibus placuisse, &c.*" he turned his back on the company, and fell fast asleep;—to the infinite mortification of his owner, and the disappointment of a great prince,—who then, for the first time, found one not disposed to tumble, when he was graciously pleased to be pleased with the amusement. This porcine propensity, by-the-by, is not infrequent among wits. Your diner-out is ever fond of exhibiting *sotus*; and when, by an absurd application of the rule of three, the species are collected in numbers at the same table, for the greater amusement of the guests, they are much too apt to be struck dumb; and when they have eaten and drank their fill, at the expense of their host, they fall asleep without scruple of conscience, like the pig; though not exactly like him—on the hearth-rug.

This recalcitrant disobedience of wits and pigs is wholly unknown to the tiger, who is ever ready for all things commandable; for, like Johnson's Frenchman, "bid him go to hell,—to hell he goes." Touching the antiquity of this particular variety of the animal, it extends beyond the period of recorded history, and doubtless is coeval with the institution of private property. If "Lord," as Skinner maintains, implies, etymologically, "a giver of bread," its correlative cannot be "commoner," but "tiger." Commoners, we know, not only habitually earn their own bread, but their lord's also;—or at least that of his younger children on the Pension List; whereas the tiger always feeds at the expense of his master. Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," says that "the nobility of England which generally doe bear the name of lord, have alwaies, and as it were, of a successive custome (rightly, according to that honourable name), maintayned and fed more people, to wit, of their servants, retayners, dependants (some tigers too, as Falconbridge would say), tenants, as also the poore, than the nobility of any country on the continent; which surely is a thing very honourable and laudable, and most befitting noblemen and right noble minds."

Where Verstegan learned this bread-giving trait of the English nobility, I know not. If Fortune sells the favours she seems to give, so, also, do most lords, whether insular or continental; and they sell it devilish dear, too. But of this we may be sure, wherever the bread-givers were, there were the tigers: or, as Horace more elegantly expresses the fact, "*Sint Mæcenates, &c. &c. &c.*"

Among the Romans, (and Horace brings the circumstance to recollection,) tigers were known by the name of *Umbrae*. They accompanied their masters everywhere like shadows; and for the same reason,—that is, on account of the substance. Terence and Plautus quizz these personages as parasites, which was ungenerous; for they ate only the musty victuals and drank the sour wine:—and when we consider, moreover, how pertinaciously the *patres conscripti* took the bread out of the people's mouths, we cannot see the reproach, if the people tried every means in their power to get some of it back again. Besides, no class of operatives earn their morsel harder, or oftener eat it bedewed with tears. Of the *Umbrae* of antiquity, the court-fools, and their near kinsmen, the minstrels and troubadours, were the legitimate successors. These were, to all intents and purposes, the tigers of their day; for it is not to be supposed that their licence of speech exempted them from the cringing docility of the genuine tiger. Everybody, indeed, likes to laugh at his neighbour; but everybody does not exactly like to laugh at himself; so that the cracking of jokes and the cracking of crowns have ever been rather closely coupled together. The worst trait in the history of Archbishop Laud, was his persecution of poor Archy, the King's fool, for a miserable jest;—but he was unlucky in having the anecdote handed down to posterity; for the practice was universal with great lords, in those times. *Sed de his hactenus.*

Of the tiger of the cab there is less to be said. He differs from his Linnæan prototype in this—that whereas the tigerish propensities of the animal strengthen with his strength, and grow with his growth; the biped gradually loses his characteristics as he ripens into adolescence, and is no longer to be recognised when he arrives at years of discretion. Africa produces nothing more monstrous than an overgrown tiger; for a lad is no longer fit to go behind a cab, when he is once able to mount it without danger of breaking his neck. This tiger has his fellow in my lady's page. Both are the special favourites of their employers; both are "figged out" to gratify their vanity. Both are ruined, morally as well as physically, in the service; while, if they survive, they are both rendered unfit for any other. The page, indeed, is the most fantastically and sumptuously dressed, and his health is destroyed by hot rooms and late hours; but the tiger, though more groomishly attired, is not less scrupulously exact, and he is equally rendered consumptive by rough weather and sleeping in a cab. Should they escape, too, from that mode of death, their fate is still very generally the same; for when, like the ghost in the "Castle of Otranto," they have become too big for the mansion, they are both alike candidates for treading the same path to the gallows.

Now as to the tiger* metaphorical, the reigning tiger of the present hour, he is a perfect nondescript; for as truth is one, and error multifarious, so, whatever deviates from the *unique* standard of gentlemen's dressing is tigerish, no matter what particular form it assumes. To understand this matter fully, tigers should be classified; but so various

and so minute are the shadings of this species of tigerism, that Cuvier himself could have failed to arrange them.

The Connaught and Munster tiger, for instance, may be known by his hat stuck on three hairs of one side of his head, at an angle at which no other hat, foreign or domestic, would maintain its place. The opposite side, as if to balance things, is graced with an enormous tuft of overgrown curling locks—in form and size resembling the ancient powder puff. His habit is a short frock of Pomona green, his waistcoat is broadly striped, and his unmentionables are of corduroy, with gaiters *not* to match. He carries a short ash-plant in his hand, and his whistle is loud, clear, and mellifluous.

The Clerical tiger wears a shovel-hat and a rosette, a coat with a stand-up collar, a tight cravat, and a pair of well-polished silver buckles. He would sport a cauliflower wig, but that it is no longer possible; so he lets his hair curl behind from ear to ear. You might, in short, take him for a Bishop; though he is simply a poor fellow of a college—only his shoes creak a little too loud for episcopacy.

The Medical tiger is growing obsolete. The Dalmahoy wig is no more; the cocked hat has disappeared; and the rhubarb-coloured coat is numbered among the things which have been: but if you see a man step out of a *desobligeant*, with a nicely-powdered head, and a black suit particularly well-brushed, a finical lady's-maid-sort of expression of countenance, and black silk stockings in a morning, *certo certius*, he is of the pestle, and a pestilent tiger into the bargain.

Of Cockney tigers the varieties are infinite, and of all shades, from the slightest observable excess of precision, to the actor's exaggeration of every item of the dandyism of the hour. There is the Groom variety of tiger, the Bob Logic variety, and the Dandy variety, or Haberdasher tiger. The last is known by his chin-tuft, and by the perfectness of his equestrian appointments, in every particular, except the horse. The two former varieties speak for themselves. The broad, shallow hat, spectacles, and umbrella, are pathognomonic symptoms of the one; the Fives' Court air infallibly betrays the other.

The Attorney tiger, or *Tigris Bloomsburyensis*, is cognizable by his multiplicity of rings, and brooches, and gold chains. His wig, too, is oiled and curled to an hair. His fancy waistcoat is of a garish pattern, and he sports black-satin trousers at his evening parties. His shirt, widely protuberant, is wrought into a thousand fantastical folds; and his yellow gloves emulate the pallid radiance of an April sunbeam. He differs from the genuine West-end tiger more in degree than in kind; the latter being many shades less *prononcé*, and his air more confident and easy.

The Author tiger (and his congener, the artist) are known by a black velvet coat, cut *à la Henri Quatre*, an excess of up-turned linen at the cuffs, rings outside his white kids, and perhaps an ivory cane. Manners and conversation to match (as the "Fashions for the Month" have it); that is to say, singular and unnatural.

The forms of tigerism, it is clear, from these descriptions, must be various as those of the models from which they are mistaken. The metaphorical tiger among the Romans was most readily detected by a slight trailing of the *toga*. If there is any faith in busts, Lucius Verus was a tiger in hair-dressing, as Faustina was a manifest tigress.

Tigerism under the Edwards and Henrys* was ostensible in long pointed shoes fastened to the knee with chains. Under Louis XIV. tigerism broke out in the enormity of the wig, and of the lace ruffles round the boot. Under James I. yellow ruffs were tigerish, till Mrs. Turner (Sir T. Overbury's murderess) put them out of fashion. Under the first Georges, tigerism took the form of a starched stiffness, and an inimitable ugliness of every detail of dress; in the latter Georges, it has assumed every shape under heaven, from that of the three Mr. Wigginses and the Skeffington cut, down to the Petersham coat and the D'Orsay shirt-frill. Nothing external could well be more widely different than George III. and his son and successor; but each in his own way was (tell it not in Gath) *tant soit peu* of a tiger.

Tigerism in France mounted during the reign of terror a red night-cap, and was conspicuous by an excessive neglect of person and affectation of dirt. Tigresses, too, shone in a near approach to nudity, in Greek draperies and a Brutus' wig. Under Napoleon, tigerism was gorgeous, and sported much embroidery and many jewels. Under Louis Philippe, it shone in a sugar-loaf hat and a German exterior; and for a while, it glittered in the many-coloured garb of a Saint Simonian mystagogue. Nay, so various is the mutability of the tiger, that he may be detected under the plain coat of a Quaker; while the tigress absolutely luxuriates in a puce-coloured lutestring and a bonnet without ribands or lace.* A sailor, in full shore-going fig, is a regular-built tiger in his way; and so, too, is a Catholic priest, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his coat nearly reaching to it. In short, there is no condition of life without its tigerism, though the name perhaps may not have been applied, in every instance, to the tiger.

Tigerism is accustomed to break out from time to time in relation to some particular article—a clouded cane, a snuff-box, a brooch, a bludgeon—what not? In our fathers' days, tigerism was exhibited sometimes in the wearing two watches, sometimes in enormous buckles like those now affected by sailors, sometimes in a coat industriously powdered, before it was put on for the day. For a short period it raged in the shape of a triple series of hat-bands; and bolsters or featherbeds, by way of neckcloths, had their day. At this present writing, tigers may be known by the extravagance of their shirt-studs, or by their waist-coat buttons of gold filigree; but in nothing does the tiger appear with greater *éclat* than in the walking-cane decorated with the most extravagant jewellery. In France, more especially, this mode has been carried to an excess unheard-of in other places. Four and five pounds is no uncommon price for the article; given,* too, by men who have not so much left in their pockets, when they have paid for it. But Monsieur de Balzac, the well-known writer, has made himself immortal in the circles of Parisian *ton*, not only by his works, *cela va sans dire*, but by his unmatched tigerism, in sporting a cane which cost some forty pounds of our money. It is a serious mortification and disappointment that we cannot give our readers a particular description of this monster-cane; but, to confess the truth, we have not seen it. We had, indeed, some idea of procuring a drawing from Paris, if not of going there ourselves—partly to gratify our own curiosity, and partly to have it engraved for the Magazine; but on reflection, we were satisfied that it must soon come into the printshops, and be imitated *en faux*, at Birmingham, for the use of professional diners-out and blue-stocking party-goers. So

conspicuous has the "*Canne de Monsieur Balzac*" become in the *fasti* of Parisian literature, that it has been taken as the machinery of a recent novel by Madame Gerardin, who, no doubt, in her version of its splendour has added much to its brilliancy and beauty.

The introduction of this novelty in literature is most advantageous, inasmuch as it is far easier to found a reputation on the head of a cane than on one's own head, and to trust to Storrs and Mortimer for notoriety rather than to Mr. Colburn. But then, perhaps, it will be said that a reputation of this sort is not within the reach of every one's pocket; and that, in this case, an author comes out at his own risk, and not at that of his publisher. This may be so, perhaps; but the admission detracts nothing from the utility of the substitute, at least to the aristocratical portion of authors, who most stand in need of it: and as for the poorer devils of professional writers, they may employ false stones and Irish diamonds; and it will not be the first time they have passed the counterfeits for the true thing. Neither will the innovation be as great as at first sight may be thought. Tigerism has for a long time been on the increase among writers; for since it has been the fashion in the great world to take up any scribbler who has libelled, fought, or eccentricized himself into notice, the spoiled child of the season has found it easier to *outrer* the dress and deportment of a gentleman for the occasion, than to assume it: in other words, the public make lions of these men; and they, by a slight transformation, make themselves tigers.

There is one species of tigerism which has not yet earned its name, though as fairly entitled to it as another, albeit, it must be confessed, not quite so personal:—I allude to tigerism in the furniture of a house. This is displayed in an excess of sumptuousity and decoration; and though far from a cheap, is a short road to notoriety and distinction. The most approved form of this extravagance is the house *à la Louis XIV.*; or, to make the matter clearer by an image, the closer you can make your mansion approach to Mr. Braham's new theatre, the more tigerish it will be. Inlaid floors, *roccoco* ornaments, Watteau-ish pictures let into the walls, rich silk hangings, and buhl cabinets, in cumbrous multitudes and endless variety, are the symptoms of this disease, which is becoming epidemic among *Messieurs les nouveaux riches*. Perhaps there are few lines more difficult to draw, than that which separates a gentleman's house from a tiger's; for, in assuming a particular style, it is essential that its details should be perfect, and it is not merely an attention to them which constitutes the difference. But in the tiger's mansion there is perceptible an overloading and extravagance in the *ensemble*, though, at a first glance, you cannot exactly say where; and the difference becomes still more marked, when the manners and conversation of the owners are in salient contrast with the *recherché* and elegance of their *environage*.

It is time, however, to have done. Tigerism is a vast and various subject, and volumes might be written without exhausting it. Many, doubtless, will be the varieties of the animal which will occur to our readers, and many good things will they recollect which are omitted in this hasty sketch. Let them, however, remember that *l'art d'ennuyer est l'art de tout dire*, and pardon our omissions accordingly: too happy will it be for us, if they are not more dissatisfied with our sins of commission, than with those of defect.

CHRISTMAS :

A SONG FOR GOOD FELLOWS, YOUNG AND OLD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

CHRISTMAS comes ! He comes, he comes,
 Usher'd with a rain of plums ;
 Hollies in the windows greet him ;
 Schools come driving post to meet him ;
 Gifts precede him, bells proclaim him,
 Every mouth delights to name him ;
 Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark,
 Make him but the warmer mark ;
 And yet he comes not one-embodied,
 Universal 's the blithe godhead ;
 And in every festal house
 Presence hath ubiquitous.
 Curtains, those snug room-enfolders,
 Hang upon his million-shoulders ;
 And he has a million eyes
 Of fire, and eats a million pies,
 And is very merry and wise ;
 Very wise, and very merry,
 And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

Then full many a shape hath he,
 All in said ubiquity :
 Now is he a green array,
 And now an " eve," and now a " day ;"
 Now he's town gone *out* of town,
 And now a feast in civic gown,
 And now the pantomime and clown
 With a crack upon the crown,
 And all sorts of tumbles down ;
 And then he's music in the night,
 And the money gotten by't :
 He's a man that can't write verses,
 Bringing some to ope your purses ;
 He's a turkey, he's a goose,
 He's oranges unfit for use ;
 He's a kiss that loves to grow
 Underneath the mistletoe ;
 And he's forfeits, cards, and wassails,
 And a king and queen with vassals,
 All the " quizzes " of the time
 Drawn and quarter'd with a rhyme ;
 And then, for their revival's sake,
 Lo ! he's an enormous cake,
 With a sugar on the top
 Seen before in many a shop,
 Where the boys could gaze for ever,
 They think the cake so very clever ;
 And some morning, in the lurch
 Leaving romps, he goes to church,
 Looking very grave and thankful,
 After which he's just as prankful,
 Now a saint, and now a sinner,
 But, above all, he's a dinner ;

(*Vide* Mr. Hervey's book,
And the picture of the cook ;)*
He's a dinner, where you see
Everybody's family ;
Beef, and pudding, and mince-pies,
And little boys with laughing eyes,
Whom their seniors ask arch questions,
Feigning fears of indigestions
(As if they, forsooth, the old ones,
Hadh't, privately, tenfold ones) :
He's a dinner and a fire,
Heap'd beyond your heart's desire—
Heap'd with log, and bak'd with coals,
Till it roasts your very souls,
And your cheek the fire outstares,
And you all push back your chairs,
And the mirth becomes too great,
And you all sit up too late,
Nodding all with too much head,
And so go off to too much bed.

Oh, plethora of beef and bliss !
Monkish feaster, sly of kiss !
Southern soul in body Dutch !
Glorious time of great Too-Much !
Too much heat, and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys ;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking ;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough.
Oh, right is thy instinctive praise
Of the wealth of Nature's ways !
Right thy most unthrifty glee,
And pious thy mince-piety !
For, behold ! great Nature's self
Builds her no abstemious shelf,
But provides (her love is such
For *all*) her own great, good Too-Much,—
Too much grass, and too much tree,
Too much air, and land, and sea ;
Too much seed of fruit, and flower,
And fish, an unimagi'd dower !
(In whose single roe shall be
Life enough to stock the sea—
Endless ichthyophagy !)
Ev'ry instant through the day
Worlds of life are thrown away ;
Worlds of life, and worlds of pleasure,
Not for lavishment of treasure,
But because she's so immensely
Rich, and loves us so intensely,
She would have us, once for all,
Wake at her benignant call,
And all grow wise, and all lay down
Strife, and jealousy, and frown,
And, like the sons of one great mother,
Share, and be blest, with one another.

* The Book of Christmas. By Thomas K. Hervey ; with Illustrations by R. Seymour. A manual, plump and sufficing as the season,—the production of a spirit companionable, gentlemanly, and poetical.

TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.—NO. I.

THE DEVOTION OF OMUL-HENA.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

A CROWD had assembled around the dwelling of the Sheikh in Kouka; the men, some whispering, some talking loudly, while others shook their black heads, with all the importance of self-constituted authority and wisdom. The women neglected their duties and employments, and chattered like so many parakeets; nay, the very slaves were openly idling. It was early morning: in England we should have hardly finished our night's repose; but in Kouka there was as much bustle at the hour of four, as if the Bashaw of Tripoli had made the inhabitants a visit,—an event which they neither anticipated nor desired. The Sheikh, like a wise man and a good magistrate, was in his palace, hearing and deciding upon the complaints of his people. He was seated, as usual, upon a piece of carpet, plainly dressed in a blue robe* of Soudan, and a shawl turban. Two negroes were on each side of him; and on his carpet lay a brace of pistols. He had just pronounced judgment in a case rather uncommon, the news of which had gathered the crowd together; and his satellites were exclaiming loudly of his goodness and his wisdom.

It had been made known to him that the wife of a free man had disgraced herself with being too familiar with a slave. The injured husband demanded justice; and the Sheikh condemned both to be hanged outside the walls. The owner of the slave bowed low before the Sheikh.

"May your hair be gray!" he exclaimed; "but your servant complains. Rightly have you judged as regards the woman—a wicked one, stirred by the evil spirit as the wind stirs the reeds of a filthy pool! She it was who seduced my slave. May you live for ever! but, if through the means of this man's wicked wife I lose the labour of his hands, let the husband of the woman pay me for my loss. I am poor in the eyes of all Kouka, and cannot afford such great privation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Sheikh, "how often is man driven to destruction by woman! yet, of all happiness she is the root or branch. Behold! has not this man suffered enough in losing his wife? I myself will pay you the value of your slave, for you are poor."

The justice and wisdom of the sable chief were loudly applauded; and all present wished that the hairs of his head might be as white as the foam of the rapid waters, and that God might greatly prosper the Sheikh of Kouka.

The culprits were ordered for execution on the following day; and the Sheikh was proceeding to investigate business of another nature, when the loud voices of many from without attracted his attention, and suddenly three or four beautiful Shouaa† women rushed into the room, and, with tears and boisterous sorrow, threw themselves at his feet. The emotion of the women prevented their explaining the cause of their distress; but a young man, called Mirza, of the same tribe as the intruders, spoke for them. He was tall and well formed, of a deep copper colour, and his fine expressive features would appear to singular advantage in

* Shirt.

† The Shouaa Indians may be called the Gipsies of Africa; they resemble them both in features and in habit.

European eyes, when contrasted with the thick lips and stubbed noses of the legitimate inhabitants of Kouka. He informed the Sheikh, that, during the night, news had reached a hunting party, of which he was one, that the hostile Biddomahs * had lately made their appearance on the banks of the Ichad. This had occasioned the Shouaas who heard it considerable uneasiness, as they knew both an old and a young chief of their tribe, with a few attendants, had gone in that direction, seeking for panthers and other animals. Scarcely two hours had drawn the night so much nearer morning, when they were informed their worst fears were realised; both chiefs, and almost all their retinue, had been taken prisoners, and conveyed to, the canoes of those "wild water people." Two of their attendants only escaped to tell the news to their countrymen.

"These," continued the speaker, "are the wives and sisters of Mourzoo, the aged chief, and of Sebha, the lion-hearted; they wish to drop their tears on your heart, that you may assist their people with the braves of Kouka, and that their chiefs may die with their own people."

The women echoed the petition; and, after a pause—

"The Biddomahs are not cruel," said the Sheikh; "they take, but they do not slay. Have they yet sent to demand the ransom?"

"Not yet," replied the wife of Mourzoo; "not yet have they sent; but they will, unless forced to return the sun and moon of our existence."

The Sheikh was a humane man; but he did not value the liberty of Shouaa chiefs as he would have valued the liberty of his own people: his reply was framed with more than his usual caution.

"They acknowledge no sultan: they pay no tribute," he said. "God is good! yet, when (after all their inroads on his territory) they choose to visit Abdel-Bahr, did he not receive them kindly, and give them fine tobies and red caps? If we send men doubly armed with the spear, and our authority, they will not meet them man to man; they will take to their canoes, and carry their prisoners into slavery in the islands of Koorie or Sayah. The evil spirit, whom they serve, has given them a strong arm and a cunning head, instead of a large country and much cattle: the waters are theirs—what can we do?"

"Alas! I know not! Unless you aid us, they will take all Mourzoo's cattle, which do not exceed in number what they will demand," replied his wife. "Two thousand bullocks are but as many mice in their eyes; and they will require female slaves as well!"

"It is of Sebha I would speak," interrupted a young Shouaa passionately, while her boy clung to her side; "Sebha, of the double spear! If *he* could not escape, who shall be safe? His riches he gathered from the woods! he strung the teeth of elephants, as the wife of Mourzoo strings fishes' eyes! he lined his tents with panthers' skins; and the lion and the eagle knew that the whistle of his arrow was the signal of approaching death! As a shepherd is to his flock, so was Sebha to his tribe! His heart is as large as the desert! his kindness was like the rich overflowing from the udder of the she-camel! Even as the flowers without rain perish in the field, so shall we droop, if Sebha, my husband, returns not to his tents! Look upon us, O Sheikh! upon him, our eldest boy—upon Omul-Hena, the sister of my husband! All she looks upon becomes graceful! yet, she will

* A spirited tribe inhabiting the islands in the river Ichad.

die if her brother returns not! If the unbelievers demand bullocks of my husband, he has none to give; if they ask him for slaves, none of beauty dwell in his tents!"

The crowd had ceased to hear the words of Ittha, the wife of Sebha, for they gazed upon the exquisite loveliness of the graceful girl who stood before them. An expression of haughtiness lingering on her lip or brow would have realised all that has been said or painted of Cleopatra's beauty.

"Oh!" continued the young Shouaa's wife, bending her head in an agony of grief, until it rested upon her sister's bosom; "if I envy any, it is the wife of Mourzoo. She has bullocks and slaves to purchase her husband's ransom; their hair has grown gray together; and, behold, they are rich. We are young, and have not seen years which bring riches to the wise!"

Mourzoo's wife, however, seemed loath to part with her accumulated wealth. She importuned the Sheikh, and mingled so much concern as to her probable loss of property, with lamentations for the loss of her husband, as to cause the listeners to exclaim, "See how it is with those Shouaas! They think as much of their cattle as of their husbands! They are like their wandering brethren of the sandy deserts—they have no souls!"

"Peace!" exclaimed the Sheikh, when those murmurs reached his ears: "Peace! Have you not learned the difference between a fading and a budding rose? Have you not observed that though those people are not of our skin, they have hearts?—and have you not further seen that the hearts of the wives of Mourzoo and of Sebha are made of different earth? Let the women withdraw, and I will consider. We must teach those bold sons of the water-spirit that the very Shouaas of the mighty kingdom of Bornou shall be respected!"

Upon this there was a great shout: the men who had spears struck them upon their shields; the women and slaves echoed the acclamation, which resounded throughout the city.

* * * * *

It was the second night since the Sheikh had sent a deputation to remonstrate with the Biddomahs. When all things were considered, he was too prudent to run into a quarrel for the sake of a tribe which he considered much inferior to his own.

It was night; but a continued wail rose, like the sighing of the mountain-wind, from the dwellings of the wife, the sister, and the slaves of Sebha. Omul-Hena had entered her sister's hut, and was seated with her on the same carpet. Together they bewailed their loss, and talked over and over the probable ransom which the Biddomah chief was likely to demand. Sebha's little son slept on his mother's knees, and was covered with the skin of a panther, which his father had surprised in a covert, and killed with his own hand. Suddenly there was a noise and commotion in the street. The deputation had returned, bringing the answer to the Sheikh of Kouka. It was repeated at the midnight hour to the wives of the captured Shouaas. The voice of wailing was renewed; the grief of Mourzoo's wife was loud and boisterous. She shouted her sorrows to the skies, and called upon the people of Kouka to witness her despair. She mourned the loss of such rich and varied ransom as was demanded, and thought with sadness of their decreased

wealth. The wife of Sebha wept bitterly; but Omul-Hena shut the door of their hut, and prostrated herself before the Great Spirit; covering her head with dust, and praying, with many tears, to the unknown god she worshipped, to counsel and direct her ways. She arose from the earth, and taking the hand of her brother's wife within hers, she looked in her face, and bade her be comforted.

"What comfort can I find?" exclaimed her sister; "is not the light of my life extinguished? My tree is uprooted—my flowers withered—my eyes can shed no tears—my heart is scorched within my bosom—and why? Not because Sebha has ceased to be brave—not because of his many wives, but because we have not wherewith to pay his ransom! We have no bullocks. The skins of wild animals—the feathers of the ostrich—the teeth of the elephant, and his two-headed spear, are all our wealth! Female slaves! are they not those who till the earth, and whom the sun scorches till their skins are withered? Are not their mouths large, and their heads white? No, Omul-Hena! your brother's wife can find no comfort! Is not Sebha in captivity, and she without the means of ransom? One slave we had, in beauty and form like unto the antelope: she would have been a jewel to the Water-sheikh; but Sebha cared not for her beauty. He gave her, as a gift, to the Sultan of Bornou, to soothe him into kindness towards our people; yet, behold! now she could have saved him from captivity!"

"Ittha!" said Omul-Hena, resuming her seat upon her sister's carpet: "Ittha! listen to me, and speak the truth before God! Did you—did my brother—did the people of Kouka, think the slave that Sebha gave as a gift to the Sultan of Bornou, more beautiful than Omul-Hena?"

"More beautiful than you?" replied Ittha: "No; surely not. You! the rose of the desert! You! the water-spring of the sandy plain! More beautiful than you? Oh, no! Omul-Hena is the most lovely of the children of Shouaa!"

"And yet the slave given to the Sultan could have purchased my brother's liberty!—could have made him free as the wind that blows across the desert!"

"Even so," replied Ittha. "But what of that? She is now past recall; and Sebha must remain a slave!"

"Never!" exclaimed Omul-Hena, rising from the ground and standing before Ittha, while all the dignity of a noble purpose illumined her features: "Never! Ittha. I will be his ransom!"

The young wife pressed her hands upon her heart, and gazed, without speaking, into her sister's face. She read at once that her purpose was fixed; then, after a pause, she threw herself upon the ground at her feet, and twined round her, as the woodbine twines round the mountain ash.

"I shall see the face of Sebha again," she exclaimed: "I shall drink joy from his eyes, and hear his voice, like the music of the reed. He will press his son to his bosom, and teach him to throw the spear and wield the club! We will sit under the shadow of the tree his father planted! And you ——"

It seemed as if she suddenly awoke to the sense of the bereavement her sister's absence must create. In the first instance, she only felt that Omul-Hena would restore Sebha; but she forgot the sacrifice by

which his restoration must be effected, until, in the picture her quick affections drew, she missed that form whose beauty and whose goodness shed so many blessings over their simple lives.

"You! Oh, sister! sister! where will you be?" she exclaimed passionately.

"In slavery!" replied the maiden; and though her voice was low and quivering, the steadiness of her purpose rested on her features.

"Omul-Hena! it must not be—it cannot be; he would never permit it!" said Ittha.

"He must not know till it is done; listen to me, sister! Can you support the idea of looking no more upon your husband?"

"No," she replied; "I had resolved to seek the canoe of the Water-sheikh, and go with Sebha to their islands into slavery."

Omul-Hena pointed to the sleeping boy. "And leave him?"

"Oh, no; I could not leave my child!" she exclaimed.

"Make him a slave?" questioned Omul-Hena.

"May the Good Spirit guide me!" replied the young wife, "I would save you all; but Sebha—Sebha!"

"He shall be saved! In my heart I have sworn it!" said the maiden. "What am I! that I should hang upon my brother, when I could restore him to his tribe—his wife—and child—could I sit upon his carpets—drink from his cups—ride upon his horses—wear his tobes—and hang about my neck the trophies of his powers in the chase—while he remained in slavery? and I (for God is good) to know that this poor body, wherein my spirit dwells but for a little time, could make my brother free; and do it not! Is he not a man? and yet I, a woman, weak as a reed, can procure his liberty!—God is good!" She clasped her hands, and Ittha wept aloud.

"You know it was all written, when we were born," resumed the girl, "and when it is thought of, life is but as a blossom! Where are those which filled the trees last year? Gone. Some with the whirlwind—some with the locust—all with the fading year!—What matters it, Ittha, if you are happy?—You will think of Omul-Hena! and—nay, closer to me, sister. Young Mirza, he who spoke so brave unto the Sheikh—you will tell Sebha of his goodness, and get him to love him as a brother, Ittha—as a brother!" Though it was night, she turned away her face to hide the blushes that changed her rich brown cheek to crimson, while Ittha, the warm-hearted but weak-minded Ittha, wept more loudly than before.

It is known, that those we call savages never break faith. The Bidomahs had named the ransom they would accept, and it was perfectly certain they would demand no more. The principal wife of Mourzoo lamented most bitterly the loss of her bullocks, and talked with her slaves, in most loquacious confidence, how that the bullocks were young, and worth all the rich tobes, and red caps, and coral heads in Soudam; but Mourzoo was old, and could not live long. Alas! and alas! for the bullocks of Mourzoo!

Omul-Hena, mounted on a bullock, richly caparisoned, was ready to depart with the cattle which were to purchase the old chief's liberty. Although she was of the gipsy tribe of Africa, still the people of Kouka mourned her departure: there was, in her voluntary sacrifice, something which touched the hearts of young and old. The girls of her tribe

accompanied her beyond the gates : Mirza, without making his intention known, walked by her side, and Ittha, drowned in tears, rode at her right hand, resolved to accompany her to the appointed place of meeting between the two tribes, where she would also receive her husband ; there was no danger to be apprehended from the Biddomahs—they had never been known to break faith ; and all was peace and safety during the time employed in deliberation or exchange.

There were, however, elders amongst the Shouaas, who dreaded lest other predatory tribes, bush-rangers, or slave-catchers, might surprise the party, encumbered as it was, before it arrived at its destination ; and they would have prevented Ittha accompanying Omul-Hena, had they possessed sufficient influence ; but she had resolved to do so, and their advice was disregarded. The party had proceeded nearly a day's journey from Kouka, when they were set upon by an ambushed party, who, from their superior number and strength, had evidently anticipated their coming. The Shouaas were so encumbered by the bullocks and Sebha's family, that they were unable to bring either their dexterity or mode of warfare to bear upon their enemies. Accustomed, in that wild region, as all men are, to sudden attack and resistance, still they were bewildered by the impetuosity and determination of their assailants. It seemed to Omul-Hena as the work of some dread enchantment, when she found herself the captive of (to her) an unknown tribe, while Ittha and her son, with some half-dozen of their attendants, shared the same fate. They were whirled by their captors upon fleet camels, and their wild-looking conquerors mounted in front of each captive. The greater number of the conquerors remained with the cattle, which, though they left them far behind, they were not at all disposed to abandon ; but their evident object was, to carry into captivity the families of the chiefs.

Ittha could not restrain her lamentations ; but Omul-Hena neither spoke nor wept—her heart seemed crushed within her bosom. She was a slave, yet her noble purpose was unaccomplished. Living amongst, and knowing only those who exist in predatory warfare, still this was her first personal adventure. She had listened for hours to the dismal tales of an old negress about slaves, and of those who carry into slavery ; but what of that?—the danger that is far off loses half its terrors. Mirza was not with them ; she might, perhaps, have questioned her masters, but she understood no word they uttered ; their very looks congealed the blood that eddied round her heart. They were nearly all negroes ; strong, athletic men, wild of eye, and with harsh-sounding voices. The day passed away. Ittha prayed for some water for her boy, and they gave it from a leather bag which hung from the camel's neck. They made no halt ; yet, though the sun was setting, burning and red, over the desert which they traversed, the camels still were fetlock-deep in sand. At last the evening closed, and they proceeded, in the cooler air, with increased rapidity. Omul-Hena's head at last drooped on her bosom, like the delicate flower of the lotus reposing on its supporting leaf. Nature was exhausted ; and, at the dawn of morning, she slept—it might have been for hours. Suddenly she awoke ; the negro descended from the camel, and the gentle animal knelt, to enable Omul-Hena to stand once more upon the earth. She could hardly believe the occurrences of the past hours to have been other than a dream. The desert had disappeared ; and, around them, were green and fragrant trees, while, above their heads, towered a lofty palm. They were con-

ducted into a hut, and offered such refreshment as paste made of bruised grain and camel's milk afforded. An old negress attended them in sullen silence, and at last intimated that they might repose upon some mats which she spread for the purpose. Omul-Hena sat, her back resting against one of the supporters of their slight shelter; and Ittha, pressing her child to her bosom, slept with her head upon her sister's lap. The day was past, and those who had slumbered awoke but to weep fresh tears. The women were not permitted to quit the hut, nor did they know what had become of their companions. Another night and day of sorrow: they were fed, and the old negress brought them oil and perfumes! Another night, and the next morning, at the dawn of day, a man, whiter than themselves, entered, and gazed, with evident delight, on Omul-Hena; he withdrew, and they heard men's voices without, talking in uncouth and unknown language; they clung to each other, from the instinctive knowledge of danger which encompassed them. The white man too, soon returned, accompanied by the negress—Ittha pressed her boy to her bosom, and knelt at the stranger's feet—he signified, by determined gestures, that they were to depart with him.

Once more the sisters stood beneath the canopy of heaven—the air was free around them—the birds were free amongst the trees of freedom's planting—but *they were slaves!* The iron had not yet fettered their fair limbs, but it had entered their hearts! They stood (although they knew it not) upon the southern extremity of the Ichad—that lake so often crossed by the slave-dealers of Tripoli. They had been made captive by the people of Begharmi—what aid could they expect?

The vessel in which they were to embark appeared to them like some ill-omened monster—they turned from it with terror. The dealer laid his hand upon Ittha's shoulder, and pointed to the water; her boy clung to her side, and Omul-Hena looked towards the dell where they had rested; the negro, who had sold her as his own, was retreating to his hut, coolly examining the lock of his rifle! Again, Ittha felt the hated pressure on her shoulder, and, wildly dashing off the hand, she fell upon the earth, exclaiming—"My boy! my boy! he shall never be a slave!"

* * * * *

The Shouaas who escaped from the robbers of Begharmi were but few in number: of those, some fled back to Kouka, while two (one of whom was Mirza) resolved to proceed to the place where their chiefs awaited their ransom, and where the Biddomahs and their sheikh expected it with equal anxiety. The agony of the wound Mirza had received, served but to animate his eloquence. He painted the self-devotion of Omul-Hena; he told of her beauty, as of the colour of a thousand flowers; but he spoke of her heroism as the perfume which exhales from the costly musk and attar. A kindly heart beat within the water-chief's bosom; he saw Sebha's bitter grief for the loss of all that was dear to him; he thought upon his wives and children, safe within their island home, and his heart was softened. The other Shouaa spoke of the audacity of the bold robbers—of their daring to set upon the spoil, which, according to the law of tribes, belonged to the water-sheikh; he expatiated on the beauty and number of the captured bullocks; and expressed his belief that their assailants were those who, not six moons past, sought to betray the chief of the islands himself to a desperate slave-dealer at Tripoli.

The spirit of the water-chief awoke!—He was urged by a double motive. The recital of Omul-Hena's beauty and heroism called forth all the good and noble feelings of his nature; and the loss he had sustained from a robber horde, whom he despised, determined him on vengeance. Lifting his right arm to heaven, he swore to bestow free liberty on Sebha; and, during the three succeeding moons, not to sleep but on his camel, and wander unceasingly, with his new ally, until his wife and sister were regained! Sebha accepted his offer with all the eagerness of gratitude and revenge; his anxiety would have defeated their purpose, but for the cunning of the Biddomahs. Once upon the trail of the destroyers, they advanced rapidly, and, at the very moment when Ittha cast herself upon the earth, her deliverance was at hand. The tramp and neighing of horses—the heavy tread of many camels—the rush—the crash—the whistling of arrows through the air—the report of firearms—the pistol and the rifle! It was in vain that the slave-dealer tried to secure his slaves. After a fierce and desperate struggle, he escaped, with difficulty, to his vessel. It would be impossible to describe the full happiness of that meeting, or the wild laughter of Ittha, when the slave-fetters were clasped, by Sebha's hands, upon the dastard robber who had sold *her* to captivity. It was a mad scene by the waters of the Ichad: the shouting—the ringing of trumpets—the neighing of steeds—the halloo—the mingling of gaudy colours, and the dark forms of the sable and tawny warriors. With a devotion which he never felt before for woman, and which he could not define, the island chief seated Omul-Hena upon the fleetest horse—he looked steadfastly upon her for a few moments—he bowed his head, until his red cap touched the stirrup of her sandalled foot, and pressed her hand to his forehead and his lips: he felt it tremble.

"Fear not!" he said. "I have sworn you, as your brother's friend, the wife of Mirza; but, though I have many dear ones in my own island, I *dare* not look again on Omul-Hena!"

In another instant the troop were in motion; and, filled with triumph, heedless of fatigue, they shouted; their trumpets clanged; and, as they passed on their way, they hymned, at intervals, their song—

"God is great! he gave a dove a lion's heart;

Oh! the broad spears!

God is good! he whispers to the winds his will;

Oh! the broad spears!

God is wise! we found all we desired;

Oh! the broad spears!

God has power! the Shouaa and the water-chief are friends;

Oh! the broad spears!"*

The wind scattered this rude chant over the desert, and it was forgotten; but the devotion of Omul-Hena—is it not talked of in Kouka to this day?

* Major Denham thus describes African horsemen singing their triumphs:—"The horsemen, after saluting us, wheeled round, and two bards remained, singing the praises of their master in a ditty, the chorus of which was—

'Ah! mi tuza yurama!'

which signifies—

'Oh! the broad spears!'

EVERYBODY'S VISITOR AND NOBODY'S GUEST.

Yes, he is the guest of Sorrow, the companion of Fatigue. A philosopher of the peripatetic school, ever on foot, we have asked him for once to take a chair, and sit—shall we say for his caricature? no, but for a sketch of his moral lineaments and physical condition. Reader, you know him; for he is every reader's constant visitor; but you have perhaps scarcely ever bestowed a single sympathizing thought upon him—albeit, you recognize in him a mighty and never-idle agent of civilization, an essential instrument of social communication, a link between heart and heart otherwise separated, a unit drawing millions together—an ever-winding channel of intercourse, bringing the stream of intelligence to every man's door—a society, in his sole self, for the diffusion of all useful knowledge. Reader, receive as a guest for once, your daily visitor, the Postman. A recent change, that has cruelly affected him, gives him a claim upon your sympathy. He is not what he was—we fear to think of what he may be.

Alas! it is too true; a change has come over the spirit of the postman's dream. His day has reached its post-meridian. Thus far he has walked through life, soaked with rain sometimes, but soon dried by sunshine; henceforward he must perambulate amidst unmingled gloom—no, not walking, but merely dragging one leg after the other.

Ere we glance at the sad circumstance in which this change consists, let us turn back into the past and accompany him on his diurnal round. We shall find him in his prescribed motion as regular as the sun; though he claims not to be the Apollo, but only the *Mercure*, of letters. He puts on part of a pair of shoes, indulges his head with a certain portion of hat, and sallies forth upon his epistolary errand. We see at once that he is the postman surnamed Twopenny; he who executes his functions in what may be called half-dress, affording a striking contrast with the full field-marshal's coat of the General. Look at that terrible packet of letters, tied round with a string, each of which he half turns up, one by one, to see if all are rightly sorted, and arranged according to the regular succession of streets and numbers. And here one's sympathy certainly sustains a momentary check. It is impossible, even while we commiserate, to help feeling sensible of a natural touch of envy; for happy is he, so experience tells us, who has merely to deliver all those letters, and who is exempt from the reading of any. How innocent is he of their contents! How harmless they are in his eyes! How little prone are his thoughts to penetrate into those folded mysteries! How blank are the insides to him who is only bent on deciphering the addresses! How utterly unconscious he appears of the agitation, the anguish, the mortal throes, the mental agony, he is carrying in embryo between that left arm of his and his heart! Ah! little does he know that every step he takes, hurrying on to the completion of his task, hastens perhaps a fellow-creature into the prison or the grave. The only reflection that occurs to him in delivering (for example) that cruel notice of process (the hand is the hand of an attorney's clerk) is, that the direction is very plainly written, and the number in the corner perfectly distinct.

" A letter sent by Lawyer Grim,
A wafered letter is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Observe this, with a black seal; he does not even notice the proclamation of sad tidings—he looks only at the address, which is written with a trembling hand in characters far less legible than the last—he thinks it a shame that people won't write plainer, and gives his double knock not dreaming that it is a death-knell. He takes the twopence, and whistles as he crosses over the way to leave the dinner-invitation at No. 11, which to him produces exactly the same result—twopence. He knows of no other possible consequence. The blissful ignorance of his nature, deepened and made happier by daily habit, contemplates but a mere twopence in all cases. The failure of your agent—the misfortune which your dear boy, who detests gambling, happened to meet with at No. something in the Quadrant—long stories from sincere friends at a distance about the children's hooping-cough and the blight of the apple-blossoms—obliging applications for the loan of your Wordsworth, which you have just had bound—a demand for orders for six, either for Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, your acquaintance being (although you never saw him but once) so very good as not to mind which—epistolary insults, annoyances and calamities of every class—all these are alike to the Postman; mere occasions for paying twopences. If he have any thought at all about letters, it is that they are very pleasant and friendly things to get hold of. For although we have said that he is nobody's guest, he once in five years finds in his packet a letter for himself—from an old rheumatic associate in the suburbs asking him to tea on Sunday; an agreeable wind-up to his weekly labours, and the more welcome as the letter is post-paid, for in his circle paying the post is no violation of politeness.

We have here put the best face on the matter. That exemption from the misery of *opening* letters is certainly a bright feature of his lot. But the other side of the picture is dull almost to desolation. He is out at all hours, in all seasons—at the sultry noon, the stormy eve—May and December equally alike find him a pedestrian. He is a *walking* likeness of Patience on a monument. He is a wanderer on the face of the metropolis. His feet are sore, his limbs sink under him, ere his many-winding journey is half over; but it is his arm that aches most, his fingers that are numb with fatigue—their strength is spent with overknocking, with pulling gate-bells, and rapping at the heads of lions, griffins, and gorgons. From house to house he goes, and nowhere finds admittance. He knocks and the door is opened unto him; but weary as he is, nobody asks him to walk in. He cannot even indulge in a minute's gossip with the maid on the doorstep. He has no leisure, as that baker has, for an innocent flirtation. To the prettiest damsel that ever opened door, he has only time to say, "Tibbs, esquire, twopence"—not a word about her eyes. The damsel, indeed, dislikes him, for his knock affects her nerves, and he calls out to her to "make haste"—she hates making haste. These hardships are a part of his ordinary and inevitable experience; but he has numberless accidental ills—vain hunts after those who are "gone away"—wearying inquiries for people "not known in King-street"—infinite toil and disappointment in taking letters to the wrong Mr. Smith.

But if his lot has been thus dreary in the past, how darker than Erebus is its future aspect! The stamp-duty is reduced, and *his* duty will be doubled! The weight of the whole press is on the Postman; we have lessened the burden of one to increase that of the other. His mind staggered before—his body must now totter also. The difference of burthen is that difference between a sheet of letter-paper and a double “Atlas.” Additional millions of broad sheets are to be put in the post; and if these must be delivered, who shall deliver the Postman? Pale cheeks there were, and saddened hearts, in the newspaper-department of the Post-office, when the first weekly supplies of penny stamps were brought in, heaped in huge bundles, for transmission into the country. Enormous packages of the old unstamped, with the red mark of legality affixed to them for the first time, were laid down one by one before the wide-starting eyes of the appointed receiver. He stood aghast at the omen.

“And are these,” he asked, “these many bundles, each of them a load, are they all *one paper*? Has it only a country circulation, and are we to transmit it? Why, there are several of the unstamped besides this—and those also are legalized. There are, moreover, half-a-dozen new papers. Is the Post-office to despatch them all, in addition to the increase upon the old papers daily and weekly? Impossible! If this is a specimen of the change, then farewell for ever, blessed peace of mind—farewell content! Mr. —,” he continued, turning to a petrified postman standing by, “we can never stand against this new system. This is really too bad. Our carts will break down under this new load; they were never built for such work. Look here, here’s a package to go by post. None of our machinery will stand it—the thing can’t be done. But the trial must be made, I suppose—and Heaven pity us under it, say I. I guess what we have to go through, I see it all. Well—here, you Jem, try and lift this package out of the way—they must all go, they’re legal I find—all *stamped*!”

His imagination daily threw deeper shadows upon a prospect gloomy enough in itself. Within a week from the hour when the first penny stamp was passed through the Post-office, the sensitive and forlorn functionary, whose words we have recorded almost verbatim, was dead. We are far from being sure that the feverish excitement and morbid apprehensiveness evinced in his first anticipation of the destructive change, are not to be regarded as the direct cause of the calamity. Beyond a doubt they were the predisposing causes of dissolution. He “saw it all,” as he believed, and persuaded himself, from the evidences furnished on the first morning, that a state of things had begun which the “oldest inhabitant” of the Post-office might quake to look upon. The fear of the “pressure from without” impelled him suddenly onward into the grave.

If the new system should produce but a thousandth part of the toil, pain, harassing and hopelessness, anticipated as its natural effects by its first victim, what a dreary destiny must the Postman’s be! One drop added to a full cup produces the overflow—the last feather breaks the tough back of the camel; thus the last newspaper, the one extra sheet, must weigh down the pitiable carrier, body as well as spirit, to the dust. And a heavy, heavy additional burden is he doomed to bear. His daily walk is prolonged—his double knocks perchance are doubled. In the

country the extent of his delivery is threefold at least; in the metropolis it is frightfully extended, for the newspaper is charged at half-price. For a single penny you receive your newspaper in town, the consequence is that many thousands are passed into the Postman's hands, which otherwise he would have escaped. Nor must it be forgotten, that as this becomes known, the evil will increase. The wanderer will have no respite from perambulation; the walking gentleman will never have time to sit down. He will move on, the very personification of the Movement—the realizer of the Perpetual Motion—the legitimate son of Restlessness. Walker's Dictionary will furnish no superlative epithet capable of describing the ceaselessness of his pedestrianism, the monotony of his miserable toil. Yes, *his* long lane will present no turning; not a hope can visit him in the thick meshes of that despair which surrounds him wherever he goes. His life will not be life, but merely mechanical motion—the action of the moving wax-figure which passes him in triumphal procession as he proceeds on his round. Happy unconsciousness! Thrice-fortunate art thou, oh! waxen wanderer! The mechanism by which the Postman passes onward to his destined stopping-place—the pause of a moment—involves a living sensibility to the pang of every movement—yet on he must go. Punch and Judy may hold out temptations to stay—for a minute only—at the corner of the street; but in vain for him. His fate is a relentless one. Were visions of Paradise suddenly opened upon his gaze as he crosses the end of an unpropitious turning, he dare not pause even to gaze, still less turn a letter's breadth out of his way. He must leave the uppermost epistle of the pack in the next street: he has no choice—he cannot comprehend what the voluntary principle means. Passive obedience is his doctrine; he never dreams of having a will of his own. He seems to travel forward freely, and to cross the street as though he really deemed himself a native of a land of liberty; but he is a bondman; he walks through life with the gait of a willing agent; yet ever as he walks, wears fetters, clankless and invisible.

††

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Colman's Epitaph.

WITHIN this monumental bed
 Apollo's favourite rests his head;
 Ye, Muses, cease your grieving.
 A son the father's loss supplies,
 Be comforted, though Colman dies,
 His Heir at Law is living. ●

Slavery—an Impromptu, written at Gore House.

Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
 Once own'd this hallow'd spot,
 Whose zealous eloquence improved
 The fetter'd Negro's lot.
 Yet here still slavery attacks
 Whom B——n invites:
 The chains from which he freed the Blacks
 She rivets on the Whites.

THE PAINTER'S TALE.

"THE picture!—it is a strange picture," said the painter, smiling, "of which you asked me so many questions some nights since,—is a portrait, and a striking portrait, though you see nothing but the eyes; the cloak covers everything else. It is as I saw it; and I was told I was fortunate in catching so much. You perceive I have not been dealing with my own fantasies: before I have done, you will feel I knew the man."

Have any of my fair readers been at San Marino? Probably none. It is not a place for Italians, who must have their opera and Corso; and Englishmen, as of old, in despite of the rebuke of Casti, travel "like their trunks." Yet San Marino is a place to spend a week, nay weeks, at. It is a republic, and republics are now antiquities; to artists it is a new mine; no small inducement to me. We want something of the kind, Rome and Romans having been long since painted out. In fine, it is a *terra incognita*—a "*suola proprio vergine*"—a place for all classes of the curious to explore. With some such object I rambled there, coming up from Rieti and Terni, some four or five years ago. I had no intention of staying longer than a day, but no better motive for quitting it; so, whether it was my indolence or my destiny, (one usually stands for the other,) I passed there, I do not well know how or wherefore, an entire month. The patricians were coming in from Rimini for the summer, and very pressing and hospitable: the burghers were like the patricians; so that, between both, I ran great risk of being naturalized, and becoming a citizen myself. The place is really a curious sort of *extravaganza* in our modern times. Imagine an almost perpendicular rock, crowned with a church, a town at its feet, and a territory of about five miles round, and you have "the state." The nobles keep the rock, and the burghers enjoy the plain; so that society is divided by the very ground, and each stands as punctiliously to his topography as to his "ceto." I was a sort of public guest, honoured with all the honourable things of the place. Placed on the red serge seats of the Grihme at church; at the Arengo, beside the capitani themselves; admitted without question into the Caffé de' Nobili in the rock above, and into the cool cavern wine-cellars of the burghers below,—I drew up laws, or painted portraits of their great men, in the morning, and, with their bailiffs, walked the circuit of the republic in the evening. The church was my usual haunt: it seemed hewn by some Cyclop out of the rock itself. I liked the cool stone bed of San Marino, and still more this inscription—"To the Author of our Liberties."—"S. Marino, Auctori Libertatis," rather an odd juxtaposition, and which, in our days, would have stamped him a carbonaro. The view from this place is delicious. Far off beyond Rimini, to the east, the long, blue, level line of the Adriatic is seen, with white specks, or dashes of towns, villas, and villages dappling the luxuriant green; then, to the left, nestling in the foldings of the Umbrian mountains, clusters of little hamlets, scarcely detected by their smoke; before you the rich plain, with its heavy harvest, and vineyards purpling and mellowing them, and its twisted

streams and red old towers, now in ruins—another age still lingering with ours. But all are not so. There is one far off; I could point it out to you, yonder, to the left, as if I were now sitting under the church-citadel,—of some fame in the old Morea wars, and still retaining part of its former renown. It is now used by the Pope as a sort of country St. Angelo—a prison confined to state offences. The San Marino people, who, I believe, have nothing of the kind, go there occasionally on a sort of antiquarian excursion. A patrician friend of mine, who had come up with the others from the Marina, to spend his six months, according to law, in his two-storied palace on the rock, talked of it as one of the “magnificences” of the neighbourhood so incessantly, that, to see, or to avoid hearing of it, I determined on riding over there the first morning the heats would allow me. At San Marino you have, in the full perfection of their freshness, all the breezes the Adriatic on one side, and the Umbrian forests on the other, can send you. No inducement, then, to venture into the plain, especially after a sixth or seventh fever from your Roman malaria.

The heats abated, and we set out. To San Leo is but a short journey, though to an artist a most agreeable one. At that time of the year, too, there are so many things, and so much in all things, to see. The castle itself, interior and exterior, is very much like other castles—gloomy, clumsy, vast, solitary; sounding corridors—impregnable walls—doors knotted and gnarled with iron—windows letting in the light merely to show the darkness and the misery—a vast array of strength against a few weak men. Now and then prisoners have been sent here from Bologna; but, to give the Santo Padre and his Morea subjects their due, it is generally empty enough. There was one prisoner, however, who had been for many years at San Leo, and is there still, buried in the adjoining chapel. He drew away attention from all the other prisoners: I only saw him twice; but it was enough, I believe, for us both. Of him is my present history.

The governor had shown us all the cells (we had a “permesso” from the delegato) with the exception of one, which he had forgotten or concealed, when, on turning up the chief staircase, in our way to upper day, I heard, or thought I heard, in a strong but shattered voice to my left, the chaunt of a “De Profundis.” “Whom are they burying,” I exclaimed, “at this hour of day? You do not wait in the fortress, I perceive, for night. No wonder.”

“Pardon, Signor,” returned my guide; “we are somewhat more courteous, both to the dead and to the living. You hear one of the prisoners.”

“Celebrating his obsequies, like Charles the Fifth, beforehand. Is he afraid that you will defraud him? I admire his foresight. Have we yet seen him?”

“No, Signor.”

“And why not? He appears a cavalier of a most especial taste, and quite deserving of a visit.”

“It is not possible.”

“The ‘permesso.’”

“Doubtless, Signor, the ‘permesso’ will carry you anywhere; but he neither likes to see strangers, nor strangers to see him. The man is old now, and the more rest he has for body and soul the better, I take

it, and I am some judge in these matters, for both. He has been dying all this winter, and cannot live through the next. A heavy account like his is not easily settled. We had better go on."

The "*De Profundis*" was now resumed, with some harsh touches in it which searched my very soul. It came up from the very cell over which we were walking, and, as we advanced, was more and more thickened and stifled by the increasing solidity of the arch.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" said my guide.

"Amen!" I replied mechanically, and fell some minutes into silence.

"But if you *will* see him," continued he, interpreting my abstraction, "I think it may be done. You are a friend of the Signor Delegato, and I am here '*per compiacergli*.'"

With that we turned through an iron grating, and descended some twenty or thirty winding steps, by frequent usage worn into one, and stood before the dungeon from which the voice had come.

"Have you the courage to enter, Signor?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Unlock the door."

"But it is not at all times he bears to be troubled. Let us first listen."

"Is he not your prisoner," I continued, "and you his keeper?"

"Why, certainly."

"But the mind, perhaps, is gone. Is it so?"

"Not exactly that; but guilt, Signor, is a heavy load, even after twenty years of suffering and penitence. Stay near this *pilone*: I will enter first."

I followed the direction, and remained near the *pilone*, watching the movements of my guide. He turned the lock of the cell, and let down quietly the heavy oaken bolts, not wishing too suddenly to break upon its inmate. It was now half open. I beheld a miserable sight: there was little light; the only window, high up, was small and heavily grated, and looked out upon the dry moat, and was nearly choked with briars, and brambles, and tall, sweeping hemlocks; but by the green, glaring sort of twilight it threw upon the floor of the dungeon, I soon saw enough. For a short time all was silent: I doubted whether there was a prisoner. Something now began to move along the stone pavement, in the far-off end of the cell;—not a man, surely, for it crawled on all-fours; and yet nothing but man could find entrance here.

"Who vexes, at this hour, the dead and the buried, and the judged, and the condemned?—who hath a right but God, and God's own angels?" exclaimed a hollow human voice, as if it came out of the earth. "Is it not written—'I have given his angels charge over thee?' Shall the worm man presume to dispute vengeance with God and God's angels?" A pause ensued: it was brief. "Have I not striven for thee? Ten, aye twenty, have been said to-night. Art thou never to have rest? The chains drop, like flax in fire, from thousands of other souls; and thou art there—for ever there! Is it never, never to have an end? Oh, God! thou art a jealous God!—in all thy ways strong and fearful!"

In the speaking, he suddenly raised himself up. I saw a human head: the light from the window came directly upon it. The whole figure was for an instant visible; it was soon covered up again, such as you see it in the portrait. I cannot describe it. The face was that of

a man past seventy—age and utter misery had done their worst upon it; the scars of a long internal combat were everywhere, trenched and rugged. A white beard went in stiff flakes down to his middle—the head was naked—totally bald. Yet the eye, in the midst of all these wrecks, was strong with life and soul; it had an untamed bird-of-prey kind of fire within, which years and suffering had not been in the least able to put down. When he looked up, it was to threaten or command; but all this was soon over, and he sank down again, and went moping away in penance and despair. “Leave me! leave the outcast, the accursed—thou art not needed; the worm stings which shall never die, and the vulture feeds and is always hungry—and the heart grows and shall grow, for ever and ever, for their food. I have wrestled to extort a blessing; Israel struggled with the angel of God and prevailed—I wrestle still.” With these words he clasped a tall brazen crucifix, which I could now discover had been planted for him in the extremity of the dungeon, and lay at length upon the floor; groaning out horrid prayers, and with his hands clenched firmly round the cross, as if devils were dragging him from it. “Has the sentence been quite read,” he exclaimed, “quite, quite written, and pronounced, and published, through hell? Have Michael and the other chastisers heard it? Has Christ sworn it? Is there no repeal—no respite—no reprieve? The bad thief sits with him in Paradise, but where is Iscariot? there is no mercy for Iscariot.—The blood falls thick from his wounds, but not on my head; Oh God! on all heads but on his and on mine!” And then began again the same dreadful chaunt of the “*De Profundis*,” mixed with moans, and imprecations, and prayers, and blasphemies so harrowing and appalling, that I supplicated the guide with my hands on my ears in haste to retire.

¶ I could not for some time speak: the guide charitably left me to myself, till we came into the open air.

“Ah, Signor! there is much to pardon, but God is good. There is hope for all but the sinner against the Holy Ghost!”

“Deeply hath he repented,” said I, “sore and sharply been scourged, —no matter what hath been his crime. Is it always so?”

“Even so,” continued my informant. “I was standing at this very gate that evening—the last day of the octave of Corpus-Christi, about fifteen years ago,—a fair and quiet evening like this,—when he arrived at the hour of Ave Maria, at our hold. I never saw a finer form of man, though no longer young,—nor a firmer tread, nor, ghastly pale as he was, a prouder look, than when he came down amongst us, between the two Pope’s guards, double-manacled, without a word. They left him at the door of that prison—he bowed, and entered, and never quitted it more! He never complains—he eats, drinks, and sleeps, as if some other being did it for him, with whom his mind has no sort of communion. It is all with himself that he is at war—with voices in his own heart that he talks—with beings the bad only see that he strives! The crucifix you saw is his stay. He lies to it sometimes like a drowning man, and laughs when he has got hold of it, and turns back scoffing at the fiends whom he has foiled. But this is over in an instant, and then he falls away grovelling and groping through the darkness as before. Beard, hair, nor nails has he ever cut; nor will he stand up erect, or walk like other men. ‘No, no,’ said he, when I importuned him; ‘I have lost

all that—I am no longer that—I am a man-beast—a wild beast—a beast of the forest and the den! I must not be proud!’ And with that, he falls flat, and seems as he would enter and hide him into the very earth. The voice, too, when he first appeared in the fortress, was clear; damp and misery have made it what it is. Ah, Signor! it is a dismal thing to hear it half cry, half moan, on the winter’s nights, when I am often the only walker in these galleries, and can scarcely distinguish between it and the swinging and whistling of the dreary pines overhead. The agonies of those nights are not for human ears. Good God! have mercy on his soul!”

“This fortress,” said I, “is a prison for political offences only. What political crime can that be which thus whips his conscience so unremittingly? There are prisoners at San Angelo, at Amona, many more in Dalmatia, in the Austrian and Hungarian fortresses; yet we have never heard of anything like this. Has he stabbed his commanding officer? given up his trust in treason?”

“Worse!”

“What worse can there be?”

“Zaconi is a priest.”

“What then?”

“It was that which brought him to San Leo: which makes this dungeon, and could make a palace, a hell.”

“He has then married, broken his vows, or written a book?”

“No, Signor; his vows are inviolate, and he has never offended against faith. He is orthodox, he has nothing to recant. He is here, by letters from the Secretary of State—he is here for crime——”

“Great?”

“Heinous!—but he has done penance for fifteen years. Who of us can say as much?”

“True. Is it known?”

“No, Signor! the crime was secret—the punishment is secret. It is right the Santo Padre, as a good shepherd, should guard his flock from all scandal. Zaconi is a priest. To you, however, such things are without danger. You have also a ‘permesso.’ Let us remove to the seat yonder, where we shall be out of the sun, and secure from interruption, and you shall hear a miserable story.”

We changed our seat, and in a few moments he began.

“One evening in November, after chapel was over, a stranger in the dress of an officer, but wrapt up in his Roman tabarro, appeared at the portone of the Convent of San Francesco, and demanded to speak with the Padre Guardiano. He was of a tall, soldierly appearance, bold and somewhat overbearing in his tone, contracted naturally enough in a camp, but of a dignified bearing; and, as any one who looked on his broad forehead and clear eye would know, of right noble blood. In a few moments the Guardiano saw him, and the next morning the Signor Cavalier was seen kneeling a novice, with the other novices, in the choir.

“These changes are common in our convents, and but little noticed. God works many a miracle of which we take no count. Even in these evil days he is not forgetful of his Church. No questions were asked of the motives of this new conversion, nor, had they been, would an answer have been vouchsafed. It was only known that Don Antonio had been distinguished by an unfortunate duel arising out of an affair, some said

of gallantry—others, of national punctilio; that, in the wars against the French, he had been foremost amongst the Guerillas of the Monte Cammino, and had now appeared in the convent either to reform his life, and to atone for worldly vanities and transgressions, or, as others contended, to continue them, and to make Ara Cœli a ladder to some of the rich suburban bishoprics, if not to the cardinal-vicariate, or secretaryship of state itself.

“These surmises, however, soon died. As a novice, little was known of him. You, Signor, know well what the Ara Cœli is;—it is a world! The novice in a few years passed his probation, and became the Padre Zaconi. The Padre Zaconi was known in Rome as a sharp theologian, and as keen at his syllogism as he once was at his sword: but he hardly left the convent, and shunned even its Theses days, when all Rome was there, and the Pope himself condescended to honour them with his presence. He soon became master of the novices, and a strict master he was. He was a true *reformatore*, and, had he lived in more fervent times, would have founded an order himself. Many is the saint now who would have died a sinner but for the Padre Zaconi. The noviziato had been greatly relaxed under the preceding padre maestro, who was an old man, and too contemplative for such active duty. The Padre Zaconi had not been in office three months, when there was an entire change. The novices of Ara Cœli were cited as examples in every other convent of Rome. The santo padre heard of it with delight, and often came to visit them in *villegiature*, and to speak on his methods with the Padre Zaconi. Nor was the padre a preacher of doctrines he did not practise. He was a canonized saint. The hard duties of the Ara Cœli were not enough for him; he talked of leaving it for a stricter observance. He spent great part of the night in his cell in prayer: those who slept near heard the discipline: the fasts of others were fasts to him. He ate meat but once a-week, and on festivals, and then by strict order from his superior—‘*sub vinculo obedientie*.’ Yet was he not morose nor harsh; he spoke seldom, it is true, and briefly—but never austere. If he commanded, he gave the example, too. No one could plead excuse when he saw the maestro in the road before him. He was humble, too, or seemed so—never refused an act of self-denial; was kind, especially to the lay-brothers; and, if he had friends, they were of the lowest rank in the convent. Honours he held cheap. The second year of his theology, he came from the disputations with such applause that his Holiness sent to the padre guardiano to testify his satisfaction, and to express the hope that ere long he should see him as the padre professore. A vacancy occurred not long after, by the promotion of the then professor to the bishopric of Forlì, but the maestro refused it. So it was with every other offer. ‘He had found,’ he said, ‘with some difficulty, his way into port, and it would be sad indeed if he should now be wrecked in smooth water.’

“Yet somehow or other he was not liked. With all his strictness, it is true, the novices were fond of him; but the padri, though they all praised him, did no more. It is certain he stood aloof from them also; but many said it was because he knew them well. It is not for us, Signor, to judge, but San Francesco himself had often to deal with men who were not of his spirit. The Seraphical Order has had, I think, three reforms, and, if report says true, though Heaven forfend I should

believe aught to the disparagement of God's holy servants, at that time Ara Cœli stood in much need of a fourth. Perhaps they felt it, and saw in the Padre Zaconi one who, if he set about it, would cut and carve *davero*. They may have dreaded or envied him; but, as I said, all praised him, but no more.

"So the years passed, every year adding to his reputation, when it fell out that the general of the order, who had first returned from his visitation,—whether with the heat, or the fatigue, or displeasure, at the state of some of the convents,—took to his bed the morning after his arrival, and never left it more. During his illness the zeal of the Padre Zaconi knew no bounds. Nothing could remove him from his bedside. In truth, there was not a better *consolatore* in any confraternity at Rome than the padre maestro. He was always sure to be the first sent for, and the first also to go in every epidemic, and to the poor, in preference to the rich. The Reverend Generale died after a few days' illness. It was he and the padre guardiano who closed his eyes.

"The obsequies were celebrated with due pomp in Ara Cœli, and many of the older of the community wept over his grave. The Padre Zaconi showed no feeling one way or the other; but, during the time that the body was exposed near the high altar, he watched constantly and silently by its side.

"The funeral now over, the question was, who should replace the deceased. You know, Signor, that the blessed army of San Francesco extends over the whole earth: 'In totum orbem terrarum evirit sonus eorum.' It must be no ordinary hand or head which can rule so many, and rule all well. All Rome was on tiptoe. The other orders shared the ferment of the convent; day and night new arrivals from the provinces, messages to the gate, surmises, conjectures, reports; in fact, had the conclave itself been assembled, there could not have been more excitement. The merits of the prominent men were daily discussed. Some looked to Naples, others to Spain; the majority wished to confine it to the walls. The public favour after a time seemed to settle on three or four. Frà Agostino, Frà Antonio, and, above all, the venerable Padre Bernardo, divided the suffrages. The Padre Zaconi was of course mentioned; but some doubted his age, others the goodwill of his brethren. The Frà Agostino had been a wealthy proprietor in the Patrimonio, and given no small assistance in founding the new convent of Santa Chiara, at Otricoli; he was however but a poor theologian, having begun somewhat late; he held the situation, too, of procurator at the time, but would not have answered for anything higher: it was well known his Holiness would never have approved of him. Frà Antonio failed in the other extreme; he knew nothing out of his class-room. Four or five folios, over which the students used to sleep, were the monuments of his fame: out of Ara Cœli he was still more considered; he was a light of the order. The Padre Bernardo was of a high family, had early taken the habit, passed through most of the offices, and for sanctity of life was superior even to Zaconi. I wish you could have seen his mass on the winter mornings; it was crowded. He was at this time about seventy, but still no novice was more fervent. His sermons converted thousands, yet he was no preacher. Multitudes watched him on leaving the pulpit to touch the hem of his garment, or catch a blessing from his eye. In truth, it was hard to look on his gray hairs and calm countenance with-

out desiring and resolving to be better. It was his look and life which did the wonder.

"It was now the end of December, and it was fixed that the election should take place in time to be announced to his Holiness the first day of the ensuing year. The 'Te Deum' had been sung in Ara Cœli, as in the other churches of the city, in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year, and, after matins, the chapter for the election was declared duly opened. Several of the candidates had retired. Frà Antonio, at refectory, the night before, had entreated the community not to think of him, but to leave him to his beloved theology. Frà Agostino was as little disposed to quit his office of Procurator, of which he knew something, and little of anything else. The contest thus lay between Bernardo and Zaconi, but there seemed to be little doubt in whose favour it would terminate.

"The matins had been sung in Ara Cœli, followed by the 'Veni Creator,' and the prostration and the mental prayers, when the 'squettino' began. There was no absolute choice, the first round; to the astonishment of many, the Padre Bernardo, however, took precedence. On looking round for the two candidates, it was for the first time perceived that the Padre Bernardo was absent. In the gloomy choir of Ara Cœli on a December's morning, it is not very easy to perceive who are, and who are not there. It excited no surprise. The Padre Bernardo had more than once said, in the preceding week, that he, night and day, implored Heaven that the chalice of this trial should pass away: it was only a new proof of his humility. The Padre Guardiano, apprehending however some difficulties, thought it right he should be present, and sent for him. The 'squettino' went on; in the next round the Padre Zaconi had an absolute majority. The instant it was announced—before another word could be added, as if by apoplexy or by lightning—the Padre Zaconi, covering his face with both hands, fell prostrate on the floor. In falling, they heard him exclaim, 'Domine, non sum dignus:' to which the choir, struck by his humility, answered, 'Fiat voluntas tua!'

"In that very moment, whilst all was in confusion—breathless with haste, pale as the marble statues around—the lay-brother entered, and whispered to the Padre Guardiano that he had found the unfortunate old man dead, and icy cold in his bed. His prayer had been heard, the chalice had passed away from him; after his long service of seventy years, he had entered into the joy of his Lord.

"The Padre Guardiano, in announcing it, said this and more with tears in his eyes; the community fell on their knees, and the 'De Profundis' was said. During all this time the Padre Zaconi continued bowed to the earth. I know not whether he joined in the prayer, but, from that day to this, it has never left his brain.

"The Padre Bernardo was buried quickly, but with all solemnity, and an act in presence of his uncle, the Duca di S——, taken of his death, and several of the principal deeds of his life, his virtues, &c., with the view, as some said, of promoting a cause for his beatification at some future day. The Padre Zaconi was ill, and obliged to confine himself to his bed; he could not leave it for some weeks, but he had not yet been there one, when the Padre Guardiano, who was acting as his *locum tenens*, gave strict injunctions that none should enter the patient's

chamber without his permission. The Padre Zaconi had been in a violent delirium the first night: it was fortunate that none were present but the Padre Guardiano.

"I know not what passed in that illness, but the Padre Zaconi rose from it an altered man. Many thought it was the mere effect of the malady, but his eye showed that there was a change within beyond the reach of health or illness. It was fixed, but not calm; fixed when others were not looking, wandering and uneasy when they were. He had been zealous, he grew harsh and precise—he now became irritable. There was a familiarity, but an awe, and something worse, in the approach of the Padre Guardiano: he was a weak but kind man, and, no doubt, acted but for the good of all. Pain, deep and constant, was seen in the rigid lines of his countenance; no smile ever came there more. The unfortunate man prayed and prayed, and the discipline was now tinged with blood. Night after night has he lain on the cold marbles of Ara Coeli, and the 'De Profundis'—but not as you heard it—broke from him then; but it would not do. Yet his bodily health continued good—his tread firm—his voice strong—God strengthened it that the mind might have its food; for it was the mind, Signor—the mind which, like a fire of hell, burned him up within. But this could not endure for ever—God has his appointed seasons, and uses men for their own accusers when the time is come, compelling them to play the part of the evil angel, who shall stand between them and salvation in the latter day: so was it with Zaconi. Whilst Rome was still loud in his praises, and congratulations poured in from the provinces, an event was about to take place which for ever changed all that. Oh! who amongst us can fathom the abyss of the wisdom of God?

"A year had passed: it was the anniversary of the Padre Bernardo's death. Solemn high mass and office were, as usual, to be said. It was also customary that the highest functionary present of the order should pronounce the funeral oration; it fell, of course, upon the Padre Zaconi. The mass passed, and the office, too, without anything very remarkable. The Padre Zaconi answered with steadiness, though somewhat too firm—too resolved—now and then too (it was afterwards observed), he omitted some passages and paused at others; and at one, 'Let my end be like unto theirs,' shuddered and stopped short altogether: this, however, made no impression at the time. It was now time to ascend the pulpit: his step faltered visibly on the stairs, and it was some minutes before he could find his way. Always pale, his countenance was at this moment corpse-like—an ominous stillness brooded on everything around—every eye was fastened on the pulpit—his lips quivered—he twice rose and twice sat down—conscience was in her last struggle—in a few moments more it was all over for ever. On that very morning—almost at that very hour—a year ago, the Padre Zaconi had accomplished the deed! Yes, Signor!—he it was—he was the murderer. The Padre Bernardo slept no natural sleep, though seventy years old—he was forcibly and traitorously murdered. It is no use now going into that terrible confession; never, I am told, within those walls was such a confession, publicly or privately, heard before. He praised the dead with burning tears—he entreated for him mercy! mercy! with burning supplications—for himself, whips, scorns, dungeons, fire—with an agony which made young and old tremble, or

shrink one after the other away. The beginning of his speech was calm—even resolute; but when he came to the hour, and to the mode, and to the consequences of his death, then it was that the sight of that man was truly awful. No torture, cord or rack, ever wrung such terms from human lip, as I have heard he used. He had that morning, a few hours before matins, whilst the convent was in its soundest sleep, left his cell; his step was heard, but it was remembered he had been accustomed, at early hours, to visit the church from the first day he entered the convent: it attracted no notice. On entering the cell of Bernardo, he found the old man, as was his wont, laid on his hard plank, without a bed, and sleeping peaceably—soundly. He bolted the door—set down his lamp near the crucifix and skull by his bed-side, and sate for some moments in silence near it—for even still he hesitated. The lamp threw its light full upon the quiet brow and reverend beard of his victim, and for an instant—one little instant—his guardian angel prevailed and held him back—stirrings of mercy were felt within him. ‘I must not send him thus,’ said he, ‘from sleep into death—I have nothing to say to his soul. It is right he should make peace with the other world before he leaves this.’ He awoke him gently, and the poor old man rose up suddenly in astonishment from his hard board, imagining he had overslept his hour, and for the first time for many years had missed God’s holy service. ‘No,’ said Zaconi sadly, ‘that for thee is now all over. Look! thy sand-glass is run out—thy day of labour done—thy wages ready. I am not, however, a rude summoner—I will not call thee till thou art ready for the journey. But go thou must—death is certain—is nigh—is within this chamber whilst I speak!’—‘Oh, God! and must I then go without confession, without Christian rites, without a single prayer for my sinful soul; this, indeed, is a dreadful parting.’ ‘Not so!’ replied Zaconi. ‘Kneel down here—I can wait for thee; but it must be done soon.’ He knelt—prayed—was heard—and before daylight broke, was a stiff corpse. It required little to strangle an old man nearly eighty; the steps of men passing the door, and lights and voices, hurried it. When the matin-bell tolled, Zaconi was in his cell.

“The avowal was soon over. On leaving the pulpit Zaconi took off, one after the other, all the distinctions of his office, and then his habit, and then clothed himself in sackcloth and the dress of a lay-brother, solemnly renouncing all, and asking for no pity, not even for a prayer from the community as he passed away, and shut himself up in his cell. There he called for the Padre Guardiano, and desired not an hour should be lost in informing the Cardinal Vicar, so that the curse might be removed from amongst them, and the crime punished without delay. For punishment he called incessantly; it was the only consolation he could endure. At midnight a carriage, with four guards, waited at the granite lion, at the foot of the great marble steps of Ara Coeli. He left the convent barefooted, and, preceded by a single torch, walked down without an attendant to the coach. He was placed between two abirri, the other two opposite, and hurried off. His cell, and that of the Padre Bernardo, were closed, and strict silence enjoined. The next morning it was murmured that the Padre Generale had relapsed; daily notices of his health were published, and before a week expired, that of his death. The funeral took place in the usual manner, and a successor was soon

appointed. In the meantime the criminal arrived, as you have already heard, within these walls.

"It is now upwards of fifteen years, and I have seen no change—no peace. What, or who was the tempter to the terrible deed, I dare not say; but we all of us have some particular devil in our souls, who is strongest when we think him most weak. He had no hatred to the Padre Bernardo—his devil was pride and ambition. All others he had driven out: that devil, whose name is legion, kept its place."

"*Requiescat in pace!*" I exclaimed, answering, I believe, to my own thoughts, for we had both been for some instants silent.

"Amen, amen!" replied my guide; "though it is not in this world he can hope for it. God grant," he added with a sigh, "it may be in the next!"

* * * * *

Two months after, I heard from my San Marino friend, whom I met at Rome, of his death; it was long and painful. He expired chanting the "*De Profundis*."

SWEET EIGHTEEN!

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SWEET eighteen!—graceful eighteen!
 Bring me roses—the birth-day flower—
 Bathe them in dews where the fairies have been,
 To wreath a charm for my natal hour:
 Time will show me his magic glass—
 Future life in each varied scene—
 Lights and shadows which come and pass
 Over the heart when it's turned eighteen!
 Mother, oh! sing me again to rest,
 Tender and fond as thy bosom of yore;
 Father, I kneel, to again be blest
 Over my prayers as thou bless'd me before!
 Nature half grieving, half glad, appears;
 Tears and smiles on the skies have been;
 Just as I feel when I call past years,
 And think that I now am—oh, sweet eighteen!
 Summer hath brought me a bridal dress,
 Lilies all gemm'd with the treasures of morn;
 Woodbines that twine, with their fondest caress,
 Round the old cottage *where they were born!*
 Thus will I cherish, thus hallow the spot,
 Passing the moments your loves between;
 For what are the pleasures my home has not?
 Oh, what other years are like sweet eighteen?

RECOLLECTIONS OF BANNISTER AND HIS FAMILY.

THE greatest personal favourite the metropolitan stage ever possessed has at last gone to the narrow house. Twenty-one years have passed since he closed an arduous dramatic career, amid the tears and kind wishes of many old and valued friends, and surrounded by those who, though not acquainted with him in private, had publicly a knowledge of, and esteem for the man fully adequate to their admiration of the actor.

John Bannister's theatrical recollections embraced every great name from the period of Quin's death to that of Edmund Kean. He was a novice when Henderson was considered one, was an established favourite when John Kemble appeared a trembling candidate for public favour. He acted Hamlet at Drury the very night Suett, long since dead, made his first bow. Edwin, Quick, Mrs. Jordan, Stephen Kemble, Jack Johnstone, Holman, Pope, Fawcett, Munden, Young, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. C. Kemble, Elliston, Kelly, Blanchard, Storace, Incedon, Mrs. Bland, Miss Mellon, T. and E. Knight, Emery, G. F. Cooke, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Edwin, and lastly, Mrs. Siddons, all made their first appearances, and either ceased to be, or ceased to perform, within his recollection.

Bannister, though not literally born on the stage, was frequently nursed upon it; and the first objects his infancy contemplated were the flats and drops of the Norwich and Ipswich theatres. Charles Bannister (father of John) was a native of Gloucestershire. When about fourteen, his father obtained a good appointment in the Victualling Office at Deptford, and thither young Charles also repaired. This was in the year 1752, he having been born in 1738, or the year previous. Garrick, then the star of Drury, had left a memory of his greatness at the eastern end of the metropolis. The flame that had burst forth in Goodman's-fields reached across the river; Rotherhithe communicated it to Blackwall: Blackwall wafted it to Deptford; in fact, the environs of London had a Garrick-phobia. The difficulty that distance created, inflamed curiosity; and the youths of that day, interdicted from late hours, were actually in a fever respecting the Roscius. Spouting clubs were as plenty as blackberries; and Charles, who had an exquisite voice, was soon seen at divers musical and theatrical meetings: being the son of an influential man, he took the lead; and in 1755-6, behold him acting Richard, Romeo, &c. &c., in a barn between Deptford and Greenwich. This came to the ears of his father, who took a very summary mode of stopping his performances, by locking poor Charles up, and taking all his clothes away. Thus left in native nakedness, he rehearsed "Poor Tom's a-cold" without the needful accompaniment of a blanket. This treatment could not endure for ever; he got his clothes again, and again returned to Deptford and the drama; and at last went to town, met an old theatrical agent at the Black Lion in Clare-court, and obtained an engagement at the Norwich theatre "for all Mr. Garrick's business, at 15s. per week." All his anxiety now was to conceal his vocal powers, for he dreaded being asked to play operatic characters,—he wanted to succeed the Roscius, not Beard. Whilst at Norwich, he made many applications to the great powers in the metropolis, but in vain; and as ambition burnt more dimly within him, love lit its fires, he wooed, and wedded; and in 1758, his eldest son John Bannister was born. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bannister were each of them favourites in the Norwich circuit. In society he had unfolded his vocal and mimetic propensities. His powers as a punster had also developed themselves; his company was courted, and his benefits were immense; but his expenses still exceeded his income, and to eke out a scanty salary, little John's services were called into requisition.

Amid Charles Bannister's boon companions was an intimate friend of Sam

Footo: he named Bannister to the great man, who immediately sent him an offer of 3*l.* per week. Charles was transported; and, after a journey of nearly four days, the Norwich fly deposited Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and family in London. It was in May, 1762, that Charles stood trembling beside John Palmer, the former dressed for Will, the latter for Scamper, in the "Orators:" two characters less favourable to *débutantes* can scarcely be conceived. They are two Oxford scholars, who have come up to hear Footo's lecture, and who amuse themselves, ere that begins, by remarking upon the audience, and especially upon a young lady (the love of one of them) who is in the gallery. All this requires the steadiness of an old actor, and that sort of standing that enables an established favourite safely to take liberties with his auditors. Bannister's tremor was not at all reduced by seeing Garrick and O'Brien (Gentleman O'Brien) together in the boxes.

Neither of the new actors produced any extraordinary effect, but they satisfied Footo, who immediately wrote an additional scene, representing "The Robin Hood Society of Butcher Row." This was a meeting of tradesmen who devoted certain evenings to political and philosophical discussions, others to spouting and singing. Footo's ridicule upon them was very attractive. He supposed the subject of discussion to be, "The Introduction of Usquebaugh instead of Porter; the latter Fluid being beneath the Dignity of Philosophers:" in this he introduced his new actors in various characters, and made Charles give his musical imitations; but here the latter shone more as a wit than a singer, for fright so completely took possession of him that he could not make sure of a single note in his falsetto: this, as he was imitating Tenducci, was destruction. It is to be observed that these performances took place in the morning, and the habits of Charles did not make that a favourable period for his displays. Footo remarked upon his failure. "I knew it would be so," said Charles; "I am all right at night, but neither I nor my voice can get up in the morning."

A joke excused anything with Footo; he tried Charles again and again. Thus encouraged, he gave his powers fair play, and morning after morning the great singers and musicians of the day were observed to visit the Haymarket. Miss Catley sat in the front, and heard herself imitated, laughing heartily, and warmly applauding the mimic. Giardini (the composer) pronounced his imitation of Tenducci and Champness perfection, but said the mimic had a better voice than the originals; he followed this by engaging him as a singer at the Ranelagh and Marylebone gardens; and under his (Giardini's) advice Garrick engaged Charles for Drury, and at that theatre he made his first appearance as Merlin in "Cymon." Little John soon followed his father, and had the honour to play the Duke of York to Garrick's Richard, in 1764. Little Robert Palmer was then also enacting children's characters at Drury*, and the veterans frequently, in long after years, laughed over their childish feelings of envy at the characters cast each other, when these little fellows

"Hated with a hate known only on the stage."

Mrs. Yates (the celebrated actress) played the Queen on the occasion of John's *début*, and nursed him all the evening: this was very nearly, if not actually, Garrick's last appearance previous to his continental tour.

Charles was now in the high road to fortune; in those days of riddos and masquerades his services were continually required, nor was any musical or convivial assemblage complete in his absence. At dinners, public and private, amid the first circles, Charles Bannister was as necessary, as the wine; the custom was then not to *hire* a vocalist, as now,—a custom revolting and derogatory,—but a singer was invited as a guest by perhaps half-a-dozen or a dozen different persons at as many different times; these gentlemen then

* Palmer was born in 1757, and appeared in 1763 as Mustard-seed, in "The Midsummer's Night's Dream;" John Bannister was a year younger.

met together, and, making up a purse; inclosed it in a snuff-box or some such trifle, sending it to the vocalist, requesting his acceptance of it: this was courteous, and though only payment in another shape, spared the feelings it is now the custom to outrage. Bannister had thus the means of amassing a fortune, but he, like Macheath, "kept too much fine company;" John might have had a regular engagement for the Prince Arthurs, &c.; but Mrs. Charles Bannister (an amiable and sensible woman) dreaded her son following the footsteps of his father, and suffered him to visit the theatre as seldom as possible. Thus time wore on until "Master Johnny" could no longer act; he had become

" Out of size
For raising the supplies;"

being like Colman's Master Daw—

" For Cupidons and Fairies much too old,
For Calibans and Devils much too boyish."

He had exhibited some talent for drawing, having sketched Mrs. Yates (whom he idolized), Garrick, and Foote. The Roscius introduced him to Loutherbouurg, with whom he remained on trial six months; but the painter refused to sign articles with his pupil unless a premium of 200*l.* was paid down. This Charles could not compass; and Loutherbouurg, who was a near and a necessitous man, neglected and found fault with poor John, and told Garrick, "he (John) was more fit to imitate nature on the boards than on canvass." A lady who at this time patronized Bannister's family, kindly resolved to pay the money, with the receipt of which Loutherbouurg's opinion would have doubtless undergone mutation. Unfortunately, she was seized with a paralytic stroke at the very instant she was alighting at Loutherbouurg's door. In two or three days afterwards she expired, having remained senseless from the moment of the attack. Poor Bannister had to seek for another friend, and Loutherbouurg daily grew more dissatisfied. He had a very fine collection of scale armour, then supposed to be unique. During his absence, John, in the height of his juvenile enthusiasm, encased himself in a complete suit, and got the assistance of a servant to fasten the rivets: thus equipped, he spouted Alexander, Coriolanus, and the other characters that (even at that time), from Quin's example, had been decorated in mail. The sudden return of Loutherbouurg made John scurry, and missing his stop, he fell down a flight of stairs with a hideous crash, severely bruising himself, and breaking divers scales off "the unique suit of armour." Loutherbouurg instantly gave him notice to quit, and John again became an inmate of his father's roof. He now pursued his art unaided, save by the encouragement of one shilling for every fresh head he painted—a reward duly bestowed by Charles, until the touching and retouching of John had transmogrified dukes into dustmen, and players into peers. On one occasion, recognizing an old acquaintance retouched, Charles gave vent to the well-known simile, "that his son was like an ordinary, come when he would it was a shilling a head."

A circumstance occurred about this time that estranged John from his father: the latter absented himself from his home, and, leaving poor Mrs. Bannister and her three children on a scanty pittance, openly lived with Mrs. Thomson, formerly Miss Poicteur*. John Bannister now exhibited

* A singer, whose father kept a music-shop, about sixty years since, in Russell-street. She fell in love with the notorious Jack Vernon, and ran away with him. This was at the time of the passing of the celebrated Marriage Act. Mr. Vernon wished the lady to dispense with the ceremony of marriage, which she indignantly refused. He then persuaded a young clergyman of the name of Grierson to unite them. The consequence was a prosecution; and poor Grierson, despite of all the interest that was made for him, was transported for fourteen years. He died on his voyage out. Vernon went to Dublin, and Miss Poicteur, alias Mrs. Vernon, married a Mr. Thomson, whom she very soon after quitted for Mr. Bannister.

the native energy of his character: he sketched profiles at the lowest price, painted signs—in short, did everything in his power, and within his limited scope of art, to alleviate the distresses of his mother and sisters. He resolutely refused to speak to his father, or countenance his mistress; and, be it remembered, that he did this at a period when vice was at its height in the metropolis, when five actresses out of six were under the “protection” of some gentleman, and when the idea of virtue being compatible with acting was ridiculed. John still retained his predilection for the boards; and having given some imitations at a party, was kindly noticed by Foote, who promised to bring him out. The English Aristophanes, as he was ridiculously called, would no doubt have done so; but when the age of Bannister was such as to make that practicable, Foote had become involved in an accusation of such a dreadful nature, that, be the charge true or false, his name became undesirable as a patron. John’s youthful aspirations were thus frustrated; and Foote, though he did not fall under the machinations of his enemies, retired*, and let the Haymarket to George Colman the elder, who had an inveterate dislike to “sucking dramatists and actors.” The same year (1776), Garrick, the friend of his (John’s) infancy, also retired. This “unfortunate” occurrence, as Bannister deemed it, proved the reverse. Whilst Davy was the idol of Drury, he had no time to bestow on a protégé, but after his retirement he took great notice of Bannister, and employed his leisure in the instruction of his docile pupil. No doubt, too, Garrick, who was himself a good husband, compassionated the friendless state of the boy, whose natural love of his mother urged him to abstain from seeing his father. Davy was influential with the elder Colman: he said the word, and the novice was permitted to appear. Charles Bannister at this time got rid of the connexion he had formed, and father and son were reconciled. For his father’s benefit, accordingly, John made his début as Dick in “The Apprentice,” on the 27th August, 1778. Many may suppose that Mr. Bannister, being a favourite, would have had no difficulty in obtaining the entrée for his son; but theatres were then very different places from what modern management has made them, and it required a Garrick to command an appearance for a novice who had not had any probation in the provinces.

“John” did not shame his patron: his Dick was a hit, and he was engaged at a small salary for the remainder of the season; and through Garrick’s recommendation received an offer from Drury, where he made his début as Zaphna, in “Mahomet,” of which character Garrick had been the original. Palmira, the heroine, was performed by Mrs. Robinson, commonly called “The Bird of Paradise.” Garrick usually sat in the orchestra to witness his performances, and he was generally called “Davy’s colt.” Though universally looked upon as a promising actor in tragedy, he was no rival to Henderson, who took the lead at the other house; and in Romeo, Douglas, Achmet, &c., the applause he elicited arose more from his being at once the youngest and handsomest man on the stage, than from the excellence of his personifications. The Mantuan lovers have never been *looked* so well as by Bannister and Mrs. Robinson.

It was in his “Imitations,” however, that he was now allowed to excel. That the power of imitation seldom accompanies original talent is a vulgar error, or rather one of those absurdities that men venture from the universal desire they feel to deny the existence of various faculties in one being. All

* Foote set out for the Continent, but died at an inn in Dover, Oct. 21st, 1777. In the church of St. Mary, in that town, there is a monument to his memory; and it has been generally imagined that Foote was buried there. Such, however, is not the fact. Mr. Jewell, at the representation of half the actors and dramatists of the day, brought the body to London, in order that it might be publicly interred in Westminster Abbey; but after he had taken this step, no funds were forthcoming, and he buried his friend at his own expense in the cloisters.

our greatest actors have been good mimics. Colley Cibber imitated Downes so closely as to render it difficult to discriminate between the original and the copy. Garrick and Henderson gave imitations of all their brethren for years—the former, to the last, always flavouring his Bayes, in the Rehearsal, with some of these speaking likenesses. Kean's mimetic powers are in every one's recollection; and Mrs. Sumbel Wells, an excellent actress, was an admirable imitatrix. Can the original powers of Bannister, Mathews, James Wallack, and Reeve, be doubted? The two former were—the two latter are—great mimics; or in walks of life unconnected with the drama, the names of Peter Pindar, of James Smith, and Theodore Hook, bring to mind the alliance of varied literary talent with great mimetic power.

Garrick died,* and Bannister gradually sunk down to young lovers and walking gentlemen. He was much in company, being now included in almost all the invitations given to his father; he had lost the patron on whom he built his hopes of fortune. He was regarded as one of the handsomest men of his day, ("the handsomest" *par excellence* was, of course, the Prince of Wales, then in his 19th year,) and it will not excite any wonder that he became the companion of the Tophams, the Morrises, &c. &c.; and was likely to sink into the vortex of dissipation. He who panted to become the acknowledged successor of Garrick could feel little pleasure in enacting Inkle, in "Inkle and Yarico;" and this was rather above than below the characters commonly cast him. A disappointed man soon becomes a dissolute one; but John Bannister had a heart too good, a judgment too clear, and a taste too refined, to be satisfied with nightly revels and their consequences; he checked his career in time, and deserting the haunts infested by Suett, Palmer, Vernon (father of the late stage-manager of Covent-Garden), Dodd, Cornelys, &c., devoted his attentions to Miss Harper; that lady, who was very respectably connected†, had made her debut, being then very young, about two years before himself. She appeared as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," having been recommended to Colman by Mr. Paul, a musical amateur; she instantly took the lead in opera, and shortly appeared in an original part—Spinetta, in a piece called "The Gipsies," (by Charles Dibdin) in which a ballad of hers peculiarly interested Bannister: four lines of it ran thus:—

"Love's a cheat, we over-rate it,
A flattering, false, deceitful joy;
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy."

The effect, though evanescent, was revived some years afterwards, and Mr. Bannister was considered as the accepted admirer of Miss Harper; but was on a sort of trial of his good behaviour for a considerable period. Miss Harper completely entranced the town as Rosina, in the opera of that name; and Mrs. Cargill, formerly Miss Brown, departing for the East Indies‡, Miss Harper was the *prima donna* of Covent-Garden and the Haymarket, and the most attractive singer at the Pantheon. She had also been very fortunate in the lottery, and was thus independent. John Bannister was rapidly rising in public estimation; and the next musical farce (I think,

* Covent-Garden and Drury entered into a coalition in 1779, lending each other their performers. In consequence of such an arrangement, Bannister played Achmet, in "Barbarossa," at the former theatre, on the 1st of February, 1779, when Drury was closed, it being the day of Garrick's funeral.

† She was the daughter of a Mrs. Harper of Bath, and nearly connected to the late Mr. Rundell, the jeweller, who left considerable legacies to Mr. and Mrs. Bannister and their children. When John, about 1780, first paid attentions to Miss Harper, his father, who was at that period engaged at Covent-Garden, acted as Mercury and pressed his son's suit; this it may be supposed was a fertile source of mirth for the jesters of the day.

‡ This lady was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, and drowned upon her homeward voyage.

"The Poor Soldier") announced the principal character by Mrs. Bannister, late Miss Harper. Mrs. B. retained her attraction, even despite the rivalry of Mrs. Billington; but as Bannister became more and more important at Drury, and as he found his family increasing, and that Mrs. Bannister's domestic duties were trenched upon by attentions to her profession, he resolved to take her off the stage at the earliest opportunity. The death of Edwin in 1790 left Bannister his undisputed successor. In 1792 (Sept. 5th.) Mrs. B. took her farewell at the Haymarket, delivering the following address, written by George Colman, the younger:—

Painful the task for me which must ensue :
 My heart is grateful, yet 'tis aching too,
 When I step forth to bid you all adieu. }
 Full sixteen summers now have roll'd away,
 Since on these boards I made my first essay :
 Here first your favour I aspir'd to court,
 Met my fond wish—and kept it—*your support*.
 Trembling I came, by partial favour cheer'd—
 My doubts dispers'd, I now no longer fear'd ;
 Approv'd by you, I thought my trials past,
 But my severest trial comes at last !

Farewell ! my best protectors, patrons, friends !
 To-night my labour in your service ends ;
 And oh ! if faintly now the voice reveals
 Those struggling movements which the bosom feels ;
 Let the big drops that glisten in my eyes,
 Express the sense the faltering tongue denies.
 As oft—retired, unruffled, and serene,
 I ponder o'er the past and busy scene ;
 So oft shall memory pay the tribute due,
 Warm from the heart, to gratitude and you.

Let us now to Charles Bannister, who, suffering his partiality for Palmer (his boyhood's friend, who had acted in private with him, and who appeared in London in the same piece and on the same night) to outweigh his prudence, joined with him in the Royalty scheme. On the 20th April, 1787, that ill-fated establishment was opened. Paper-war, informations, indictments were now rife. Palmer was supported by the Marquis of Carmarthen, and opposed most virulently by Harris and Colman. One Justice Staples, a low illiterate fellow, was persuaded to grant warrants against the principal actors (Charles Bannister amid the number), and committed them, to use his own language, as "willians, wagrants, and wagabones," for fourteen days to Bridewell. John was present at the hearing and implored Staples not to sign the warrant against his father; at this moment a violent thunder-storm raged; "Let him sign it," said the intrepid Charles, "if he dares, whilst he hears the voice of heaven thundering against the deed." Staples *did* sign the warrant, but the parties were ultimately admitted to bail. Palmer changed the nature of his performances, producing a burletta called "Hero and Leander*," but all in vain—and the scheme ended in debt and misery to all engaged in it.

The winter theatres refused to receive Charles; Colman shut the Haymarket against him, and he returned to Norwich; there, and throughout Norfolk and Suffolk, &c., he gave musical entertainments: whilst John was unceasing in his endeavours to obtain his father's recall. He at length succeeded, and Charles reappeared at the Haymarket: the cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs (the whole house rising) lasted many minutes.

* This was nearly, if not quite, the first opera composed by Mr. W. Reeve; in it Bannister played Solano, and the part of Hymen was sustained by Master Braham (pupil of Mr. Leon), who sang a song which enjoyed a temporary celebrity, entitled "Sweetest pleasures never ceasing."

He retained his station as a leading favourite with the public until his retirement in 1797. The jests of Bannister* have been so carefully recorded in modern editions of Joe Miller, that it is difficult to find any that are not common-place. The following are little known.—Caulfield and a country actor, called Nicks, were brought to give their imitations before him, he (Bannister) having to decide which was the best; he heard them and said "Though I scorn a bribe, I cannot give my opinion for *rix*" (nothing). Wathen told Charles one day that C——, a profligate impostor, who had lived on theatrical bounty, was no more; and speaking of the wretchedness in which he died, said "he had nothing to lie upon but an old *mattress*." "Quite consistent," said Charles, with more humour than feeling. "He died as he had lived, upon *tick*." On another occasion, some one lamenting that a great scoundrel had received a vast accession of wealth—"Aye," said Charles, "Fortune's wheel, like every other wheel, must have a *nave* (knave) in it."

After his retirement he took an annual benefit. That taken by him in November, 1800, was patronised by Lord Nelson; Lady Hamilton was present—the house was crowded to excess. The veteran gave his imitations of Barry, Woodward, Hull, Aickin, Holland, Garrick, Foote, Vernon, and Champness: this was his last appearance—he died in Nov. 1804, and lies buried in St. Martin's church.

John Bannister progressed in public favour. King (the great Ogleby) was his friend, and gave him his first original comic character, Ferolo Whiskerandos, in "The Critic." When Cobb's farce of "The Humourist" came out, he cast Bannister the part of Dabble. This character was written after the manner of Foote, as a hit at the peculiarities of one *Patence*, a dentist. Bannister studied his original closely, and this part stamped him as a genuine comedian. He played Lingo, Bowkit, Gubbins, Trudge, &c., after Edwin, but did not suffer even by comparison with that great *farceur*: whilst in Pangloss, and other parts that he played after Fawcett, he was universally acknowledged as superior to the original. In the early part of his career he had eschewed singing, but under the instructions of Mrs. B. he so much improved that his comic songs and duets became attractive. When Madame Storaice introduced the buffa songs to the English stage, she picked out Bannister for her coadjutor; and her brother, in "The Haunted Tower," &c. &c., composed duets less with regard to a display of his sister's powers than with reference to what Bannister might be enabled to execute. He appears to have had the power of attracting those least prone to patronage or friendship, as Macklin made a pet of John, and Parsons always called him his son.

In 1792 George Colman wrote, as a sort of answer to a drama called "Poor Old Drury," a prelude for the opening of the Haymarket. Mr. Colman's production was entitled "Poor Old Haymarket, or Both Sides of the Gutter." In this Bannister played Peter Project, a fellow dealing in the most ridiculous schemes; it afforded facilities for the display of his easy humour and for his imitations, and was very successful: but a low writer called Williams, who indulged in the sobriquet of Anthony Pasquin, wrote some wretched doggerel called "The Children of Thespiis," in which the following lines occurred:—

* Bannister was a member of the "Anacreontic," "The Beef-Steak," and the "Je ne sçai quoi" Clubs; at all of which, but particularly the last, the Prince of Wales was a visitor. He was exceedingly partial to Bannister, always treating him with marked respect: whenever Bannister arrived after him he rose to shake hands with him and insisted on the veteran's sitting beside him. The Prince had never seen Foote, and was peculiarly delighted by Bannister's imitations of him; for after that great mimic's death, Bannister assumed many of his characters with success. Jack Johnstone was also a member of these clubs, and John Bannister; but the latter soon discovered "that the parties composing them were too good company for him," and prudently desisted from attending.

"He has long strove to build him a high reputation,
On an unstable basis—I mean, IMITATION;
Imitation's a weak and a dangerous endeavour
On others' demerits to win public favour.

* * * * *

Then assume it no more, for you really inherit
A great share of judgment, and infinite spirit."

Bannister took the advice, though he did not reward the adviser; this was what Williams had hoped, and, being disappointed, he attacked John in the "Pinbasket for the Children of Thespis":—

"E'en John Bannister's caperings are *extra natura*,
And his characters sink into *caricatura*."

This wretched rhymester, who was horsewhipped by Captain Wathen and kicked by half a dozen persons, has long been forgotten: the lines above quoted were only put forth as *feelers*; Williams afterwards attacked Bannister violently in prose, but John had the good sense to abstain from noticing the fellow, who ultimately emigrated.

Mr. Bannister shattered his hand by the bursting of a gun, when out on a shooting excursion with Cherry; this prevented his appearing for about six weeks: when he again acted his welcome was a warm one, and, oddly enough, in the character he played that night he received an invitation to go grouse shooting, to which he immediately replied, "No, I thank ye; the last time I went out shooting I made but a bad hand of it." Mr. Bannister had little to complain of, save annual visitations of the gout; and if temperance and exercise could have kept them aloof, he would have been free, but the disease was with him hereditary.

About 1808 he was persuaded to give an entertainment by himself, and accordingly employed the talent of George Colman and others to prepare him one, which he subsequently delivered at the Freemasons' Tavern, the London, and various other places in town, and in all the principal provincial cities. In it he gave a mimetic representation of his first audience with Garrick; this Quick and Whitbread declared "was not imitation, but identity." Bannister's Budget differed essentially from Mathews' "At Home;" the former being a blending of serious and comic stories, the latter, if we except "Mallet" and the "Yorkshire Gambler," exclusively comic. Mathews was by many degrees the greater mimic, but Bannister was the pleasanter fellow; Mathews made you laugh more, but he altogether satisfied you less. Public taste underwent a great change between 1808 and 1830. Mathews' jokes would not have been taken in the former year, and Bannister's Budget would be "flat, stale, and unprofitable" now.

Mr. Bannister's health began to decline; acting annoyed, and a new part distressed him; his last original one was Sam Squib, an old soldier, in a farce of Dibdin's called "Past Ten o'Clock," a clever sketch; but the last original character of importance that he assumed was that of Jack Echo, in the comedy of "The World;" of which play Byron unjustly says in his satire—

"Whilst Kenny's 'World' just suffered to proceed,
Bespeaks the audience very kind indeed."

Instead of being "just suffered to proceed," the comedy was exceedingly attractive, and Bannister's imitations* in it of De Camp, Samuel Russell, Elliston, Wrench, and Mathews were capital. During Kean's first season Bannister ran through his principal characters, and on the 1st of June, 1815, he took his farewell, acting Echo and Walter in the "Children in the

* Echo is a warm-hearted, silly fellow, anxious to become a leader in the fashionable world, and every fresh coxcomb he sees he imagines must be a great man, and imitates his manner accordingly; this, it will be readily seen, afforded great scope for a mimic.

Wood." His address, one of the most sensible ever delivered, was as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Seven-and-thirty years have elapsed since I appeared before you, my kind benefactors; and I feel that this instant of separation is much more awful to me than the youthful moment when I first threw myself upon your indulgence. (Great applause.)"

"During my strenuous exertions to obtain your favour, how much have those exertions been stimulated and rewarded by the public! And one vanity of my heart, which it will ever be impossible for me to repress, must be the constant recollection of days in which you fostered me in my boyhood, encouraged me progressively on the stage, and after a long and continued series of service, thus cheer me at the conclusion of my professional labours. (Long and reiterated plaudits.)"

"Considerations of health warn me to retire: your patronage has given me the means of retiring with comfort. What thanks can I sufficiently return for that comfort which you have enabled me to obtain?"

"This moment of quitting you nearly overcomes me. (Here poor Bannister paused, and his own tears were answered by audible sobs in many parts of the house. All Mr. Bannister's family were said to be in the front.) At a time when respect and gratitude call upon me to express my feelings with more eloquence than I could ever boast, those very feelings deprive me of half the humble powers I may possess upon ordinary occasions."

"Farewell, my kind, my generous benefactors."

As Bannister was retiring, still keeping his face to the audience, his brethren rushed on the stage and surrounded him, and took the veteran in triumph to the green-room; there his pent-up emotions found vent, and he sobbed like a child.

Mr. Bannister was at one period stage-manager of Drury, and for many years Master of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund; an office in which he was succeeded by the late Edmund Kean; after the decease of whom the duties devolved on the present Master, Mr. Harley.

The foregoing memoir has been compiled from the recollections of his contemporaries, and from Mr. Bannister's own statements. It may be necessary to say this, as a very respectable morning print has made some strange observations respecting Mr. Bannister's *début*. It says, "The assertion that Mr. Bannister played the Duke of York to Garrick's Richard is unfounded.*" There is but one answer to that: the assertion was Mr. Bannister's own. The journal in question says, "His name is found opposite the part of Calippus, in 'The Grecian Daughter' (Oct. 13, 1772); Alexas, in 'All for Love' (12th Jan., 1773); Lord William, in 'The Countess of Salisbury' (20th March, 1773); on the 19th May in Zenobia; the Secretary in the 'Note of Hand'; Lord Sealand in the 'Maid of Kent'; Vincent in 'The Lady's Frolic'; and finally in that season, *for a benefit*, Sir Harry in 'High Life below Stairs:'" and adds, "Mr. Bannister's memory must have totally failed him when he informed the late Mr. Colman that he made his first appearance at Drury, as Zaphna, in 1778." The riddle is easily solved: Mr. Bannister only reckoned his performances as a *man*, and did not count his childish efforts as any portion of his theatrical career. In the list of parts named above, there is not one but what a tall lad might play, and one or two of them are pages, generally represented by children. Sir Harry, who should be a man, he only played for a benefit, when great allowances are always made. That he did play the Duke of York, the writer of this has heard him say a dozen times, and narrate circumstances attending that performance; he very properly counted his real first appearance as an actor from the period when he commenced a series of *continuous*

* The print in question says this in reply to a contemporary, who asserts that Bannister did so play that character to Garrick at Ipswich, when the latter was an amateur. That portion of the statement is of course incorrect; Garrick was the star of Drury in 1741, seventeen years before John was born.

exertions. When speaking of Kean's first appearance, we say 1814, when he came out at Drury as Shylock: no one thinks of naming 1792, when he acted imps there; or 1806, when he delivered messages at the Haymarket.

Mr. Bannister has left three distinct assertions on this subject. In Colman's "Random Records" are these words:—

*"First appearance at the Haymarket, for my father's benefit, 1778, in 'The Apprentice.' First appearance at Drury Lane, 1779, in Zaphna, in 'Mahomet.' Garrick instructed me in the four first parts I played; the Apprentice, Zaphna, Dorilas (Merope), and Achmet (Barbarossa.) Jack Bannister to his dear friend George Colman; June 30, 1828."

On the evening of the 27th August, 1828, Bannister went to the free-office of the Haymarket theatre, and demanded admission. So many years had passed, that the functionary had forgotten the veteran. Bannister took the book in which those who pass put their names, and wrote as follows:—

"This day fifty years I made my first appearance here, as Dick in 'The Apprentice.' Hurrah! Old Jack Bannister."

In his farewell address, delivered in 1815, he says,—"Thirty-seven years have passed since I appeared before you." A little acquaintance with Cocker will show that he alluded to what was really his first appearance as an actor, (1778.) He had ceased acting pages, &c., in 1773, being then fifteen.

Jack Bannister, as he was familiarly called, was a domestic man; a fond husband, and a doting father. Such a character affords little scope for biographical disquisition. He attained, early in life, the appellation of "honest Jack Bannister," and he deserved it to his latest day. He was the only actor on the English stage with whom, and for whom, the public had a feeling like that of personal intercourse and friendship. At Suett they could laugh, and with him, or Dodd, they could take a liberty. They were a sort of hail-fellow, well-met companions of the Pitites; but towards Bannister your heart warmed. He always presented the image of the noblest work of God—an honest man. The feeling he excited was quite different from that caused by Liston or Mathews (each of them polished gentlemen); it was not like that induced by Downton or Munden; but could be compared only to that sensation we acknowledge in a family circle when a mutual friend of all present enters it.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his "Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres," says,—"*Mr. Bannister contrives to mingle the heart with his broadest humour. This seems to be Mr. Bannister's nature, rather than art. Bannister's Job Thornberry is respected, with all its bluntness; pitied, with all its oddity: the tears and smiles of his audience break out together, and sorrow and mirth are united. When the spectators are inclined to be merry, he recalls their sympathy by some look or gesture of manly sorrow. When they are fixed on his grief, he strikes out their smiles by some rapid tone of peevish impatience, or some whimpering turn of voice. When he returns home in 'The Children in the Wood,' after having lost the infants, and, careless of his inquiring friends, drops with a stare of mute anguish into a seat, he produces as true a feeling on the audience as Mrs. Siddons would in loftier characters.*"

All this is as excellent as true. Another critic, in noticing some characters in which Bannister was less happy than usual, concludes thus:—"If he does not surprise and delight, you dismiss the *character* from your mind, for you are always glad to see *Bannister*." Lamb has, in his well-known essay on "Some of the Old Actors," recorded his impressions of honest Jack in one of those graphic sketches that make "the very man live anew before you." Sir Walter Scott has also left on record a highly eulogistic notice of Bannister as an actor and a man.

The great charm of his character was simplicity. In the world's ways he was a child; and until gout had fettered his feet, he was a very boy in his gambols. His fondness of children was excessive. One of his daughters died after giving birth to twins; they were brought up by their grandfather, who, every morning, as soon as he awoke, rang for the infants, who were

brought to his bed, where he nursed them during the half hour of horizontal refreshment that he allotted himself every morning. His walks, for the last fifteen years, had become circumscribed. In Gower-street, and its vicinity, he might be daily seen, with the aid of a stick, slowly wending his way. It was a sight to see him meet Pope, Munden, or any of the old actors. He was happy, too, in the society of young ones, and would tell anecdotes of his boyhood with all the zest of his mid-age.

Of the value of his advice Charles Kemble thought so highly, that, in 1831, when he played Colonel Feignwell, he consulted Bannister on the style and business of the various assumed characters. When Mathews gave his first "At Home," honest Jack, by his presence, cheered the great mimic in his new endeavour: when the veteran entered the boxes a murmur ran round the house, and at last a rattling peal informed him that the public had not forgotten their former favourite.

Bannister never had any squabbles either with his brethren or with managers, and was really beloved by all in the theatre to which he was attached. He was a good judge of paintings, an admirable one of engravings, and had a small collection of each.

When he first married he resided in Dean-street, Soho; but about forty years since he took a house at No. 65, Gower-street, where he ended his days. He went to Brighton a little before his death, but the air was too keen for him. His memory began to fail: meeting two young actors on the Pier he invited them home, but could not remember the name or number of the street where he lodged. He called his servant, who gave the necessary information; and then, with the usual flash of his brilliant eye, and that half-sighing, faded voice, Bannister said, "I'm afraid I should not be able to play Hamlet to-night." He returned to London, and, after a short illness expired on the 8th of November last, at nine o'clock at night. He was buried on the 14th, beside his father, at St. Martin's; the funeral was a private one, but many of his old friends followed him—amid them Charles Kemble and Bartley; Cooper, Forrest, Macready, Meadows, and others, who joined the mournful procession, knew him only subsequently to his retirement.

Bartley was bound to him by ties of gratitude; in 1802, when that gentleman played the juvenile tragedy at Drury, he found in Bannister a warm friend. The latter subsequently resigned his situation as stage-manager, in consequence of the committee neglecting a representation he made in Mr. Bartley's favour—the object of which was the increase of Mr. Bartley's salary. Charles Kemble, himself an old stager, commenced his career sixteen years after the *début* of the veteran. We are informed the last play he saw was "Romeo and Juliet," Fanny Kemble being the heroine.

John Bannister, like his father, was a humourist; some of his bon mots are in the possession of a friend, and with them we had hoped to have enlivened this notice: his absence from London prevents it, but we trust on another occasion to give them to the public. When George Colman established a society, who met in the property-room of the Haymarket Theatre, Bannister was the life of the meeting. This society was much and unjustly abused: it was a mere social circle of actors, actresses, and their friends—generally the writers of the day; it served to bind more closely together the author, actor, and manager. With two of Bannister's jests we conclude this paper.

Playing Sadi ("Mountaineers") at Portsmouth, one of the performers had to ask him "If he be a Moor or a Christian?" Sadi, having just abjured Paganism,—the actor unfortunately said, "Are you not a Moor and a Christian?" Bannister replied, "I was a Moor; but now I am a Moor no more, and hope to be soon something more of a Christian."

Edwin was complaining to him of a friend who was so bad a whip, and so timorous, as to *pull up* whenever he saw another vehicle approaching. "That's a fellow to go through the world with," said Bannister; "for he'll drive you, come *wheel*, come *woh*!" (come weal, come woo!)

CONSOLATION.

In the silence, in the darkness, in the night,
 Thoughts of the world's wrong were on me ;
 And I look'd far and deep, with undazzled sight,
 On the spells, now broken, that had won me.

The beauty, and the blooming, and the flush
 Of my spring-time hopes pass'd before me,
 When I thought there was nothing so evil as to crush
 The fair flowers that smiled in promise o'er me.

Then the bitterness, the grieving, and the gloom,
 As I thought how these bright hopes had fled ;
 While the heart, too warm and young to be their tomb,
 Wails like the troubled ocean o'er the dead !

The weariness, the wildness, the unrest,
 Like an awaken'd tempest, would not cease ;
 And I said, in my sorrow, who is bless'd ?
 What is good ? What is truth ? Where is peace ?

In the silence, in the distance, in the night,
 A lonely prayer-bell sounded calm and clear ;
 The sound fell on the darken'd soul like light,
 And its pure voice seemed to answer " Here !"

Then the brightness, and the mercy, and the love
 Of God, like a flood of glory, burst o'er me ;
 And my soul seem'd wafted up to heaven above,
 And the dull scenes of earth faded before me.

Oh ! who the peacefulness, the sweetness, and the calm
 Of such high hopes a moment may know,
 But feels, in their soothing and their balm,
 Deeper joy than the deepest of his woe.

In the silence, in the darkness, in the night,
 Oh ! what sad thoughts should ever pass before us,
 When we feel that He, whose shadow is the light,
 Unwearied and unsleeping watcheth o'er us !

JOHN HOGS :

AN AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

ON the day prior to my departure, last summer, from the beautiful, ugly, clean, dirty, nice, nasty, elegant, filthy city of Paris, I received a visit from Madame Genevaux, the mistress of the hotel at which I usually dwelt on my occasional trips to that capital. The purpose of the lady's visit was to congratulate me upon the circumstance of my having, at least, one countryman as a travelling companion; for that Mr. Hogs (under which name let me disguise the party in question) had secured a place in the same vehicle. Mr. Hogs, she added, spoke not one word of French, for which reason she trusted to my complaisance that I would take charge of him, and act as his guide and interpreter. Indeed, to confess the truth, she had prevailed upon him to quit Paris a day earlier than he had intended, in order that he might avail himself of the inestimable advantage of my assistance, and I in return enjoy the delight of his society.

Having more than once suffered great annoyance from this kind of bear-leading, I was doubting whether or not I should decline the responsibility proposed to me; but ere I could decide, Madame Genevaux had shuffled out of the room, and returned again, leading in her interesting *protégé*, John Hogs; and having introduced us to each other in the most intelligible bad English she could command, she left us together.

Mr. Hogs was a Leeds banker, who had been about some business to America, and was returning, *via* France, to his native town. He was a short, stout, clumsily-made man, with a square, flat, sunburnt face, an eye bespeaking craft and distrust, and a harsh, vulgar-toned voice. He wore a black coat and waistcoat (evidently *not* from the hand of Stultz), brown breeches and gaiters, a broad-brimmed hat, and a dark-coloured silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. He stood with his feet wide apart from each other—Colossus-wise—his hands thrust down to the bottom of the pockets of the brown garment which I have once already called by its proper name, and his elbows protruded forwards. I do not intend to present him as a pattern of elegance in any way: I describe him as I found him.

"So; Missus what-d'-ye-call-her, there, with her long outlandish name, tells me that me and you has took two places in the same Diligence," was the introductory speech of my intended companion.

"I understand, Sir," replied I, "that I am to have the pleasure of your company on the journey."

"Why, as to pleasure, that's as it may turn out. There's no *partly-voo* palaver about me. I'm a John Bull, every inch of me; so as to the pleasure we are like to have in one another's company, why, I'm never in a hurry to say 'yes' to what may happen to come up 'no.' 'As we're behav'd, so we shall be shav'd,' is my maxim; and there's no French flummery about that, eh?"

"Not a tittle, Sir," replied I.

"No, no; you may make sure of John Hogs on that score. I've been here six days, and I've had enough on't. Place and people all alike. The nasty stuff one gets to eat, and the wishy-washy drink they

gives one! And then such a lingo as they talk! Except when I've met a countryman of my own, hang me if I've understood a word that has been said since here I've been."

"Why, Mr. Hogs, if you don't understand the language, that is no fault of the people."

"O, pooh! pooh! who's to understand such a jargon as that? But I see how it is. You have been here so long, I suppose, that you're half a Frenchified chap yourself, and defends 'em. You'd defend *this*, perhaps—don't answer, for you can't. When I goes to a play at Leeds, or even when I sees one in Lunnun, I knows all they're talking about; but here——! I went last night and paid two francs and a half at one of their play-houses, but devil a word of it could I make out. It's taking one's money on false pretences, hang me if it an't. One wouldn't mind if there was any call for it, but it's all stuff and affectation. Why can't they speak plain English as we do?"

"How, Sir!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"How, Sir!" echoed Hogs. "Which is furthest off from England—France or Ameriky? Tell me that, if you please."

"Why, Sir," replied I; "so far as my geographical recollections serve me, I should say America is the most distant by some thousands of miles."

"Well, then, I'm just come from there. Now, as that's so much further off, who has the best right to speak a foreign lingo—the French or the Americans, eh? But, no, no; them's a sensible, rational people, as has got no nonsense about 'em; and I didn't meet nobody there as didn't speak as good English as me. Aye, aye; next to us English, them's the chaps, take my word for it. No *partly-voo* nonsense about *them*: chaps after my own heart. Before I'd been there four-and-twenty hours, I felt myself as much at home as if I was in Leeds, hang me if I didn't."

After a pause of a minute, John Hogs looked at his watch.

"One o'clock! Now, what shall I do till dinner-time? Stop!—well thought on. I haven't been to the *Loover* yet to see the pictur's and stattys, and as they makes no charge for it one may as well go. I say, Mister What's-your-name, suppose me and you goes together, eh? We shall be company for one another."

I declined the invitation.

"Well, then," continued Mr. Hogs, "I'll go alone. But what a set of bragging chaps these French is! They'd make you believe that, counting pictur's and stattys, one with another, they've got nigh two thousand on 'em. But John Hogs an't the man to be done in that style. As they don't shut up till four o'clock, I shall have plenty of time to count 'em; so here goes. To-morrow at nine we starts, you know; so if me and you don't meet before, good-bye till then, Mr. What-d'-ye-call-it."

The road from Paris to Calais is not one at any point of which a traveller could honestly sing, "O, the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France!" and, certainly, the companion with whom I was threatened promised no compensation for the dulness of the journey. I foresaw that my ease and comfort, during three dozen long hours, were in the power of one who was not likely to temper that power with mercy; and, but that an appointment in London of some importance rendered my

departure on the following morning imperative, I would willingly have forfeited the sum I had paid for my place in the Diligence, if by such sacrifice I could have escaped from him. But this was not to be.

Next morning, at a few minutes before nine, I took my allotted place (a corner one) in the Diligence. The opposite seat was occupied by two Frenchmen and a German, and the other corner place, on the same side with me, by another German: thus leaving the middle seat, between the latter and myself, for Mr. John Hogs of Leeds. My fellow-travellers and I instantly entered into conversation; and in a tone which promised good fellowship amongst us for as long as we might remain together.

At the last beat of the hour of nine, the Diligence was, with its usual punctuality, about to start, when I reminded the Conductor that there was yet a passenger to come. He civilly replied that he was aware of it; but that the regulations of the *messageries* prohibited any delay beyond the appointed time for departure. Fortunately, at this moment, Mr. Hogs came running into the yard.

"Hollo! you, Sir! Conductor! What's-your-name! Stop! Going without me, was you? I should like to have caught you at that. I'd have trounced you for it, hang me if I wouldn't. But stop a bit." Saying which he ran into the *bureau*. After reiterated calls from the Conductor, Hogs re-appeared.

"Here's a pretty set of scoundrels!" exclaimed he. "Yesterday, that chap in the booking-office gave me a bad franc in change, and he won't give me another for it; and I can't get neither impunity nor redress. The rascals! And when I spoke out like a free-born Englishman, and said they was all a set of cheats and rogues, they threatened me with the police. Should like to see their police meddle with John Hogs. A pretty country for a man to come to!—England, or Ameriky, for my money. But they shall find I'm a real John Bull, and won't put up with this piece of roguery tamely. They little dream as I've got a *nevy*, a clerk in the Foreign Office, and that the affair will come to light."

"*Mais montez-donc, Monsieur, s'il vous plait*," said the Conductor, in a tone of civil impatience, as he held open the door of the vehicle.

"*Mountry!*" cried Hogs, placing one foot on the step. "That means get in, I suppose? Then why can't you say so?—But, stop! *this* won't do. I can't ride with my back to the horses, and I can't ride *bodkin*; or, as you don't understand English, I mean I can't ride in the middle 'twixt two others."

"*Mais, Monsieur, s'il vous plait*," again said the Conductor.

"You'll find it no play with me, if I'm to be treated in this style, that I can tell you." Then, addressing the German, in the opposite corner, he said, "You must go to t'other side, for I can't ride backwards, for love or money."

"*Che ne fous gombrends bas, Mo'zieu*," politely said the German: "*barley-fous Frangzay?*"

"Don't parley-voe me; that won't do with John Hogs. But I say, Mister," (continued he, addressing himself to me,) "I say; I wish you'd settle this point for me. You've undertook to do the needful for me, so I look to you."

I entered upon the duties of my agreeable office by inquiring of my fellow-travellers, severally, whether they were inclined to accommodate

Mr. Hogs by an exchange of seats with him ; which they being unwilling to do, I explained to him that the places in a French Diligence were numbered, and that he having been the last of six persons to secure a place, the one which was reserved for him (numbered 6) was that to which alone he had a claim.

"Pooh ! pooh ! stuff and nonsense !" cried Hogs ; "number places in a stage-coach ! the thing doesn't stand to reason. We do no such thing in England, and we know as much about coaching as them, I take it. I consider myself ill treated——" But Mr. Hogs's speech was curtailed by two very polite persons in blue uniform, who, each taking him by an elbow, quietly lifted him into the Diligence ; and, the door being closed upon him, we commenced our journey.

Hogs grumbled audibly, ringing the changes on the terms, "French rascals," "foreign scoundrels," "unpolite savages," "rogues," "brutes," &c. : none of which being understood by our companions, they fell harmless. At length Hogs addressing himself to me, said—

"I say, Mister, I wish you'd explain for me !"

"Explain what, Sir ?"

"Why, I wish you'd just tell them chaps that they are a set of rascally, unaccommodating scoundrels, and that it would serve them right to give them a licking all round, one down and t'other come on."

This wish I did not think it prudent to gratify. I told Mr. Hogs that as, in fact, there was nothing of which he could justly complain, I certainly should not make myself a party to the affair.

"Some people's pretty chaps to stand by an ill-used countryman !" As Mr. Hogs muttered these words just loud enough, but only loud enough, to be heard ; I thought it as well not to hear them.

Scarcely had we cleared the *Barrière St. Denis*, when Mr. Hogs said—"I wish, Mister, you would just put your head out o' window and order the coachman, or whatever they may call him, to push on. We shall never get to Calais at this rate, for, hang me, if I think he's doing more than five mile an hour."

"Mr. Hogs," replied I, "we are proceeding at the regulated pace, and no request on our part that it might be accelerated would be attended to."

"Wouldn't it ?" said my agreeable companion. "They don't know much of John Hogs, then. What's French for 'stop,' Mister ?"

"*Arrêtez*," replied I.

In an instant Hogs's body was half through the window. "*Retty, retty, retty*, and be d—d to you," roared Hogs.

Instantly the Diligence stopped, and down came the Conductor to inquire what was the matter.

"This won't do, you Sir," replied Hogs ; "you must get on faster."

"*Comment, Monsieur ?*" said the Conductor, with an inquiring look.

Hogs finding that he was not clearly understood, resorted to the expedient of uttering each word distinctly, deliberately, and in a loud tone of voice :—

"You—must—drive—a—great—deal—fas—ter ;"—bawling the last syllable into the man's ear as if he had been addressing one stone-deaf.

The Conductor shook his head and turned to me for an explanation. I explained.

"*Ah ! bah !*" said the Conductor, shrugging up his shoulders ; "*Il*

est fou, donc, ce Monsieur-là." And without farther parley he resumed his seat on the *impériale*, and once more we proceeded.

Presently we were passed by a light carriage drawn by three horses of the *Poste-Royale*.

"This won't do," cried Hogs, and again he roared from the window, "Retty, retty, retty!"

Again the Diligence stopped and down came the Conductor.

"I wish, Mister," said Hogs to me, "you would tell the fellow what I want."

"And what is it you do want, Sir?"

"Why, what I want is, that them chaps as has just passed us may just as well swallow our dust as us swallow theirs. So tell him to push on and get the start on 'em, and, when he's got it, to keep it."

I explained to the Conductor the absurd demand of Hogs; and added that he had better not again disturb himself at the call of that gentleman, unless it was confirmed by that of one of the other passengers.

"*Bien obligé, Monsieur,*" said the man. "*Decidément il est fou, ce Monsieur-là.*"

Without explaining to Hogs the French posting-regulations, I merely stated to him that his wish could not be attended to, for that, in France, racing on the road was not allowed.

"A precious country to live in! But I'm a thorough John Bull, and have nothing to do with their regulations."

Again he was about to rise to call to the Conductor, when I prevented him by assuring him that his appeal would be disregarded.

"Consider, Sir," added I, "that we are here in a strange land, and we must submit to its laws and regulations, as we should expect a foreigner to do to ours in our own country. Here *we* are foreigners."

"Foreigners!" cried Hogs; "foreigners! I don't know what you may be, Mister; but I'm a true-born Englishman, I'm a thorough John Bull, and no foreigner. No, no; John Hogs may be where he will, but d—n me if he'll submit to be taken for a foreigner in any country in the world."

"I fear, Mr. Hogs," said I, "that you and I shall not get on very well together. Here we are at *St. Denis*, the first stage out of Paris, and it will be to our mutual comfort, for the remaining thirty-and-odd, that conversation between us should cease!"

"Come, I say! And what am I to do if I want somebody to ask for something for me, as I can't ask for myself?"

"The best you can, Sir."

The two Germans beguiled the time by occasionally singing in concert an *overture* of Mozart's, perfectly well, from beginning to end; the two Frenchmen (actors going to fulfil an engagement at Boulogne), by rehearsing the parts which they were to play together; and I, either by listening to them, or talking with them. Thus, we five passed the waking hours of the journey very agreeably together, leaving John Hogs in a sulky and uncomfortable minority of one.

A CHAMBER SCENE.

SHE rose from her untroubled sleep,
 And put aside her soft brown hair,
 And in a tone as low and deep
 As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer :
 Her snow-white hands together press'd—
 Her blue eye shelter'd in its lid—
 The folded linen on her breast,
 Just swelling with the charms it hid ;
 And from her long and flowing dress
 Escaped a bare and slender foot,
 Whose fall upon the earth did press
 Like a new snow-flake, white and " mute ;"
 And there, from slumber, soft and warm,
 Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
 She bow'd her slight and graceful form,
 And humbly pray'd to be forgiven.
 Oh, God ! if souls unsoil'd as these
 Need daily mercy from thy throne—
 If she upon her bended knees,
 Our loveliest and our purest one—
 She, with a face so clear and bright,
 We deem her some stray child of light—
 If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
 Day after day, in her first years,
 Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
 What far, far deeper need have *we* ?
 How hardly, if she win not heaven,
 Will *our* wild errors be forgiven ?

SLINGSBY.

INSCRIPTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Stop here, Seducer ! stop awhile !
 A villain's victim sleeps below .
 She drank the poison of a smile,
 And found that lawless love is woe.
 Too true to doubt the lip that lied !
 Too trusting maid ! too fond to fear !
 Too oft they met on Rother's side ;
 For she was young, and he was dear.
 Known by the arrow in her breast,
 She mourn'd her bonds, then join'd the free ;
 Now Mary's sorrows are at rest,
 And her sad story speaks to thee.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece.

THIS is another singular monument of the extent of German erudition, and the indefatigable character of German industry. It is an attempt, and one distinguished by no ordinary success, to do for the history of Greece much of that which Niebuhr accomplished with equal research and acumen for the earlier periods of the history of the Roman Republic; and develops, upon the basis of authorities too numerous to be questioned, the rise, progress, and decay of the political institutes of those two great governments from which the inferior states of Greece drew, to a greater or less degree, the principles of their several constitutions. The author is no vain theorist, nor does he attempt to speculate upon subjects over which the light of history sheds but a faint and imperfect gleam, but which have, nevertheless, been boldly commented upon, as if matter of undoubted certainty, by writers who have appeared to think the mythic eyes of Greece of a sufficiently plastic and neutral character to be moulded into any shape, or to receive any colouring, which may be best suited to support the visions of a grave Idealist. We are consequently not plunged into a sea of discussion with respect to the origin of the Hellenic tribes, the migrations and final expulsion of those phantoms of the fabulous ages, the mysterious and priestly Pelasgi, or the great question—whether the religion and government of Greece are really traceable to an Indian origin. The germ of Grecian civilization was sown in obscurity, and rose to vigour amidst the darkness of an unnoticed period. And where contemporaneous history is silent, the attempt to supply its place by reasonings drawn from imagined probabilities, or by mere oral traditions, embodied by writers of a date many centuries posterior to the events they describe, is surely as useless as it is unreasonable. Professor Hermann has therefore wisely passed with comparatively scanty notice the primary condition of the people, whose political antiquities he records, and commences his treatise systematically with the return of the Heraclidae, or rather with the first appearance in a collected form of those laws, which, although probably long before existent among the Dorian invaders of the Peloponnesus, are supposed to have derived their origin from the legislative genius of Lycurgus. The political history of Athens commences of course somewhat earlier, since it is dated from the time of Theseus, of whose real existence, as an eminent and successful lawgiver, there does not seem to be the slightest reason to doubt, much as has been done to invest him with the attributes of a mere fabulous hero. The governments of both Athens and Sparta, with incidental notices of the Dorian and Ionian colonies, are subsequently traced through their several phases to the period of the ultimate subjugation of Greece beneath the Roman arms, with a clearness and accuracy which show the author of this concise, though elaborate, work, to be a complete master of his subject, and possessed of no less judgment in the arrangement of his materials, than of erudition for the purpose of collecting them. The latter quality is indeed the most astonishing feature in the volume. Not a single position is advanced unsupported by weighty authorities, and when we state that out of four hundred pages, at least one half of that number are devoted to references, and brief comments upon them, some idea may be formed of the immense labour which has been thought requisite for such an undertaking. Be it remembered also, that this is not an instance of that “index learning”

“Which turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.”

Professor Hermann's information could only have been derived from careful and frequent perusal of the authors he has quoted; a task to which, in the extensive form it exhibits under his hands, none, we should imagine, but

Teutonic patience would be equal. As his diligence and learning, however, have conferred a lasting obligation upon all who are desirous of following the progress of the internal policy of Greece, step by step, in connection with the events by which it was produced, modified, and ultimately destroyed; so we have no doubt of his being regarded by every reader, learned or unlearned, who may venture upon its perusal, not only as exhibiting the opinions of a profound scholar upon subjects of universal interest, but as laying before him every source of information, by which he may be able, if so inclined, to pursue his investigations to any given extent. As a book of reference, we have no doubt it will be extensively consulted by classical students. We have only to add, that the translation has been performed in a highly creditable manner. It is a specimen of chaste and elegant English, and is, in all respects, worthy of the press from which it issues, and the University under whose auspices it has appeared.

The Book of Beauty for 1837. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

It requires considerable exertion, both of judgment and imagination, to illustrate, appropriately, nineteen (as the title-page has it) "finished engravings." And it is no easy matter to mingle light and shade effectively, so that neither may predominate. Lady Blessington has, in the present volume, overcome all this difficulty, and produced, not only a pleasing work, but a work of far more than what is considered mere "Annual" merit.

The romantic history of "The Arabs in Spain," by the lamented Sir William Gell, is full of sterling interest; an interest which is greatly increased by Lady Blessington's introduction. Mr. Bulwer's account of Juliet's tomb is exquisite in its way; and the tale of "The Honey-Moon" is one of Lady Blessington's most gentle and amusing satires—indeed, persons who are dull and stupid in other annuals, become amiable and animated when under her Ladyship's influence—the consequence is, that "The Book of Beauty" is beautiful, both in art and literature. Many of the engravings are in themselves worth half the price of the volume; for instance, the Vignette, after Uwins, of the Villa Reale,—and the "Portrait of the Marchioness of Abercorn and Child,"—and *Dog* might be added—for the dog's head in this splendid picture is *unique*. Other artists could have done equal justice to the English mother and her child; none but Edwin Landseer could have portrayed that grave and glorious animal. "Habiba" is one of Chalon's elaborate creations of blonde, and gauze, and baubles—not to our taste, and which we should never have forgiven him for had he not made the *amende* by his living "Portrait of Lady Sykes." Paris has dressed one or two lovely ladies, with large eyes, in his usual fashion, and bestowed some pains upon a pretty rustic with a basket of eggs, which latter Mrs. S. C. Hall has illustrated by one of her simplest sketches.

Meadows has cut a lady out of a stage scene, and called it "Nourmahal," and Miss Landon's accompanying story just saves the picture from being absurd. His "Sultana," however, is very pretty, and when we look at her, we think the Sultan quite right to keep his harem under guard.

Lady Blessington has evinced admirable tact in illustrating "Ma Chère Félicité;" and the mournful beauty of "Calantha" is worthy of the able pen which sets forth her character as one—who gave no counsel, who did not sympathise with ambition, who had not the restless brain that gains or maintains a crown—and yet inspired by the consciousness of her existence.

Walter Savage Landor—a name allied to all that is great and excellent in our literature—contributes "An Imaginary Conversation," and a Poem, to this beautiful book; and as we have not space to particularize farther, we must only conclude by congratulating Mr. Heath on the increasing excellence of his Annual, and pointing out to him—needlessly, we confess, for the truth is self-evident—the immense advantage of possessing a wise and judicious editor.

A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain. Part XIII. By John Burke.

This is not a mere biographical history of wealthy or high-born commoners; it is a curious and exceedingly interesting account of many English worthies who have been eminent in the arts either of war or peace, and whose names are interwoven with the most glorious and valuable records of their country. The work is therefore full of anecdote; and although its main object is to show who at present represent the most august of gone-by times, it may be safely described as of national importance;—we extract two or three anecdotes.

An Irish election 200 years ago:—

"The freeholders assembled in Philipstown to elect knights for the King's County, and some of the Irish, having consulted together the same morning, attended the sheriff to the shire-house, between eight and nine o'clock, where the writ being read, Sir Francis Rushe and Sir Adam Loftus (ancestor of the *first* Viscounts Ely), were propounded by some of the freeholders as the fittest men to be elected. But Philip O'Dagan delivered to the sheriff two several lists of names in paper, who (he said) had given their names for "Sir John Mac Coughlan and Callagh O'Mulloy," whom they had chosen already, and would have none others; and upon delivering the list, they cried out "Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy!" The other side, to the number of sixteen, gave their votes *publicly* for Sir F. Rushe and Sir A. Loftus. The under-sheriff received the papers, and made up the indentures for Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy (having the greatest number of names *in the list*), which indentures were accepted by the high-sheriff; yet, notwithstanding, he returned Sir A. Loftus and Sir F. Rushe, alleging "that the greatest number of voices *given publicly* were for them." In which proceeding on the part of Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy we find this miscarriage, that two gentlemen whose names were returned in the list, upon the reading *disavowed* the same, and subscribed the *other* part. Some other also confessed he had set his hand to the list *after* the election was *done*; and Sir Terence O'Dempsey being absent, gave his voice *by proxy* to the said Mac Coughlan and O'Mulloy, which *O'Mulloy could not speak English!* a deficiency not uncommon amongst the magnates of the land."

Imprisonment for debt in early times, and humanity of the Clergy:—

"Stephanus de Lawe (son of Alanus de Lawe, and direct ancestor of the present Rev. Thomas Hill, P. F. Lowe, the learned Precentor of Exeter), gave all his land in Lawefield, which he held in More, of the monkes of Worcester, to the same priory. He moreover, by the consent of Dionysia, his wife, gave to his lords the said prior and convent, in pure and perpetual alms, certain assart, or new cleared land, called the Soken, lying under the Menhey, with all the Grove there; but for the surrender of these and other lands, the priour and monkes yealded him some recompense, and were most charitable to him, for being by the Jews at Worcester detained in prison, and loaded with heavy chains, and by exquisite torments compelled to redeem himself, his said lords the priour and convent, being moved with pity, and seeing him forsaken of all his friends, did, by the expending of much money, free him from his bonds, and restore him to life and liberty. Thus did the religious deliver him out of the jawes of hys cruel creditors. The other aunclent gentleman was Penhull, of whom Aluredus de Penhull, falling likewise into the merciles handes of these devouring usurious Jewes, then dwelling in Worcester, was also by the priour and monkes redeemed out of that thralldome."

The Great Metropolis. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 2 vols.

This is in many respects a very useful book; but the author frequently touches on dangerous ground, and, we know, has said some things which he might surely have left unsaid. The evil was, perhaps, inseparable from the subject. It is scarcely justifiable, we think, to point out to the world at large who is the conductor of this work, and who is the editor of that—explaining how much the said conductor, or the said editor, receives for his

labours. The consequent desire to be very accurate has therefore led to many blunders; we can, ourselves, undertake to prove that in several of his statements concerning such matters he is altogether wrong. We refer more especially to the articles upon newspapers and magazines; of the theatres and clubs we know less, and therefore cannot determine whether his details respecting them are correct, or otherwise. It is evident that the author is not conversant with the higher classes of society. The contents of a chapter upon this topic will sufficiently explain his peculiar views:—"Their opinions of themselves—their disregard of the truth—their insincerity—extent to which profligacy prevails among them—virtue laughed at among them—their want of benevolence towards mankind generally," &c. &c. &c. Nevertheless, though full of errors and faults, there is much in these volumes to entitle them to a favourable reception with the public. If we could separate the flowers from the weeds, and throw the latter away, the book would be a more valuable one; for it contains an immense quantity of information, and gives the history and existing state of many persons and things, about which the world knows little.

Findens' Tableaux of National Character, Beauty, and Costume.

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

This is an annual; and a very successful attempt to improve upon a class of works which are now looked for as regularly at the close of the year as snow in winter or sun in summer. If they are to be patronized, it is well that we have them growing from good to better. No volume has yet been issued so excellent in all departments as this, which Messrs. Finden have prepared at immense cost. It is a large quarto size; full bound in morocco, chastely and elegantly ornamented; containing thirteen splendid engravings, with a due proportion of letter-press; and having an ambitious object,—to make us acquainted, through the medium of pictorial groups, with the character and costume of various nations. This object is happily accomplished; the book opens with a group by Uwins—a lovely Neapolitan girl proceeding with her offerings to the Madonna del Arco; the next is a scene at the Convent of Mount St. Bernard—a girl pointing down the valley where travellers have been whelmed in the snow; the third tells the old and pretty story of the oriental love-letter—a youth and maiden discoursing not with words but flowers; the fourth is that of a Polish family exiled from the home which "a band of fierce barbarians" are destroying. Spain supplies its usual subjects,—a duenna, a girl, and a lover. Arabia is illustrated by a lovely maiden filling the pitcher at a well, while a warrior on his "Arab steed" prances proudly by her. The scene in Portugal is in a convent, where a young girl takes the veil. The Circassian captive before the buyer and seller of the slave, illustrates Turkey. The Tyrol exhibits a happy group beside the door of a cottage among the hills, looking down upon the valley. Greece gives us the picture of a wounded patriot, whose sister, it may be, binds up his wounds, while his wife looks fearfully upon the distant combat. Africa is shown by a group of women and children sold to the gloomy trader by a ruffian who bears off the rifle he has obtained by his infamous traffic. Persia gives us the rich scene of a bath, and the luxurious woman of the gorgeous East; and France is portrayed by one of the gentlest and most interesting episodes in all her history—the crowning of a virtuous maiden with a rose-wreath at Salency.

The designs are from the pencil of Mr. Perring, but various artists have combined to give them pictorial effect. The engravers, too, have all done well; and the result is a collection of prints such as we have rarely, if ever, seen together in one volume. A few years ago any one of them would have been considered cheap at half the price demanded for the whole thirteen. We must consider this work as possessing interest far beyond the generality of those with which we must class it. As prints, they are very beautiful;

but they also afford an insight into the character and costumes of various nations—an object which has never yet been properly attempted, and which is worthy of art. Messrs. Finden deserve the highest praise for the efforts they have made; and we have no doubt they will receive their reward in the universal appreciation of the skill they have displayed in working out so admirable an idea. The letter-press consists of poems and prose sketches: the former have been contributed by Leigh Hunt, Lady Blessington, Miss Landon, Allan Cunningham, &c. &c., and the latter are from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall. The space to which she has been limited has been, of course, a drawback; yet we think the stories in this volume are among the happiest of her compositions. She has not only contrived to give a striking tale in each, but she has illustrated and explained “the characters and costumes” of nations as well as the artists. A more exquisite volume, or one more worthy extensive patronage, has never issued from the press.

Vandeleur; or, Animal Magnetism. A Novel.

We took up these volumes with somewhat of prejudice, under the idea that it was impossible to render the *charlatanerie* of animal magnetism either pleasant or instructive; nor did we like the opening of the story by means of pictures which revealed ~~the~~ end. Notwithstanding this unpromising sensation, we became much interested in the progress of the tale, and can certainly recommend it as one well calculated to while away a wearisome hour, and deeply to impress upon a young reader what may be termed the sin of secrecy. Having within a week or two heard two of our most sensible friends (long resident at Paris) confess their surprise, and in one case acknowledge receiving the perfect cure of a distressing complaint in consequence of the revelations made by a *sonnambule*, we cannot deem the story improbable; for if persons in middle life and long resident in the world could be led to a reliance on such a medium, well might a girl of sixteen, under all the excitement and anxiety experienced by the heroine, be also duped; but we are decidedly of opinion that the wretch who destroyed her happiness is very improperly disposed of by the author. Poetical justice required surely a different fate for a betrayer and murderer than that of becoming a wealthy merchant, surrounded by his family and dying of the yellow fever, as thousands did beside him. We all know that the dispensers of misery are not rewarded in this world according to their deserts; but “blood calls for blood,” and the inventor of a story can deal retribution, and should do it to a wretch like this.

The lady who wrote Vandeleur will, we doubt not, write a still better story ere long; for she has not only invention, but knowledge of character, and a fine perception of all that is most attractive and most excellent in her sex; and the pathos displayed in a scene of a widowed mother and her only son, not only proved her power of touching the heart, but revealed to us a fact we had not in the slightest degree suspected: on reading it, we exclaimed, as well as our tears permitted, “Ha! this is a woman! a mother! most probably a widowed one!” Should this be the case, though we are inclined to desire that her literary progeny may increase, we will wish for her personally no greater happiness than that of long witnessing the happiness and experiencing the protection of her own high-minded, virtuous Vandeleur.

Twelve Months in the British Legion. By one of its Officers.

The great merit of this volume is, that it does not pretend to contribute largely to our store of information as to the state of Spain, or the “doings” of the English soldiers, who have been hired to fight for one portion of its people against the other. It is a pleasant, gossiping book, of little value. The writer confines himself to events in which he actually took part, and professes to describe what he himself saw. He has, consequently, preserved some striking anecdotes of the brutal struggle; and necessarily

describes both Carlists and Liberals as thorough ruffians. As the officer has fortunately returned to tell his "hair-breadth 'scapes," it is but justice to state that he was severely wounded. If he is satisfied with the honour and glory of shedding blood for a country where it is vain and useless to waste it, we have no right to complain. He has seen service, if he has not done any; and as it is very unlikely he received the pay he was promised, we trust the book he has been enabled to write will compensate him for his labours and his losses.

Songs, and Lyrical Poems. By Robert Story.

This volume is a political one, if we may so characterize a collection of songs, the main object of which is to excite and increase a love for our native land, and the most valuable of its time-honoured institutions. Among the poems, however, there are many which do not touch upon party themes. Our readers will thank us for at least one of them:—

" WINTER IS GONE.

" Grim in his sullen cloud,
Winter hath flown;
Smiling in triumph proud,
Spring hastens on;
Hark! in her laughing train
Comes the cuckoo again,
Sounding the victor-strain—
' Winter is gone!'

" Sprinkled along the lea,
Young flowers are blown;
Green leaves bedeck the tree,
Newly put on;
Primrose and daisy gay
Bloom by each shady way;
Birds sing on every spray—
' Winter is gone!'

" But by the greenwood bough,
Wandering alone,
Mary, I miss thee now;
Why hast thou flown?
O! what are now to me
Bird, flower, and blooming tree?
Ne'er can they tell like thee,
' Winter is gone!'

Mr. Story is an able and an elegant writer, and uses the quill of the swan as well as the feather of the lark. He is at times highly vigorous, and at others exceedingly graceful. The book is deserving the success it has met with—success which is by no means altogether owing to the political tendency of his writings.

On Deformities of the Chest. By William Coulson.

On Diseases of the Hip-Joint. By the same.

The power possessed by woman to prevent many of the maladies which "flesh is heir to," and to improve the character of the form, the stamina, and beauty of her children, by judicious physical education, has been often demonstrated in the pages of this Magazine. The frequent, we may almost say universal, occurrence of deformities of the chest, the subject of the first of these volumes, renders it a question of great interest—we would say, indeed, of vital import—to every parent.

The author has evidently devoted much attention to the matter, and handled it with considerable judgment. In his observations on lateral and anterior compressions of the chest, there are some valuable remarks on the

evils arising from the pressure of busks in stays, and the general mischief resulting from the too prevalent custom of tight lacing. A particular kind of deformity, well known, we imagine, by most of our readers, by the name of "pigeon-breasted," is particularly treated. The opinions of Dupuytren, Copland, and others, are judiciously brought to corroborate the author's own experience on the good effect of well-regulated exercise in checking this frightful deformity.

Here the power of the *nurse* is, indeed, great; and pleased are we to find the following hint to mothers, extracted from Baron Dupuytren's work, when speaking of the advantage and necessity of good general management:—"We must not trust to hired nurses. A *mother's affection* alone is capable of the perseverance requisite for success. With this ally, there is scarcely any such malformation that cannot be remedied."

The character of exercise best calculated for improving the form, and preventing deformity, is pointed out; and, we see, is consonant with our own views, as expressed in a recent Number, when noticing "Donald's Exercises for Ladies."

The long catalogue of complaints proceeding from the use of corsets, amounting to the frightful number of ninety-seven, is, we think, a *little* overstrained. Well is it known and admitted that much harm, and irreparable mischief, too often is produced by stays; but it savours much of the ridiculous to ascribe ninety-seven diseases to such a cause. However, if it prevents the evil, we forgive the exaggeration; and, with such a view, we heartily recommend Mr. Coulson's work to the notice of our readers.

The treatise on the hip-joint is more calculated for the professional reader. It is on a subject of equal interest with the former—is treated with as much skill—is full of practical information—and, moreover, is illustrated with some very good lithograph engravings.

The Botanist, No. I.

We give an early notice of this publication, in order that we may contribute all we can to its continuance. It is conducted by B. Maund, F.L.S., and the Rev. J. S. Henslow, the Cambridge Professor of Botany; and is published at a rate of amazing cheapness, even in these days, when science is to be had for "almost nothing." It contains four prints, drawn as correctly, and coloured as beautifully, as the best of those which, a few years ago, were to be procured only at large cost; and which were copied by fair hands as exercises in a delightful art, and as valuable contributions to the portfolio—but as far too expensive to be obtained generally by any other mode. We copy the following passages, explanatory of the nature and objects of the work:—

"In 'The Botanist,' both the systematic arrangement and the physiology of plants will form interesting features; not, however, in any degree, to the exclusion of popular information. Each number will contain four plates of the most admired subjects for culture in the greenhouse, stove, or open garden. The figures will be correctly drawn from nature, of the full size, and coloured in the most careful manner. Their places in the natural and artificial systems will be accurately described, not by words only, but by graphic illustrations, so as to conduct the reader, imperceptibly, to a knowledge of the leading principles of the science.

"As well as making 'The Botanist' a scientific authority, it is especially the intention of the Conductor to combine in it every species of popular information connected with the history, properties, and habits of plants, and with their geographical distribution, as far as can be ascertained. That it may be known where every plant published in 'The Botanist' can be found, the owner of the living specimen from which the drawing has been taken, will always be mentioned. Furthermore, although we shall not encumber 'The Botanist' with calendarial notices of mere gardening operations, we intend, for the particular benefit of amateurs, that every information connected with the propagation and cultivation of the subjects illustrated shall be carefully recorded, so as to secure success to all those who delight in attention to this most gratifying department."

A more elegant companion for the drawing-room in winter, or for the garden in summer, we have never seen; it is sufficiently learned, but its details are so clear and simple, that the merest tyro may comprehend them. To the accomplished botanist it may be, and we doubt not is, an acquisition; but to the lover of beautiful flowers we are sure that it is so. We shall treasure up our copy until the spring enables us to profit by it.

Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. By Robert B. Todd, M.D.

The rapid progress of medicine in all its branches within the last quarter of a century, must be a source of much gratulation to all well-regulated minds. On the first appearance of this *Cyclopædia* we hailed it as an omen of a spirit of emulation on the part of our native anatomists and surgeons, and right glad are we to find our expectations and prognostications fully verified in the last few Numbers. Well, indeed, may France boast of her Pinel, Andral, Breschet, Broussais, Corvisart, Laennec, and Dupuytren, in pathological inquiries; Bichat, Cuvier, Richerand, Majendie, and Edwards, in physiology. Germany, also, can enumerate Camper, Blumenback, Meckel, Soemmering, and Tiedmann. Italy, again, with Scarpa, Caldani, and Rolundo, may well be proud of her exertions; and now, in addition to our Baillies, Hunters, and Monros, we may, with feelings of peculiar pride, refer to the progressing improvements of the present age.

The names appended to the various articles in this work are good indications of Britain's approaching equality with our highly-favoured Continental anatomists and physiologists. It is difficult to distinguish particular essays among so many deserving notice, and we must be content to draw our reader's attention to the very interesting observations on Death, by Dr. Symons; the elaborate, and yet terse description of the Cranium, with its several peculiarities in cold and warm-blooded animals, by Mr. Malyn, and the very pleasing article on Crustacea must to the naturalist be a sufficient guarantee of the learned editor's determination not to forget the important study of comparative anatomy.

Two Months at Kilkec. By Mary John Knott.

Kilkec is a small watering-place on the Irish coast; and although the world now hears its name for the first time, it is evidently destined to occupy a full page in the book of Irish history, possessing, as it does, vast natural advantages—having the wild and the beautiful all around it. The fair author has made a book upon the subject: she was grateful to the small spot for health and enjoyment, and she desires that others, who seek both, may know where they are to be found. It is full of pictures of fine scenery; abounds in portraits of Irish character; and contains some admirable and exciting stories of storm and shipwreck. It is not very likely we shall ever visit Kilkec; but we should like to do so. This little volume makes us long for a ramble among its rocks, and by its wild shore, which the broad Atlantic washes. We are, however, indebted for a pleasant and not unprofitable hour to this publication; and hope it may find its way among those who are more fortunately circumstanced, and whom the writer may induce to compare her sketches with the originals in nature. The book is issued by Messrs. Curry, publishers to whom the Irish press owes much: they have succeeded in proving that an Irish author may safely depend on the Irish public, and that success will follow when it is sought and deserved.

LITERARY REPORT.

The new edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence with George Montagu, Esq., Lady Hervey, Gray the Poet, the Countess of Ailesbury, the Earl of Stafford, and most of the learned and distinguished personages of his time, will be published in a few days by Mr. Colburn. This work, which consists of the great mass of the correspondence of this prince of letter-writers, extending over a period of sixty-two years, will form an essential companion to Walpole's recently-published Letters to Sir Horace Mann. It is, like that work, printed in three octavo volumes, but containing double the quantity of matter. Numerous illustrative notes are now first added. No historical library can be complete without this work, for where else can we look for such a delightful anecdotal history of the time to which it refers?

Mr. D'Israeli's new novel, "Henrietta Temple," is at length completed at press, and will make its appearance in a day or two.

Mr. Burke's New Peerage and Baronetage for 1837 will certainly make its appearance early in December. No expense, we understand, has been spared to render it the most complete work of the kind that has ever issued from the press. The nobility and gentry will now have (with Mr. Burke's History of the Landed Gentry, which is fast hastening towards its conclusion) a most complete and valuable record, of their various families, which will prove a mine of information to the future historian.

Captain Scott's promised "Rambles in Egypt and Candia" will be published in about a week. The work, we find, has been delayed to give time to the engraver to do proper justice to the illustrations.

Another work by a military writer will be looked forward to with no little interest. We allude to the Personal Narrative and Memoirs of Brigadier-General Charles Shaw, late Colonel in the Portuguese Service. It will comprise an account of the author's adventures in England, Scotland, Holland, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

Lady Charlotte Bury's new novel of "Love," and the long expected "Memoirs of a Peeress, or the Days of Fox," edited by her Ladyship, will be ready for publication about the middle of the present month.

THE HUMORIST.—Mr. Colburn is making very active preparations to render this new comic periodical in every way worthy of public encouragement. It is to be edited by one of the most distinguished writers of the day, assisted by a numerous circle of contributors whose names are dear to the lovers of wit and humour, among whom we may mention Theodore Hook, Esq., John Poole, Esq., the authors of "The Rejected Addresses," Crofton Croker, Esq., Laman Blanchard, Esq., Douglas Jerrold, Esq., Benson Hill, Esq., R. B. Pearce,

Esq., &c. &c. Various characteristic illustrations will be given. The first number is to appear on the 1st of January.

Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of "The Pleasures of Hope," is at present engaged in seeing through the press his Letters from the South, which will shortly be published in a completed form, with twelve illustrations, consisting of scenery, costume, &c.

The new work by the author of "Tremaine," called "Fielding, or Society," may be confidently expected in the course of December.

Mrs. Gore's forthcoming little volume is, it seems, to be called "The Book of Roses." It will comprise an Account of the Culture and Propagation of Roses, and a Descriptive Catalogue of 2500 varieties.

The new Naval story of "Gentleman Jack," by the author of "Cavendish," will make its appearance about Christmas.

Early next month will be published, with twenty-five beautiful illustrations, "Beauties of the Country; or, Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons." By Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods."

Mr. James Bird has in the press a new poem, under the title of "Francis Abbott, the Recluse of Niagara."

The Life of Chatterton, containing his unpublished Letters and Correspondence, by Mr. Dix, will shortly appear.

Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems, by Miss Agnes Strickland, will be published in a few days.

Grauville Penn, Esq. is preparing for publication the Book of the New Covenant of Jesus Christ; being a Critical Revision of the New Testament.

Mr. Cousin will shortly put to press his collection of inedited works of Roger Bacon.

The first of the six monthly volumes of Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Scott" will appear, we understand, early in 1837.

Mr. Bulwer is about to publish a new romance, in one volume, splendidly illustrated.

Nearly ready, The Americans, and their Social, Moral, and Political Relations, by Francis J. Grund.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Philosophy and Religion, with their mutual bearings comprehensively considered, and satisfactorily determined, on clear and scientific principles, by W. Brown Galloway, A. M.

The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer: a summary of the exclusive and peculiar rights and liabilities of Women.

The Wonders of Geology, by Dr. Mantel, F.R.S. &c.

Spartacus; or The Roman Gladiator. A tragedy, in five acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., author of "The Anglo-Polish Harp," &c.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 7th instant a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at the Royal Academy of Arts, in Somerset-house, when Mr. John P. Knight was elected an Associate, and Mr. Robert Graves an Associate Engraver, of that institution.

These appointments cannot fail to prove highly satisfactory to the public. Mr. Knight has continued to improve from year to year; his picture of the Wreckers at the last Exhibition established his reputation, and made his election into the Academy a matter of certainty. Mr. Graves has obtained a foremost rank as an engraver; he is probably indebted for the distinction to his print after Phillips's portrait of Lord Byron—a work of considerable merit, in which he has avoided the sin of the age—minute finish that weakens the strength of the painter.

PUBLICATIONS.

Amelia awaiting the Return of her Husband. Painted by E. Prentis.
Engraved by J. C. Bromley.

This picture was one of the main attractions of the Gallery of British Artists last year. The story is happily told; there can be no mistaking the calm yet deeply anxious look of the young wife; the minor details of the fire-place, the table laid, and the small preparations for the home-coming, are skilfully and agreeably introduced. It has been well engraved by Mr. Bromley; and the print may form a valuable addition to the portfolio, or fitly grace the walls of our English houses—where examples of affectionate care and thought in woman cannot be too frequently exhibited.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales. Engraved by W. Radcliffe, from Drawings by Cox, Harding, and Copley Fielding. Parts I. and II.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe has written the letter-press descriptions for this work; he has performed, thus far, his task with considerable ability. The "North Wales," we presume, is concluded; we have seen only the first two or three numbers of it, and they promised well. South Wales does not, we imagine, afford material so rich, beautiful, or romantic; but there is ample in its scenery for the pencil of the artist—the prints in these two numbers prove as much. We shall take an early opportunity of referring to the work at greater length.

Findens' Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. No. III.

This work progresses admirably. The Ports and Harbours of Great Britain are worthy of the artists' pencil. They send forth and receive its wealth; but they are also among the most picturesque objects of the country. Mr. Balmer, a young and clever landscape painter, has drawn the greater number of the scenes in this Part; he merits high praise for the skill he has manifested. The prints are beautifully executed by the Messrs. Findon. The name may be received as a guarantee that it will improve rather than retrograde as it proceeds; and while we recommend the publication as one of the cheapest, best, and most interesting that has been lately issued, we may safely augur for it wide success.

THE DRAMA.

It would be almost wonderful if managers, who so often do wrong by design, should never do right by mistake. Like other men (for managers are mortal) they occasionally stumble upon the intellectual, and get, by chance, into the higher region of their calling : by accident, they sometimes cultivate the drama, and patronize Shakspeare. That they should find their profit in doing so, is not curious ; but it *is* strange that, while they are thus borne onward to fortune on the full tide of favour, they should so constantly display an inclination to turn back, and seek the barren shore of vulgar taste and (to speak literally) brutalised ambition. Most strange, even as they are foul and unnatural, are the proceedings of such men as the present lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, who, apparently possessed by the single desire to make money on any terms, find their treasures filled to overflowing, by converting the golden lines of Shakspeare into the current coin of the realm ; and yet, while fortune is most liberal, and honourable reward most secure, are seen to turn round, as if with a natural desire for the abasement of the drama, and take the chances of a degraded course in preference to the certainties of an honourable one. These people seem to have no desire to profit, unless they can damage the drama. Full houses are desirable—they lead to full treasures—but the audiences must be drawn by the lowest and most vulgar appliances of the modern theatre, or the receipts lose their relish. It was remarked, in the hearing of the lessee of Drury Lane, at the commencement of last season, on a night when Macready was filling the hearts of a crowded audience with the finest sympathies that grow out of the poetry of the drama,—it was remarked, “We have a splendid house to-night.” The manager seemed annoyed at the association of a flourishing treasury with a fine play,—“Yes,” he replied, petulantly, but in coarser terms than we care to repeat, “a good house ; but you’re not such a fool as to suppose we owe it to the *tragedy* !” Such men as our modern managers are never at heart’s ease, while they are doing well by intellectual means. Covent Garden has been nightly crowded during the past month, and longer, by the admirers of real acting and the realities of the great English drama. The lessee grew uneasy a week or two ago—he was growing rich incomprehensibly—the stage-system was in danger of destruction—Shakspeare was threatening a revolution—chaos must come again before Christmas. A shifting of the scene, and lo ! Shakspeare is succeeded by a zoological show—we pass from the sublime to the ridiculous—the heels of Beauty are trodden upon by the Beast. Fortune herself has no charm to this man, unless he can win her by a depraved taste, and reduce all that is noble, in the profession of acting, to his own wretched level. He would not even be Cræsus, unless he could also be a quack.

These remarks have been called for by the intrusion of a vulgar impertinence amongst the dramatic triumphs of the months—triumphs which, if allowed their fair play, would go far to effect a Theatrical Reform. To this end, the acting of Mr. Forrest, though not all that the poetical student of human nature in the pages of Shakspeare could desire, may be regarded as a contribution. His *King Lear* approaches the threshold of poetry. It is a creation of almost imaginative power, produced by the truth of a physical and merely human infirmity. It borders upon the grand, by the fullness of its possession of the external signs and shows of grandeur. Mr. Forrest is an actor who can execute most finely all but the highest tasks of poetry. He comprehends the wonderful action of human nature, and is deficient only when he comes to the “palpable obscure,” clear as daylight to the poet and the poetical illustrator—the subtle springs in which that human action in its highest range finds its mysterious origin. He cannot pass, even his *King Lear* denotes this, that “thin partition” which divides the demonstrative from the imaginative, the measured passion from the immeasurable thought. He plays not “i’ the plighted clouds ;” but, as an actor, skilled in human dealing, gifted with strong powers of expression,

and an intense feeling of the actual and the visible, he deserves all the generous welcome he has received.

The reappearance of the playgoer's old acquaintance, Mr. Booth, was but the experiment of a night or two, and merits but a mere record. Mr. Booth seems to be much "farther from Kean" than ever.

The leading incident at Covent-garden is the performance of "*Julius Cæsar*;" the leading feature of this is the delineation of Brutus by Mr. Macready. Pity, thought we, as the curtain drew up, that Macready should have surrendered Cassius. His Brutus, thought we, as the curtain fell, is the most perfect of his many marvellous performances. We were wrong, we discover upon reflection; but it still seems to us equal to his finest—to his *Hamlet*—in subtlety of apprehension, and in finish of execution. It presented to us the very soul of Brutus, with his "outward favour." It combined the very grandeur of power with the grace of gentleness. What an answer is this performance to the objections of those who are disposed to deem Mr. Macready nothing if not passionate. We have often seen the character performed before in "approved style," but we were never till now made sensible of the extreme calmness that might characterize the progress of a terrible purpose. It is "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul" that the Brutus of this actor realizes. The infirmity, as well as the strength of the character, was depicted with infinite delicacy. The half-hesitating tone in which the first soliloquy was delivered, conveying the idea of a man whose nature shrunk almost from his own clear reasoning, which was of necessity to carry him forth into a world of action so remote from and so opposed to the lofty meditative sphere wherein he should move and have his being; this was heard in after passages of the play, giving consistency to the conception of the character, and harmonizing its mingled might and weakness. Not a fine touch thrown in by the poet was missed by the truth of the actor. The Cassius of Mr. Vandenhoff is a very forcible, but not a finished portraiture. It gave us the more prominent features of the character, but much of the quick and shifting expression was left out. It had the determination of purpose, but not the nicety of discrimination that went with it. It had the bold patrician patriotism, but not enough of the cunning of Cassius. Still the performance, looking at its general power, by no means detracts from the reputation of the actor. Marc Antony stood before us, a man indeed of Roman mould; but there was little else at all calculated to convert us to a passionate admiration of Mr. Kemble's style of tragedy. The lamentation over Cæsar's body was (not to speak it profanely) of the school-boy cast of pathos, and the address to the people wanted the true and perfect power of persuasion which consists in concealing the artifice. But how magnificent was the picture with which it concluded, when the actor stood out in an attitude inexpressibly fine, and with a face lighted up with exultation, as the people rushed off with the body of Cæsar to move the "stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!" It presented an image not to be forgotten.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

At the meeting of the British Association in Bristol, Mr. T. Moore having been called upon to move a resolution, spoke as follows:—"Whatever humble claims I might have to your notice, on more ordinary occasions, I can truly and unaffectedly declare, that I had but little expectation of being so honoured on an occasion like the present, when so many illustrious sons of science have been brought together, from all parts of the world, to communicate and interchange their several lights of knowledge; each of the distinguished men we see around us being in himself a link, as it were, in that great encyclopædic chain by which all the sciences and arts are connected together and mutually sustained. But, though little expecting such an honour, I must say, I rejoice that even so humble a representative of literature as myself should have been noticed on this occasion; as I think it right

that the close union, or rather relationship, which exists between all the intellectual pursuits, should be thus cordially recognized, and that the welcome given by Science to Art should be '*qualem decet esse sororum*.' It has been said very justly, that 'Knowledge is Power;' let us hope it is no less a true dictum, that Knowledge is Virtue. Some of the eminent men now before us have shown, in most able and luminous treatises, that Science, so far from being the enemy, is the hand-maiden, or, if I may so say, the torch-bearer of Religion—lighting her hallowed steps into those inner recesses of Nature, where the power and beneficence of the Deity are seen in his most secluded, and hitherto hidden operations. It is not too sanguine, then, to hope that a like good effect will flow from the study of science, in the paths of moral conduct; and that man, by fathoming and becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the material world, may be rendered but the more capable of sounding the depths and regulating the movements of that most strange and wonderful microcosm—himself." After some further observations, Mr. Moore alluded to the flattering manner in which the Noble President (whose ready and playful eloquence, he said, had shed such a charm over their meetings) had alluded to his name in connection with Ireland; and continued as follows:—"As far as my own feelings are concerned, one of the most gratifying circumstances to me, in the present meeting, is to see such numbers of my own countrymen around me. To those who have not, like myself, been employed in searching out old historical records, it may not, perhaps, be known that there still exists an old charter of Henry II., by virtue of which that monarch made a present of the city of Dublin to his good people of Bristol, to have and to hold, &c., as fully and peaceably as ever they had held and enjoyed their own city of Bristol. On looking around me here, in the streets, I should be almost tempted to imagine that we, of the Green Isle, were about to reverse the terms of Henry's grant; to turn the tables upon you, as the phrase is, and were now all flocking over to take possession of the good city of Bristol. Long and often I pray may this friendly influx on your hospitable shores be repeated; and long may you as cordially and as numerous return the compliment; for these are the valid signatures of international compact, far more binding than Henry II. or any less able tyrant can ever enforce. These are the true incursions into each other's territories; these are the friendly invasions which will do more to blend and incorporate the two countries into one than any thing the charters of kings or mere parliamentary acts of union can ever accomplish."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting on the 3rd of October, various interesting species of insects, and of insect productions, were exhibited, including a collection lately made in Albania, by R. Templeton, Esq. Specimens of the West Indian hut-grass, reared at the Society's apartments, and infested with a species of *aphis*, were exhibited, as well as specimens of the *Gryllotalpa didactyla*, Latreille, a species of mole-cricket, which is, at the present time, committing much injury in the island of St. Vincent, by attacking the sugar-canes at the roots. Mr. Children made a communication, received by him from his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, upon a species of subcutaneous moth, which attacks the leaves of the pear, and produces much injury to the trees; when it was suggested, that, by attending to the period when the caterpillar and the moth respectively made their appearance, their numbers might be greatly reduced by the application of coal-tar. The memoirs read were,—1st. Additional observations, by W. Spence, Esq., upon the natural history of *Scolytus destructor*, and its ravages upon the elm-trees, in various parts of France, and suggesting the necessity of a careful inquiry into the habits of the insect, before any wholesale felling of these trees was ordered, as much misapprehension was entertained upon the subject. 2nd.—Some account of the habits and ravages of the black caterpillar of the turnip, the injury resulting from which has become of very great extent, and of serious consequence to many agriculturists. It was suggested, that

children might be advantageously employed in picking off the grubs, which are greedily eaten by ducks and other poultry ; and that a bag-net, having a straight opening, might be used for running along the tops of the turnips, into which the flies, which are easily alarmed, fall motionless, and counterfeited death. By W. Sells, Esq. 3rd.—Description of a new genus of coleopterous insects, found in Corfu, by W. Templeton, Esq.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Dr. Birkbeck, the President of the Mechanics' Institution, has delivered a lecture upon the relative excellence of Writing Fluids and Inks.

After some general observations on the importance of the art of writing to man, in its handing down to posterity all that was worth preserving of bygone ages, its power of assimilating mind to mind, and which, as Pope beautifully says,

"Spreads the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And wafts a sigh from Indus to the pole;"

the Lecturer proceeded to make some remarks on the various substances used in different ages of the world for writing on, from the papyrus of the Egyptians to the beautiful sheet of linen paper, now capable, by the power of machinery, of being made of an almost infinite size. The multiplication of the little instruments for impressing the paper with our thoughts was also astonishing, no less than 240 millions of metal pens being now added to our stock of quills, which latter did not seem to diminish—a proof of the progress of education and civilization. The practice of the Egyptians was to paint rather than write their characters. Pliny and Vitruvius make mention of the Roman ink, and Dioscorides says, that it was made of one part of a black powder, probably lamp-black, and three-parts of gum. This formed the ink with which the Romans wrote, or rather painted their characters. The ink then employed was more durable than the writing-ink now used, as the papyrus and manuscripts found in Herculaneum fully proved, and which had been buried 2000 years. The Chinese of the present day paint instead of write their characters, making use of a small brush and Indian ink. The Saxon ink of our ancestors was superior even to our own ink ; for we have manuscripts written in the 5th and 6th centuries, which are in a higher degree of preservation than those written in the 15th and 16th centuries.

The materials for making ordinary ink, are galls, iron, gum-arabic, sugar, and water. Galls are a growth or excrescence formed on the footstalk-leaf of the oak, by an insect, which, boring and depositing with its ovipositor an egg, occasions the growth of the excrescence by the wound it inflicts, and this excrescence is the shield of the egg, until the mature insect bores a passage and escapes. These galls contain a peculiar acid, called gallic acid ; and this acid, uniting with the sulphate of iron, forms the black fluid called ink. Logwood and sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, are also employed to deepen the colour ; but the copper has great disadvantages, because, when the pen is mended, if it is not perfectly clean, a deposit of copper is formed on the pen-knife, which greatly deteriorates its sharpness : this kind of ink also incrusts the ink-stands and clogs the pen, so as to prevent the free flowing of it to the paper, and is also easily erased from paper by acids and other chemical means. It became, therefore, a great object to obtain a fluid for writing, which should not be subject to these disadvantages and inconveniences ; and the writing-ink, for the invention of which he believed the public to be indebted to Mr. Stephens, did appear to be free from most of those inconveniences. Mr. Stephens not having sought the protection of a patent, had given rise to a number of imitations ; many of which were probably very good, but certainly, in his opinion, not equal to that produced by the original inventor. He, the lecturer, had seen journals, as day-books and ledgers, by which it appeared the inventor had used this composition for four years. The struggles of the inventor might be seen in his attempts with various colours. Upon the composition alone, he had made 250 experi-

ments. In the two saucers before them were two modifications of the colouring matter used in the composition of this fluid, one of which is perfectly dry, and the other always wet, from its disposition to deliquesce, or absorb moisture; and upon this disposition its fluidity in a great measure depended. The permanency of colours may in a great degree be tested by an agent, which acts in the same manner as the sun and time, namely, chloride of lime, which produces the same effect in a short space, as would require a very long exposure to effect. He had taken ten specimens of writing fluid, and had submitted them to the action of chloride of lime. The first line was written with Stephens's, and all the intermediate lines with various imitations; the last line was also written with Stephens's, mixed with one-half water; as they would perceive, the first and the last lines were the only ones remaining. The Lecturer then repeated the experiment with Stephens's fluid, and several other imitations, by causing a line to be written with each (*each bottle being previously well shaken*); on the application of the chloride the imitations disappeared, while the original remained, little, if at all, affected. Slips of paper were exhibited by the Lecturer, half of which had been soaked with the fluid more than twelve months since, by which it appeared that the part soaked was as sound and good as that which had not been. An inkstand was also exhibited, the invention of Mr. Stephens, which appeared well adapted for using the fluid. He thought Mr. Stephens entitled to much credit for his invention; and as this article might be purchased at about the same price as the best common inks were formerly sold at, he had no doubt but he would obtain, as he deserved, the patronage of the public. He (Dr. Birkbeck) could bear testimony to the strength of the article, having used it diluted with water. He then glanced slightly at the sympathetic inks, which he termed rather amusing than useful, and the marking inks for writing on linen, of which he spoke in terms of unqualified praise—and said that, however unimportant this subject might appear, yet, that it was of the very first importance, could not be denied, as an adjunct of that art which had brought civilization, the sciences, and all the arts of life as they now are.

WARWICKSHIRE NATURAL HISTORY AND ARCHAIOLOGY SOCIETY.

Dr. Buckland's Discoveries.—At a recent meeting of the Warwickshire Society of Natural History and Archaeology, Professor Buckland stated that he had discovered at Guy's Cliff the remains of an extinct species of animal, which had never been found or mentioned by geologists. The Professor said—"He had commenced his studies by collecting fragments of Carisbrook Castle, Corfe Castle, and Warwick Castle; and little did he then dream that he should ever have an opportunity of saying that the stones of Carisbrook Castle contained a species of fresh-water fish, long extinct; or that, in the distant progress of time, he should have to assert that the castle, collegiate church, and town of Warwick, were built upon a stratum utterly unknown to English geologists. Ten years ago he had obtained certain specimens from Guy's Cliff, which he had cherished up among his masses of ignorance, and stored amidst difficulties, in the hope that some ray of light might dissipate the darkness which enshrouded them, and enable him to acquire some accurate information respecting them. Within the last two hours that darkness had been dispelled, and he was able to say that at Guy's Cliff he had discovered an extinct species of animal never before found, and that those portions of rock which were upon the table before him were from a quarry the name of which had never been uttered in England. Another discovery which he had made was, that the town of Leamington rested on the remains of animals which had existed in other times; and this fact was not hastily acquired, but was founded on strict logical deductions. It was, indeed, true that under the foundations of houses at Leamington (where there had been previously one immense lake) there were to be found the remains of elephants, hippopotamuses, hyænas, tigers, buffaloes, and a string of twenty other animals which he could enumerate."

VARIETIES.

Railways.—It appears that thirty-five Railway Bills passed the Legislature during the last session, of which five are merely for the alteration of lines already authorized to be made, and thirty for new lines, the length of which is 994 miles, 1 furlong, 90 yards; and the estimated cost of formation 17,395,000*l.*, or at the rate of 17,700*l.* per mile; and the annual expense of working and maintenance 17,571*l.* per mile. The most expensive lines are the London Grand Junction, the estimated cost of which is 228,571*l.* per mile, and the expense of working 15,233*l.* per mile; the London and Black-wall Commercial, the estimated cost of which is 183,588*l.* per mile, and the cost of working 8,523*l.* per mile; and the Deptford Pier Junction, the estimated cost of which is at the rate of 134,866*l.* per mile, and the cost of working at the rate of 4500*l.* per mile. Of the thirty railways above enumerated, nineteen have no tunnels, and the remaining eleven have twenty-seven, the length of which is 11 miles, 7 furlongs, 35 yards, or, upon an average, 775 yards each. Of these tunnels five are upon the Leeds and Derby, of the length of 3208 yards; four upon the Northern and Eastern, of the length of 1770 yards; four upon the South Eastern, of the length of 5874 yards; and three upon the Ulster line, of the length of 1200 yards. The most objectionable curves are upon the Manchester and Leeds line, of which there are 33 in a distance of 14 miles, and most of them of small radius. The curves upon the other lines are generally favourable. Of these thirty railways, seventeen have no inclined planes to be worked by assistant engines, either stationary or locomotive; the remaining thirteen have twenty-four planes to be so worked, of which three are upon the Manchester and Leeds line: the first is 4 miles long, and the second $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, both of them with an inclination of 1 in 165; the third is 3 miles 7 furlongs in length, with an inclination of 1 in 130. The steepest inclined plane is upon the Tremoutha Railway, the length of which is 4 furlongs, 131 yards, with an inclination of 1 in 9. The Newcastle and North Shields Railway has a plane of 400 yards long, with an inclination of 1 in 15 yards 2-3ds; and the Merthyr Tydvil and Cardiff has three short self-acting planes, with inclinations of 1 in 18, 1 in 20, and 1 in 25 respectively. The Eastern Counties, the Dundee and Arbroath, and the Sheffield and Rotherham lines have established the best traffic cases; the former showing a clear profit of $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the capital employed, the next 20 per cent., and the last 18*l.* per cent. Of all the long lines yet projected, the Eastern Counties is the cheapest, and shows the greatest amount of traffic.—*Railway Magazine.*

Writs issued in the Lancaster Courts.—The number of writs issued from the Court of Common Pleas of the county palatine of Lancaster (including the Local Court and the Court above), from the 1st September, 1834, when the amended Act, that of the 4th and 5th William IV., cap. 62, came into operation, to the 31st May last, both inclusive, is as follows:—5771 writs of summons; 25 alias writs of summons; 1854 writs of capias; 53 alias writs of capias; 219 writs of detainer. The number of causes tried within the above period, on writs issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Lancaster, was 218.

Joint Stock Banks.—The Select Committee on joint stock banks have given a list of 89 joint stock banks, with the date of their registry at the Stamp-Office, and the number of their proprietors. By this list we can trace the progress of joint stock banking. The number of banks registered in 1826 was 3; in 1827, 4; in 1828, 0; in 1829, 7; in 1830, 1; in 1831, 8; in 1832, 7; in 1833, 10; in 1834, 10; in 1835, 9; to July 19, 1836, 33; total, 89. Since July 19, several others have been formed, and are, of course, not included in the above list. The total number of partners in these 89 banks is 24,938, all of whose property is liable for the obligations of their respective

banks. The number of banks having fewer than 100 partners is 13. Banks having above 100, but not 200, 23; above 200, but not 300, 23; above 300, and not 400, 9; above 400, but not 500, 19; above 500, but not 1000, 9; above 1000, 2; total 89. The paid-up capital of 62 of these banks is 6,295,678*l*. Supposing that the remaining 27 banks have the same average amount of capital, the total is 8,935,801*l*. This is not the subscribed stock, but the paid-up capital, and includes only those joint stock banks that are formed at a greater distance than 65 miles from London. The aggregate amount of notes circulated by joint stock banks and their branches, for the quarter ending December 28, 1833, was 1,315,301*l*; so that the increase in the circulation, during two years and a half, has been at the ratio of 12 to 35, or about 1 to 2½. But on December 28, 1833, there were only 40 joint stock banks in existence, and those 40 had a much less capital than they have at present. From the information supplied by the committee, it seems evident that the paid-up capital of all the banks, in December, 1833, could not be more than 2,000,000*l*. Thus, while the paid-up capital invested in joint stock banks has been more than quadrupled, the circulation has increased only at the ratio of 1 to 2½. During this year many private banks have merged in joint stock banks, and the circulation that was previously a private circulation has become an addition to the joint stock bank circulation. In this way the circulation of joint-stock banks will most likely continue to increase.

Within the London Bills of Mortality there are 502 places of public worship; 4050 seminaries of education, including 237 parish charity schools; 8 societies for the promotion of the learned, useful, and polite arts; 122 asylums and almshouses for the helpless and indigent; 30 hospitals and dispensaries for the sick and lame, and for delivering poor pregnant women; 704 friendly or benefit societies and institutions for charitable and humane purposes; which several establishments are supported at the almost incredible sum of 750,000*l*. per annum.

Coals.—The following is said to be the annual amount of coals consumed in England and Wales:—

By the Population	20,804,570
Iron Furnaces	3,000,000
Manufactories	4,550,000
Steam Boats	3,000,000
Exported beyond the Sea,	615,925

Total 31,970,495

Horses in Great Britain.—It is almost impossible to ascertain exactly the produce from horses, that is the income from the number sold annually. The scale taken for the wear and tear annually is the nearest to it that we can come; but to which must be added something for the actual increase in numbers. The number of horses in Great Britain is calculated to be 2,118,195, of whom more than three-fourths are employed in agricultural purposes. The yearly increase may be taken at 8000 for the agricultural, and 1000 for the other descriptions, making the value thus:—

1000 at £40	£40,000
8000 at £25	200,000

Total £240,000

According to Marshall's Rural Economy, the price of horses, thirty years ago, was, for foals, 5*l*. to 10*l*.; yearlings, 10*l*. to 15*l*. and 20*l*.; two years old, 15*l*. to 25*l*. and 30*l*.; and six years old, 25*l*. to 42*l*. The horse is generally three years old before broken in for work. The keep of a horse at that time was calculated at 16*l*. 13*s*. The keep of a horse in 1833, was stated by Mr. Wm. Ibott to the Agricultural Committee, to be, for one year, 25*l*. 7*s*.;

and their value, according to various authorities, to run from 25*l.* to 40*l.* on an average, in the classes to which they are divided, viz., agricultural, riding, &c. The produce of horses can only further be calculated by the extent and utility of their labour. As applied to agriculture, this is become enormous. We have seen the yearly charge for one able man taken at 29*l.* Each horse is calculated to be equal to six, but say only five, able-bodied men. The number of horses employed in agriculture is, as has been said, 1,609,178, which gives the value of their labour, yearly, to be the prodigious sum of 233,330,810*l.*! if that had been performed by human hands.* But the agricultural proceeds from horses may be set down at the expense of feeding and keep yearly, which at 25*l.* 7*s.* is as under:—

For Agriculture	1,608,178 at £25 7 <i>s.</i>	£40,767.257
Riding, &c.	510,017 at ditto	12,929,230

Total £53,696,487

For Value of annual increase..... 240,000

Grand Total ... £53,936,487

Shipwrecks.—The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the increased number of shipwrecks, with a view to ascertain whether such improvements might not be made in the construction, equipment, and navigation of merchant vessels, as would greatly diminish the annual loss of life and property at sea, have made their report. From the first part of this report we make the following extracts:—*Extent of loss in property and lives at sea:*—

1.—That the number of ships and vessels belonging to the United Kingdom which were wrecked or lost in the periods specified below appears, by a return made to the Committee from the books of Lloyd's, to be as follows:—

NUMBER OF VESSELS STRANDED OR WRECKED.						
1816	843	1833	...	595
1817	362	1834	...	454
1818	409	1835	...	524
			<hr/> 1,114	<hr/> 1,573		
NUMBER OF VESSELS MISSING OR LOST.						
1816	13	1833	...	56
1817	40	1834	...	43
1818	30	1835	...	30
			<hr/> 89	<hr/> 129		

Making a total of 1203 ships or vessels wrecked and missing in the first period of three years, and a total of 1702 wrecked and missing in the second period of three years.

2.—That, taking the number of vessels wrecked and lost in the two periods named above, at the assumed value of 5000*l.* for each ship and cargo, on the average of the whole, the loss of property occasioned by these wrecks would amount in the first three years to 6,015,000*l.*, being an average of 2,005,000*l.* per annum; and in the last three years to 8,510,000*l.*, being an average of 2,836,666*l.* per annum.

The report concludes with the following recommendation:—"It is, therefore, the opinion of this Committee, that the earliest opportunity should be taken in the next Session of Parliament to call the attention of the Legislature to the present state of British ships and British seamen, with a view to the introduction of such enactments as may be best calculated to elevate and improve the general character of the British mercantile marine, and to place it in such a state of safety and efficiency as to make its ships the most perfect structures that art and science can form, its officers the most dis-

* 500,000 oxen, also employed at the same rate, gives 68,000,000*l.* more.

tinguished for their competency and their skill, and its seamen as respectable in character, and as happy in the enjoyment of adequate remuneration for their toils, as their devotion to their country in war, and their services to commerce in peace, so justly entitle them to expect."

Progress of Population in England and France.—From 1700 to 1750, the population of England and Wales only increased at the rate of $17\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.; from 1750 to 1800, the increase was $52\frac{1}{10}$ per cent.; whilst in the first thirty years of the present century (1801 to 1831) we have advanced at the rate of $56\frac{3}{5}$ per cent. In France there is a progression, but nothing like that in England: in forty years, from 1791 to 1831, the increase has been only $23\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; and although something must be allowed for the massacres of the revolution and the wars of the empire, the effects are not so great as might have been imagined, and nothing compared to the poor living of the people; for, from 1791 to 1817, the numerical increase was, in round numbers, 2,800,000 and, from 1817 to 1831, only 3,300,000,—a striking proof, after every allowance for the difference in the two periods, of the constant tendency that exists to replenish the earth. These results in both countries are not attributable to an increase of births; "for in fact, the births, if calculated with relation to the numbers of people, have diminished, but to a diminished proportion of deaths." In France, the deaths in 1817, were 1 in 39 $1\frac{8}{10}$; in 1834 they were 1 in 41. In England, the results are fuller and more gratifying. In 1700, 1 died in 39 $4\frac{5}{10}$; in 1730, the value of life had fallen considerably, the deaths being 1 in 31 $1\frac{10}{10}$; in 1750 it had pulled up again, the rate being 1 in 40 $2\frac{5}{10}$. There was a slow but very gradual improvement till 1785, when 1 in 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ died. After this date the advance was quicker, and by 1800 the deaths were only 1 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$; in 1811, they were 1 in 53 $\frac{1}{2}$; in 1820, 1 in 69 $\frac{1}{2}$. In 1831, life had dropped again, 1 dying in 58 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The New Bread Act.—Abstract of the Statute just passed (5 and 6 Wil. IV. c. 37), intitled "An Act to repeal the several Acts now in force relating to bread to be sold out of the City of London and the weekly Bills of Mortality; and for the more effectually preventing the adulteration of bread, meal, and flour."—Bread may be made of any size and weight. Bread to be sold by weight, and in no other manner (French rolls and fancy bread excepted). Bakers to use avoirdupois weight, and no other. Penalty for using false weights 5*l*. Bakers delivering bread by cart, &c., to be provided with scales and weights. Bakers convicted of adulterating bread liable to a penalty of 10*l*. and to have their names and abodes advertised in the newspapers. Penalty for adulterating flour, meal, &c., 20*l*. Bread made of mixed meal and flour to be marked with the letter 'M.' Magistrates and peace officers, by warrant, may search bakers' premises, and seize and carry away adulterated flour and meal. Penalty for obstructing search, 10*l*. Ingredients for adulterating flour, meal, &c., being found on bakers' premises, subjects the offender to a penalty of 10*l*., and the like sum for every subsequent offence. Offences occasioned by the wilful default of journeymen bakers subjects them to fine or imprisonment. Bakers not to bake bread or rolls on the Lord's-day, or sell bread, or bake pies, &c., except between certain hours. Bakings may be delivered until half-past one o'clock, and not later, on Sundays, under the penalty of 20*s*. No baker, mealman, or miller, to act as a magistrate under this Act, under a penalty of 100*l*. One half of each penalty to go to the informer (and 3*s*. extra on Sundays for his expenses), and the other moiety to the overseer, or other parochial officer. This Act to commence and take effect on the 1st of October.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

It appears by the official returns of the commerce of Russia for the year 1835, that the importation of cotton, linen, and silk manufactures, particularly the last, has increased considerably. The following shows the value in roubles, as compared with 1833 :—

	1833.		1835.
Silk.....	7,960,000 roubles	9,128,000 roubles.
Linen.....	764,920 "	1,001,541 "
Cotton.....	5,165,486 "	5,344,545 "

On the other hand, the importation of woollen stuffs has declined from 7,154,322 to 6,166,477 roubles. It is remarkable that the importation of wool from Poland has increased from 2637 to 14,372 pounds, while the value of woollen cloths imported has decreased nearly 1,000,000 roubles, which shows how severely the manufactures of that ill-fated country have suffered from the revolution. The number of vessels arrived in the ports of Russia had increased from 3835 to 4194; and the gross revenue from customs amounted, in 1835, to 80,768,221 roubles, from which is to be deducted eight per cent. on the total cost of collection and administration of that department.

Manna.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in France, M. de Mirbel presented a specimen of the substance which in the East is said to be the same as the manna which fell from heaven to feed the Israelites in the desert. This specimen was given to him by Mr. Marius Outrey, son of the French Consul at Trebisonde. The matter is said to be produced by the *hedysarum alaghi*. It was gathered in Koordistan, being found mixed with the decayed leaves, which imparted to it a greenish-brown colour: when freed from these leaves, however, it became whitish. It has a sugarish and very agreeable taste. M. Chevreul has undertaken to analyse this substance.

M. André Basty, a proprietor of Milhaud, while lately digging a well in his vineyard, at the depth of four feet from the surface, and seven meters from the high road, discovered a leaden coffin, five feet three inches in length, and weighing about 500 lbs., and ornamented with bas-reliefs, lions, griffins, and groups of children under an arbour. The coffin contained a human skeleton, and around it were a small glass bottle and some small coins. The coffin was fixed in the grave by large fragments of rude brick-work, amongst which was remarked some carbonate of lime, and some stones like those found in Roman constructions. An examination of the monument left no doubt as to its Roman origin, and the mode of burial adopted led to the conclusion that the remains discovered were those of a military chieftain, who might have embraced Christianity about the commencement of its establishment. Two months ago, M. Basty found, at about eighteen yards from the spot where the above was discovered, another leaden coffin, also containing human bones and a bottle, but those who discovered it ignorantly melted it down.

Statistics of the Civil War in Spain.—According to the official statements published in the "Gazette," the number of Carlists killed in the field of battle, are—

To the 1st April, 1836	.	.	.	280,535
From the 1st April to 8th October	.	.	.	33,927
Carlist prisoners to 1st April	.	.	.	54,493
Ditto to 8th October	.	.	.	11,760

Total of Carlists killed and prisoners . 380,715

Muskets taken during the above periods, 113,221; battles gained, 597; which must be divided into 227 partial affairs, and 270 total routs. Looking to the other side of the question, we find that the Carlists have issued 159 bulletins, according to which the number of the Queen's forces killed in the field of battle amounts to—

Since September, 1831	180,008
Prisoners	43,801
Deserters from the Queen's army	42,036
Total of killed, prisoners, and deserters	270,435

The Carlists, by the same accounts, have gained 95 battles, of which 87 were complete and decisive, and had taken 107 pieces of artillery of different calibres. After these statements it will, we fancy, be confessed, that the Spaniards occasionally deal in the figure hyperbole.

Railroads in Russia.—It is declared that, on the late trial upon a railroad in Russia, Stephenson's engine was propelled $65\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and Hackworth's at the rate of 72 miles, per hour. The engines are to be provided with apparatus for clearing away the frozen sleet and snow from the rails.

New Species of Fox.—M. Bodicha lately stated to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, that he had brought from Algiers a young fox, very different from other foxes both as regarded its habits and physical organization. The other varieties have a round skull, convex at the upper part, a short neck in proportion to the size of the body, and middling sized ears placed upon the side of the head. The fox which M. Bodicha has brought is different in all these respects, and the ears are on the upper part of the head. The fur on its neck, shoulders, and back, is of a fawn colour; its body is grey, and the throat and lips are white. There is a tuft of white hair at the extremity of the tail, and some black spots under the paws. There is no smell about this fox, as is the case with other foxes. There is a still greater difference in the habits of this fox. The other varieties live separately and fly from each other. These, on the contrary, roam about in numerous bands, uniting either for attack or defence. According to the statement of the Arabs, they go about in flocks of thirty, fifty, and more, and attack sheep, gazelles, and young oxen. The foxes do not inhabit the mountainous districts, but are numerous behind the first chain of the Atlas, and in prodigious numbers in the desert of Sahara.

Butchers of Paris.—One of the most important branches of the commerce of Paris is the butcher's trade; 72,000 bullocks, 16,000 cows, 72,000 calves, and 360,000 sheep, being required for the yearly supply of the inhabitants of the capital. The nett price of the above amounts to 42,584,000 f., and to 48,109,200 f., including all expenses and duties which are paid before the meat is sold to the consumer. The following is a summary of the receipts of the butchers, which may be compared with the expenditure:—Meat, 41,515,200 f.; skins and hides, 4,860,000 f.; tallow, 4,023,200 f.; offal, 1,394,000 f.; tongues, 176,000 f.; feet, 165,440 f.; sum total, 52,133,840 f. Deducting from the above sum the cost, or 48,109,200 f., it will appear that the profits amount to 4,024,640 f., which, divided among the 500 butchers of the city of Paris, will leave for each a yearly profit of 8,049 f. 33 c.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Extraordinary rise of Markets—Difficulty of embracing the whole subject—Effects of Public Opinion on Price, and how it acts, and is acted upon—Examination of the causes which led to the late rapid rise—Statement of the probabilities with respect to Wheat maintaining high price—Current transactions of Agriculture—Imperial Averages and present Price.

ALL other topics connected with agriculture must give precedence to the extraordinary state of the markets, and the price of wheat which has obtained since our last. They who know most of this complex and most extensive subject will most distrust their own judgment, because they can but be thoroughly convinced how impracticable it is to collect such multitudinous particulars, depending upon so many agents, with any approach to accuracy or certainty; and, consequently, how impossible it must be for any one mind to grasp the facts. We have often remarked on this impediment, and as often cited the irrefutable instance of Mr. Jacob's reports. No man had such facilities for amassing information; and he did amass a prodigious quantity: no man set about his task with more unwearied industry: no man drew his inferences with more disinterested uprightness of intention, yet there was not a single, large, and comprehensive deduction in which he was not absolutely wrong. Events falsified all his calculations in the shortest possible time. After such an example, we are warranted in pronouncing that it is impossible to form any *certain* judgment with respect to the trade in corn, prospectively. We think it prudent to guard all our speculations now and for evermore, with this sweeping reservation, else we might entail upon ourselves the character of *false* prophets, a stigma which we have shown it is difficult to avoid; but by thus protecting ourselves, we hope, at least, to escape the imputation of *wilful* misleading. In truth, we wish to argue all dependent questions fairly, and to leave the deductions to the quiet good sense and calm consideration of the reader.

Opinion often affects the corn trade more than facts, for there is nothing upon which mankind at large is so sensitive as the bread they eat. In times of scarcity, in times of slack employment, and low wages, it forms the greater portion of the subsistence of the labouring classes, and no mean item in the consumption of families. An old friend of ours in the high times, when a great clamour existed for the reduction of taxation, used to say,—“Bring down the price of bread: the taxgatherer comes once a quarter, but the baker four times a-day.” Opinion is very much the instigator of price. If the supply is believed to be deficient, the farmer holds, the merchant holds, the miller speculates, and, last, not least, the banker will aid them in their honest endeavours to better themselves, by liberal advances—up then runs price. Reverse the faith: let a superabundant growth be made tolerably sure, and every one is eager to get first into the market, no one will risk a shilling; they buy from hand to mouth; the market is always full, the banker coldly civil, and down goes price. Then comes the inquiry, how is opinion influenced? Much by that most common of all phenomena—the weather; not less, perhaps, by reports from the corn buyers, and agricultural publications.

To come then to our immediate position. This autumn, the weather has been continually precarious, and it follows, that a great incertitude does naturally grow out of this circumstance; and it also affords a wide foundation to build a still greater fabric of doubt upon. The interested are, of course, prompt in the use of these materials and opportunities. Until the end of October, we had seen no *authorised* summary of the state of the harvest. “*The Mark-Lane Express*” of October 24, contained, however, a manifesto from an old-established London firm (Giles, Son and Co., Corn-

Factors), of which we shall abstract the paragraph relating to the crop of wheat.

"We consider wheat south of the Humber, above an average in quantity, and the bulk secured in good order, with a great deal of old left over from the former season: the quality and condition of the new crop, as an average, may be pronounced fine, though not equal to the growth of the two preceding years, which were very superior. In the new wheat this season there are many unripe ears, perhaps from the wheat having been cut rather prematurely, or *hurried* in harvesting, or from the prevalence of an *under growth* of ears, by which means, all did not ripen together; but the yield per acre, notwithstanding the short straw and the generally reported thinness of the crop on the ground, has, in numerous instances, been found great, beyond all former experience. In Yorkshire, we consider wheat a full average in quantity; but the great bulk of the crop secured in poor condition, north of Yorkshire, and throughout Scotland, and all the late districts, we cannot but believe that the crop will prove very unproductive, owing to the wet ungenial weather they have experienced for their harvest,—the last two months with hardly a sunny day,—and that there will, in consequence, be a large drain for the North on the southern crop. In Ireland, the great bulk of their wheat was secured in good, fair condition, and is superior in quality and yield to the two former seasons; but as applied to Ireland, we believe there is something in the general remark, of a very diminished breadth sown with wheat this year. (though, as applied to England, we would not build upon such an assertion as a fact, to any extent,) add to which, the exhaustion and absence of all stocks of old wheat in Ireland, and we think that country will be troubled to keep its extensive mills moving this season, by its own produce. Under all the circumstances, we now relinquish the expectation of any considerably lower scale of prices for wheat this season."

Now, to what conclusion does this report lead? Why, that, in England and Ireland, the crop was good; in Scotland, deficient. That the old stocks in the former country were large; in the two latter, reduced. Was this a statement to cause any the slightest alarm, especially when it was known that of bonded foreign grain there is not less than 500,000 quarters in warehouse? A quantity equal to the average importations of a long series of years, while England did consume foreign wheat; and, of course, a good reserve, since England has, for the last five years, exhibited no want of foreign assistance in subsisting her increased, and rapidly increasing population.

We must look, then, to some other cause than any just comparison of probable demand and supply for a rise so sudden. We should say that the interests of the growers and holders of wheat, and public opinion, were just in that tremulous and uncertain state to invite speculation, and an attempt to strike a great stroke. The first object was to raise the price high enough to set free the corn in warehouse; the next, to take advantage of that rise. If an elevation could once be given to the markets, and a belief of failing crops at home and abroad extensively propagated, the natural consequence would be to excite the cupidity of the holder, and the fears of the buyer, two effects having a reciprocating action. The changeableness of the weather was highly favourable to the design, for the provincial journals of the North recited, from week to week, the injurious delays of wet and frost upon the incomplete harvest of that district. America became a large buyer of European wheat. The potato crop, especially in Ireland, was reported to be essentially destroyed; and thus the deduction followed, that the consumption of wheat must be greatly increased, with an inadequate supply from every side but England. Price rose, and the quantities at market slackened, inquiries for bonded wheats were made, and some purchases effected. It was industriously sent forth that large orders were sent abroad for foreign wheats; and, that, even on the coasts of the Black Sea, Europe and America must contend for the purchase of their food. The provincial markets responded to these facts and inferences; and, everywhere, the reluctance to sell was in proportion to the desire to buy. In a word, wheat

was on the eve of rising to the pitch desired—namely, to the sum which would free the bonded corn, and render up to the owners the use of near a million of capital set fast for three years; and how was this frustrated when it seemed so certain of success? There were those in the provincial markets who perceived that if the importation at a low duty took place, the country would be again inundated with foreign wheat, and the price knocked down for years, through the displacement of the English growth, by the continental: and let it be clearly understood, that a very large quantity is not necessary to this end. The last four years have decidedly shown how nearly equalised is demand and supply even under the continual increase of the population. Even with the reduced stocks which Mr. Jacob, in 1827-1828, concluded must lead almost to positive scarcity, and all but impossible supply, long before the date we have now reached, there has been found not only a sufficiency, but a superabundance. This can only be accounted for by the superior produce of superior cultivation, for the addition of fresh or reclaimed land has not been large of late years. The perception of this truth amongst country merchants kept down the rising price, and just gave time for the propagation of knowledge enough to stay the final consequence. The eagerness of the best informed of the farmers to get into the market while the price should remain up, brought a fair show of samples, and a large bulk, and down goes price. Such we conceive to be the real origin of the disorder, the rise and the fall. A little time will test the truth of our conjectures.

In the meanwhile let us endeavour to look into the future probabilities of the trade in corn, by examining the circumstances which must regulate the real and final causes—demand and supply; and to this end we shall place the pros and cons on each side of the account, with a clearness which we hope will enable even the plainest man to draw the balance. First, then, to the causes which are supposed to support the notion of a rise.

1. It has been strongly urged, and is partially true, that the depression of the price of wheat, and the exaltation of that of barley, had operated to induce farmers to decrease the breadth of wheat sown both in the last and present years. These causes, together with the effects of the weather, it is agreed must have reduced the bulk.

2. The Continental and American harvests are deficient—the latter notoriously so, as is proved by the eagerness of the Americans to purchase wheat in Europe.

3. The potato crop, upon which the British Isles place so much greater dependence now than heretofore for subsistence, is injured by the premature frost and continual rains.

4. Ireland thus is likely to become an importing instead of an exporting country for wheat.

5. A less quantity grown in Scotland, and the quantity and quality materially injured by the protracted and unfavourable season for harvest; and, lastly, the enormous increase of the consumption, and consequent reduction of stocks, owing to the active state of the manufacturing districts, constant employment, and high wages; and the application of wheat to other objects than the food of man, owing to its very low price.

Of these facts and arguments we may observe, that they are all true in the general; but the question is not as to their general truth, but as to the degree to which they prevail; and for an answer we must refer to the statement of Messrs. Giles, Son, and Co., already quoted, and other such deductions drawn by persons of competent information. Let us now turn to the contra side of the account.

1. It is ascertained beyond all question, that notwithstanding the increased consumption, and the harvest commencing three weeks later than last year, thus augmenting the consumption of the past year about one-seventeenth part of the whole, there were stocks beyond what used to be considered the average of the kingdom at no very remote periods. This fact, taken with

another, that no foreign corn can have been consumed in England for the last three years, proves incontestably, that a crop a little above the average will produce *considerably more* than is required to subsist the population. It also follows, that if the harvest of next year take the natural progression of seasons, the demand during the current year will be *less* by one-seventeenth part than that of 1835-36. The probabilities of the stocks being still larger are enhanced by the lowness of the price, which of course led all to hold who were rich enough to hold. In point of fact, some farmers have now, in granary, the whole of the last three year's growth, and many, those of the last two. It is impossible to compute the extent to which this hoarding goes. The enormous errors of Mr. Jacob's calculations, however, will show that it is much wider than could be, or had been previously imagined. Nothing, then, but a *greatly deficient* harvest can balance this contingency. The home growth, then (including Ireland and the Colonies), has exceeded considerably the necessities of the buyers.

2. That, including the entire period from harvest to the present date, the quantities sent to market are less than during the same interval of 1835. This is rendered probable by the supposition that price would rise, and also by the preference which barley afforded, both tending to tempt the farmer to thrash the latter grain before the former. Again, the period when the farmer requires money for his largest payments—rent, tithes, and yearly bills—though coming, is not come, and the show of prosperity may also allure the banker to make advances for short dates—all which will enable the farmer to hold back his wheat, and throw the supply upon the later markets of the agricultural year. But these considerations are all to be taken with the allowance, that the time of payment is rapidly advancing, that the farmer will be eager to avail himself of the rise, and push for the advantage; that country bankers must limit their aids by the state of the money-markets, and by the demands for capital created by rail-roads and other commercial enterprises.

3. That there are in bond 500,000 quarters of wheat—an amount fully equal to the average demand for a long series of years previous to 1818—ready to come forth the moment the averages shall allow; and, next, that further purchases are already made and making in foreign markets. Nor is it to be forgotten that the virtual closing of the English ports for the last three years must have tended to increase indefinitely the accumulations in the granaries of the Continent. That, for these reasons, it is rather the interest of the English grower to keep the price below that which admits the foreign growth at a low duty, than to raise it above that rate, since it is almost certain that, in such case, there would be, as in 1818, an enormous influx of foreign corn, which would knock down and keep down price for an indefinite but certainly a long period. Should such an event be followed by a very abundant harvest, the consequence might be more ruinous than any hitherto experienced by agriculture in its most disastrous times. Another possible result of a high price might be the entire abrogation of the corn-laws—a contingency only requiring some such stimulus to incline the balance already trembling towards free trade, to turn directly and irresistibly in its favour.

4. That the holders of bonded corn would, in the event of the price rising *near* that maximum which frees it from duty, petition to be allowed to obtain the use of their capital so long laid fast on a low duty; and that it would be but just to the merchant, as well as politic towards the grower and consumer, to accede to their requests on the part of the Government.

5. That a high price will necessarily lead to economy, and economy to diminished consumption—which is, perhaps, more effective than all the other causes put together, for a very little saving at every meal, by so many millions of individuals, must reduce the quantity used incalculably.

So, in our humble judgment, stands the account; and we cannot hesitate to believe that the rise will be compensated by a fall. Indeed, it has already

been almost so compensated. The question is, whether speculation will still dare to hazard any future operations. The next few weeks will determine a good deal; but we do not believe there are many who possess the power to influence the markets, who also are likely to be tempted by the very dangerous and uncertain risk of an adventure so full of peril.

The discussion of this most important of all topics to landlord, tenant, merchant, and consumer, has left us no space for the current transactions of agriculture; but, in truth, there is little to note. It is agreed that, on the whole, wheat-sowing has been propitiously executed, and that the appearance is promising. The prices of stock at the fairs have not indicated any serious fears for a deficiency of fodder or turnips. The Associations are everywhere holding their meetings, with a beneficial effect on the moral feeling of the country—high and low; for the one perceive how advantageous and honourable it is for them to devote themselves to the affections of neighbouring tenants and labourers; and the latter, that they are objects of affectionate interest to those whom God has more amply provided. Tithe commutation is also in fair, if not rapid, progression.

IMPERIAL AVERAGES.

	Week ending Nov. 7.		Aggregate of Six Weeks.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat	55	6	49	9
Barley	38	11	36	7
Oats	26	10	24	11
Rye	36	4	33	9
Beans	44	4	42	0
Peas	43	11	41	0

The price of wheat in Mark-lane fell about 7s. per quarter between Friday, Nov. 10, and Friday, Nov. 17; and on Monday, Nov. 21, it maintained the price of the previous Friday. Red, from 54s. to 60s.; white, 63s. to 70s.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Preservation of Potatoes.—The thanks of the Society of Arts were lately voted to Mr. Webster, of Ipswich, for a statement of the effect produced on potatoes by immersion in ammoniacal water or in brine. If potatoes are immersed for four or five days in ammoniated water, containing an ounce of the common liquor ammonia to a pint of water, they will, on removal, be found to have their vegetative principle greatly checked, or altogether destroyed, so that *they may be preserved throughout the year without the least deterioration of their general qualities.* The temporary action of the ammonia in no way affects the potato beyond that of destroying its power of growth. If, however, any change is produced, it is rather beneficial than otherwise, somewhat improving the appearance and flavour of inferior potatoes, and giving them a mealiness they did not possess. The transient nature of the application removes any suspicion of injury from the material employed, and it is all lost by evaporation, so that not a trace remains behind; nor could the most fastidious ever detect that the potatoes had been immersed in ammonia, so volatile is its nature—so perfect its escape. The exportation of potatoes to foreign climates, chiefly within the Tropics, is an object of importance; and, for the comfort of sailors, there is nothing, in the way of diet, greater than the luxury of a potato with their salt food. As a means of prolonging their enjoyments, and adding to the healthful diet of a sea life, this mode may be adopted with advantage. The expense of immersion is very trifling, and they subsequently require to be spread in an airy situation to dry. Potatoes so treated have been used after ten months' keeping in a warm kitchen closet, and were found to be perfectly good. If

the potatoes, instead of being removed in five days, are continued in the ammoniacal water for three weeks, the potato becomes tough and shrivelled while in the liquor, and, when dried by exposure to the air, assumes quite a new form. It appears consolidated, and its qualities are generally lost, for on boiling, it assumes the appearance of sago, or starch, yet still firm, and retaining its form; if used in its dry and uncooked state, it has a mealy flavour, and the properties of corn. There is no chemical change effected on the potato, but merely a mechanical consolidation and extraction of moisture; for precisely the same effect may be produced by immersing potatoes in strong solution of salt and water, taking care to remove, by subsequent ablation, the whole of the salt, and this requires some time, and repeated changes of water.

Use of Bones as Manure.—The following practical observations on the effects and application of bones as manure are taken from the "Sherborne Journal":—

Crushed bones have been invariably found more immediately beneficial as a fertilizer, when suffered to remain previously, for some weeks, mixed with earth in heaps exposed to the action of the atmosphere. By being thus fermented and dissolved, they are necessarily more speedily serviceable as food to the plants to which they are applied; and this observation more especially relates to the oat, barley, and other spring corn, since these do not remain on the ground for so long a period as other agricultural crops. The proportion is fifty bushels of bones with five loads of earth or clay, or forty bushels to five loads of common dung. For wheat and pasture-lands the previous fermentation of the bones is, for this reason, not so essential to the production of immediate benefit. The mode of applying them is either by sowing by broad-cast or by the drill, either by themselves or previously mixed as before described. On light dry soils they are employed to most advantage; the produce per acre is from twenty to twenty-five bushels. Their good effects have been acknowledged by many agriculturists to last for many years. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Watford, who dressed his land with whole bones, some twenty years since (at a period when you could obtain them from London for fetching), declares, that to this day, to use his own expression, "the land has never forgotten them." The expense of bone dust is about 2s. 3d. per bushel; half-inch bones, 2s.; and one-inch, 1s. 9d. The turnip season is the time when bone manure shows itself to more advantage than any other, and on such crops it particularly excels. It is drilled with a drill made on purpose, with the turnip seed at a distance of eighteen inches, and the turnips should be horse-hoed: the period is from May to July. Bone dust is also used with great advantage on grass lands sown broad-cast. Since soil, situation, and climate, must all be taken into the farmer's consideration, it is almost impossible to give any general positive directions for the quantity of bones to be applied per acre. The following facts, however, have been ascertained by numerous experiments:—

1st. That crushed bones remain in the soil for a length of time proportionate to the size of the pieces, the dust producing the most immediate effect, the larger pieces continuing to show the longest advantage. On arable land their good effects continue for four years; on pasture land for eight years.

2nd. On turnips, oats, barley, and wheat, the quantity applied has been from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre; on pasture land, from twenty-five to forty bushels of bone dust, early in the spring.

3rd. The best mode of application is by the drill, with the seed corn.

4th. The bones should, when first used, be always applied, for the sake of correct information, in varying quantities per acre; and on no account should the farmer omit to leave, by way of comparison, a fair proportion of the field without any manure.

During the last year, Viscount Avonmore introduced into the neighbour-

hood of Oswestry, from his estates in Ireland, a prolific kind of potato, some of which his lordship sent to Mr. Ormsby Gore, M.P. Mr. Malpas, that gentleman's gardener, very late last spring, on putting out some black American walnuts, in Perkington Park, planted $1\frac{1}{2}$ measures of them betwixt the rows of young trees, in a rather humid soil, without manure of any kind. This crop was taken up last week, and produced the enormous quantity of 85 bushels! each 95 lbs., of beautiful sound potatoes, exclusive of others more or less damaged by game, &c.; giving, in the whole, upwards of 100 measures. They are well formed, and sizeable, some of the largest weighing from 2lb. to 2lb. 14oz. The greatest circumference, 1ft. 9in., and 2ft. by 1ft. 2in.; the lesser, of a fine crimson colour, and contain from 24 to 30 eyes each. The plants had less than ordinary care bestowed on them, being lightly soiled once only.—*Salopian Journal*.

USEFUL ARTS.

A mechanic, a whitesmith by trade, named Nicholson, of the town of Enniscorthy, has invented a new carriage, on most simple principles. It is very ingeniously constructed, having three wheels, one in front and two behind—the latter about three feet in diameter, the former, one and a half. It is propelled by an iron handle, which the guide moves to and fro with the right hand, and not tiresome, being quite a gentle motion; on the left there is a small lever to be touched by the finger when any obstruction appears on the road, which raises the first wheel over such impediments, and prevents the guide from receiving any shock or interruption. Then over the small wheel there is a handle, or tiller-stick, to be touched when the driver wishes to turn the gig, and which is done instantaneously; there is another spring for the foot, which retards the progress of the machine. The maker is quite confident of its ultimate success, and says he can improve on the general principle, the present model being too small to contain more than one person; and we suppose the driver or guide would work it for eight or ten miles without tiring. It has taken the artist some years in its completion, and we wish him every success and encouragement to which his genius and industry justly entitle him.—*Dublin Paper*.

Cast-iron Pipes.—A. M. Vicat, correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences, has laid before that body a method of preventing the accumulation of those tuberculous excrescences, which are apt to form in cast-iron pipes conveying water. The first existence of these excrescences was noticed at Grenoble, in consequence of the diminished flow of water from the water-works, and which, in seven years, had been calculated to decrease a little more than 680 pints per minute. After various efforts to prevent this effect of oxydation on the part of several chemists, MM. Gueymard and Vicat, chief engineers, invented a substance, which they call hydraulic mortar, and which, after a trial of two years, has proved efficacious. The composition is not given, but it is applied in successive coatings as occasion requires, with a cannon drag, each coating being allowed to harden before the application of another.—*Athenæum*.

Much curiosity has been excited in Oxford by repeated trials of a new invention intended to regulate the speed of carriages when descending a hill, by means of which the coachman can instantaneously, or progressively, lock both the hind wheels. The apparatus was applied to a four-horse stage, which was loaded with passengers, and, on ascending and descending a hill, was found to answer all the purposes intended. The inventor then proposed that the coach should be taken down the hill without the horses, and it was frequently stopped while proceeding at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Many practical gentlemen had ample proofs of the principle of the invention, by

having the coach lifted up, and the two hind wheels allowed to turn free on the axle, when it was found that a two pound weight placed on the extremity of the wheel would gently bring it round; but when the first degree of retarding power was applied, it took a weight so placed of fifteen pounds to bring it gently round; the second degree, thirty-six pounds; the third degree, fifty-six pounds; and the fourth degree, three quarters of a hundred; but with this weight no one person was capable of moving either wheel on its axle. Mr. R. Pearson, organist of the city church, is the inventor.—*Oxford Paper*.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM OCT. 25, TO NOV. 18, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 25.—W. BAILLY, sen. and W. BAILLY, jun., Whitecross-street, curriers. S. BATES, Derby, grocer. W. H. PHIPSON, Birmingham, coffee-house keeper. J. GARDINER, Gloucester, smoke juck-maker. H. SMITH, Ledbury, Hertfordshire, grocer. J. H. COOK, Birmingham, licensed beer retailer. J. CLARK, Crooks, Sheffield, Yorkshire, builder. T. WILLIAMSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. S. CHEETHAM and T. WADSWORTH, Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk throwsters. H. M'CLURE, Manchester, general merchant.

Oct. 25.—T. WHYTALL, Upper-street, Islington, cabinet maker. J. NEWSON, Rising Sun Brewery, Davies-place, Chelsea, brewer. W. WINSOR, Dodbrooke, Devonshire, beer seller. R. H. GRINSTEAD, Oxford, grocer. T. PRICE and G. H. POWELL, Hay, Brecon. J. WOOD, Stowmarket, Suffolk, iron-founder. D. MACDOUGAL, Liverpool, factor. I. LEVYER, Manchester, corn dealer.

Nov. 1.—J. WEBB and G. W. COLLISON, Quadrant, Middlesex, linen-draper. S. COUCHMAN, Stroud, Kent, grocer. J. HILL, Montagu-mews, Montagu-square, hackneyman. J. T. TIDD and J. MALLANDAIN, Marlborough-road, Chelsea, candle manufacturers. J. ELLIOTT, Finsbury-place, Finsbury-square, livery stable-keeper. J. G. PEACOCK, Allhallows-lane, merchant. T. LACY and W. HELLIWELL, Staunfield, Yorkshire, cotton spinners. J. DALK and E. ATKIN, Manchester, chemists. E. DARBYSHIRE and M. BARLOW, Manchester, power loom cloth manufacturers. W. KENT and H. GREEN, Liverpool, woollen-draper. D. DAVIES, Newbridge, Glamorganshire, dealer. J. EAMER, Preston, Lancashire, hop merchant.

Nov. 4.—T. THOMPSON, Brydges street, Covent-garden, wine and spirit merchant. T. SMITH, Southampton-street, Strand, wine-merchant. H. TANNER, Grenada-terrace, Stepney, master-mariner. A. ELMSLIE, Long-lane, Southwark, chemist. W. BARTHOLOMEW, Great Tower-street, merchant. J. DUNCAN, St. Mary Axe, cheesemonger. J. HAYLMORE, Abchurch-lane, currier. H. WILSON, Wigan, Lancashire, tailor. J. DREW, Keynsham, Somersetshire, scrivener. J. MILLER, Durdham-down, Bristol, nurseryman.

Nov. 8.—J. MATHEWS, High Holborn, wax-chandler. S. H. JONES, Well-street, Wellclose-square, sugar-refiner. E. BOWLER,

Paddington-street, Marylebone, hackney man. G. JEAMYN, Oxford-street, haberdasher. J. TRIPP, Kingston-upon-Hull, sawyer. J. ROYLE and J. M. CONSTABLE, Manchester, corn-merchants. W. WRIGHT, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, banker. C. DRURY, Sheffield, timber-merchant. W. TURNER, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder. W. DENBY, Manchester, fusilian manufacturer. H. O. CADNEY, Halifax, Yorkshire, corn-dealer. S. PEARSE, Oreston, Devonshire, quarryman.

Nov. 11.—C. DANVERS, Rotherhithe, merchant. R. WILBY, Park-street, Islington, ship owner. J. MIDDLETON, Bread-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman. S. HARRIS, Wardour-street, Soho, timber-merchant. W. BROOKS, Hatton-garden, jeweller. J. WARD, Woolwich, banker. J. SMITH, James-street, Covent-garden, potato-salesman. J. EVKLAND, Naseby, Northamptonshire, ale and beer-seller. J. J. HOLYOAKE, Redditch, Worcestershire, needle manufacturer. W. BOAM, Buxton, Derbyshire, draper. J. PETERS, Littlehampton, Sussex, corn-merchant. C. ROBERTS, Oxford, victualler. C. ELDRIDGE, Brighton, builder. J. YORK, Thorne, Yorkshire, tanner. J. STRINGER, Northampton, scrivener. B. HEMAN, St. Leonard's, Hastings, builder.

Nov. 15.—R. J. ADAMS, Chelmsford, cabinet-maker. R. WEBSTER, Cornhill, watch and clock-maker. F. COCKER, Blackheath-road, Greenwich, grocer. H. SEARL, Bodmin, Cornwall, linen-draper. J. HYATT, Commercial-road, Pimlico, victualler. B. HOMAN, St. Leonard's, Hastings, builder. W. MAIRN, Brighton, coachmaker. T. DAVIES, Ledbury, Herefordshire, victualler. J. G. LEE, Leeds, carpet and coverlet manufacturer. S. PEARSON, Oreston, Devonshire, quarryman. G. ORMS, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, bookseller. J. SMITH, Scalfcliffe, Mill, Lancashire, corn-miller. J. MARSHALL, Coventry, ribband-manufacturer.

Nov. 18.—T. NICHOLLS, Dowgate-hill, carman. T. WILDISH, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. S. ROBERTS, Hastings, Sussex, shoemaker. A. HASLEM, Radcliffe, Lancashire, victualler. T. ENOCH and H. JACOB, Leicester, grocers. R. MOORN, Hoxne, Suffolk, broker. J. RAKEWELL, Manchester, sise manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE impediments to trade occasioned by the limitation of the circulating medium on the part of the Bank, are beginning to produce a serious effect upon the progress of manufactures, in cotton, silk and wool; considerable reductions are being made in many of the establishments, and it is feared that winter will find a large number of the operatives wanting employment. This is a circumstance which, with respect to this class of workmen, is a subject for unmingled sympathy and commiseration, inasmuch as it arises from causes wholly out of their control in the slightest degree; other and very different feelings are mingled with the regret with which we contemplate the delusion under the influence of which thousands of artisans voluntarily withdraw themselves from the pursuit of honest industry in the Staffordshire potteries. The powerful stimulant by which the iron trade was excited to such extraordinary activity, is also in some degree enfeebled, and the masters by mutual compact have agreed that a number of furnaces shall be "blown out."

In every department of the Colonial Market the pressure for money produces increasing depreciation. Both grocers and refiners keep aloof and make no purchases of Sugar but what are absolutely necessary for carrying on their present operations. British Plantation has fallen from 1s. to 2s. per cwt. within the last ten days, and buyers still look forward to a further reduction. Good and fine Jamaica has lately been sold at 65s. to 66s.; bright good grocery Demerara, 63s.; coloury grocery, 60s. 6d. to 62s.; good dry brown Jamaica, 57s. per cwt.

At late public sales of 3,000 bags of Mauritius, only a very small portion found buyers and that at prices which, compared with the highest that have obtained of late, shew a depression of 5s. to 6s. on fine, 6s. to 8s. on middling, and about 10s. on brown descriptions.

In East India Sugars, the importers are indisposed to submit to a reduction, and the consequence is an almost total absence of all transactions in them.

The present stock of British Plantation Sugar is 38,571 hhds. and trs. against 33,315, at the corresponding date of last year, showing an increase of 5256 hhds. and trs. That of Mauritius is 31,626 bags, against 50,549 last

year, showing a decrease of 18,923 bags.

The last average price of British Muscovades, given in the Gazette, is 17. 19s. 2½d. per cwt.

The submission of the refiners to reduced prices is not sufficient to encourage any large purchases; good lumps are 1s. 6d. to 2s. per cwt. lower than they were a week ago, and lumps and crushed for exportation have fallen 6d. to 1s.

The Coffee Market is equally inactive, the importers yield slowly and reluctantly to a reduction, and the purchasers are by no means disposed to advance to their demands.

The present stock of British Plantation Coffee is 4487 casks and 1662 barrels and bags, against 4214 casks and 1675 barrels and bags, at the corresponding date of the year 1835.

Rum, alone, of all the produce of the West India Colonies, has fully maintained its prices, particularly in Jamaica, of which the stock on hand is extremely limited. The Government contract for 75,000 gallons of Leeward Islands has been taken at an advance of about 2d. per gallon on the price of the last preceding; 55,000 gallons at 2s. 7½d. and 20,000 gallons at 2s. 7½d. for proof strength. The current rate for Leewards is now for proof to 3 per cent. over, 2s. 7d. to 2s. 8d.; 5 to 7 over at 2s. 9d. Some considerable business has been done in Brandy; nothing of any consequence in Geneva.

Silk, Cotton, Wool, and Indigo, are all affected by the same sinister influence at present, and are all heavy on the Market. In Cochineal there has been an improvement of 1d. to 3d. per lb.

The Market for Tea is overwhelmed by the immense stock in hand, and so little is doing that the prices are merely nominal; the quantity upon which duty has been paid at the several ports of the United Kingdom, during the three quarters ending on the 10th October last, is not less than between forty-two and forty-three millions of pounds.

After the middle of last month, a decline in the price of Grain, principally of Wheat, occurred on two or three market-days consecutively, but at the close it began again to advance, and from all appearances is likely to continue to do so. The official announcement of the duty on Hops exceeds all

the expectations that had recently been formed; the amount is more than 200,000*l*.

The pressure on the Money-Market does not appear to be much alleviated by the tardy measure of relief given to the holders of Exchequer Bills, in raising the interest upon all descriptions to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day; meanwhile it has tended to reduce the value of Consols by bringing the former class of securities into more favoured competition with them.

During the whole course of the past month, the transactions in Foreign Stock have been limited almost exclusively to Spanish and Portuguese Securities. The appearance of political affairs in Spain is certainly worse than in Portugal; but the Bonds of the former state were already so much depressed that there was little room left for further fall; in Portuguese the depreciation has amounted to 7 per cent.

The Market for Joint Stock Shares has sunk into utter neglect. The closing prices of the several securities on the 26th are subjoined.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 202 3—Three per cent. Reduced, 86½—Three per cent. Consols, 87½—Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, 94½—Three and a Half per cent. New, 95½—India Stock, 254 5 India Bonds, 3 5 pm.—Exchequer Bills, (small) 2 4 pm.—Consols for Account, 87½ ½.

RAILWAYS.

London and Birmingham, 55 60 pm.
London and Southampton, 13 11 dis.—

London and Brighton (Stephenson's), par 1 pm.—Ditto (Rennie's), 1½ ½ dis.—Ditto (Cundy's), 1 ½ dis.—London and Greenwich, ½ 1 pm.—London and Blackwall, 1½ ½ dis.—London Grand Junction, 1½ to ½ dis.—Great Western, 5½ 6½ pm.—South Eastern, ½ dis. par.—North Midland, 1 2 pm.—York and North Midland, ½ dis.—Derby and Birmingham, ½ dis. ½ pm.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Canada Land Company, 35 6—Australian Agricultural Ditto, 39 41—New Brunswick Land Ditto, 10 9, dis.—Van Diemen's Land Ditto, 13 14—General Steam Navigation Ditto, 27 ½—Australasian Banking Ditto, 18 19—Irish Provincial Ditto—40 1—Irish National Ditto, 16 17—English Provincial Bank, 1 dis. par.—South African Ditto, ½ dis. ½ pm.—Colonial Bank, 1 ½ dis.—Imperial Brazil Mining Company, 24 6—General Mining Ditto, 10½ 11½.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 99½ 100—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 78 9—Chilian, 6 per cent. 40 2—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 21½—Danish, 3 per cent. 73½ 4½—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 52½ ¾—Ditto, 5 per cent. 99½—Mexican, 6 per cent. 21½—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 15 17—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 47½ ¼—Ditto, 3 per cent. 29½—Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 106 7—Spanish Active, 5 per cent. 17½ ¾—Ditto Deferred, 5 per cent. 6½ 7½—Ditto Passive, 5 per cent. 4½ 5½.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SHERIFFS FOR 1837.

Bedfordshire—William Henry Whitbread, of Southill, Esq.; William Hugh Wade Gery, of Bushmead Priory, Esq.; and John Mackay, of Ravensden, Esq.

Berkshire—Jas. Wheble, of Woodley Lodge, Esq.; Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, of Bucklebury-house, Esq.; and Robert Geo. Throckmorton, of Buckland-house, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—John Nembhard Hilbert, of Chalfont St. Petre, Esq.; John Chester, of Chichester, Esq.; and Benjamin Way, of Denham, Esq.

Cambridgeshire & Huntingdonshire—Thos. Mortlock, of Little Abington, Esq.; Edward Humphrys Greene, of Hinxton, Esq.; and John Dobede, of Soham, Esq.

Cheshire—Charles Peter Shackerley, of Summerford, Esq.; George Cornwall Leigh, of High Leigh, Esq.; and Thomas Hibbert, of Birtles, Esq.

Cornwall—John Bassett, of Trehidy, Esq.; Thomas James Agar Robartes, of Lanlydrock, Esq.; and William Henry Pole Carew, of East Anthony, Esq.

Cumberland—Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, of Armathwaite, Bart.; John Dixon, of Knells, Esq.; and Thomas Hartley of Gillfoot, Esq.

Derbyshire—George Moore, of Appleby-hall, Esq.; Edward Anthony Holden, of Aston-on-Trent, Esq.; and Broughton Benjamin Steade Pegge Burnell, of Beauchief-abbey, Esq.

Devonshire—William Roope Ilbert, of Bouringaleigh, Esq.; Augustus Saltun Willett, of Tapley, Esq.; and Sir Anthony Bulter, of Pound, Knight.

Dorsetshire—James Champness Fyler, of Hefleton-lodge, Esq.; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton, Esq.; and Wyndham Godden, of Over Compton, Esq.

Durham—Anthony Wilkinson, of Coxhoe hall, Esq.; Sir Robert Johnson Eden, of Windleston, Bart.; and Sir William Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Bart.

Essex—Jonathan, of Faulkourn-hall Esq.; William Colton, of Wallwood, in Leyton, Esq.; and Christopher Thomas Tower, of Weald-hall, Esq.

Gloucestershire—Henry Norwood Trye, of Leckhampton-court, Esq.; Purnell Bransby Purnell, of Stancomb-park, Esq.; and Edward Sampson, of Henbury, Esq.

Herefordshire—James Phillips, of Bringwyn, Esq.; Thomas Monnington, of Sarnesfield, Esq.; and John Holden Mathews, of Hereford, Esq.

Hertfordshire—George Proctor, of Bennington, Esq.; the Hon. George Frederick Hotham, of Hertingsfordbury; and Claude Geo. Thornton, of Tewin, Esq.

Kent—Francis Bradley, of Gore-court, Esq.; George Warde Norman, of Bromley, Esq.; and Sir Joseph Henry Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, Bart.

Leicestershire—Sir Arthur Gray Heselrigg, of Noseley-hall, Bart.; Thomas Frewin Turner, of Cold Overton, Esq.; and Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, of Gumley, Bart.

Lincolnshire—Sir Thomas Whichcote, of Awarby, Bart.; Sir Culling Eardly Smith, of Nettleton, Bart.; and George Fiaschi Heneage, of Stainton-hall, Esq.

Monmouthshire—Phillip Jones, of Lanarth-court, Esq.; John Ethrington Welch Rolls, of the Hendre, Esq.; and Colthurst Bateman, of Pertholey, Esq.

Norfolk—Jack Petre, of Westwick-hall, Esq.; Sir James Flower, of Eccles, Bart.; and Robert Fellowes, of Shotesham-park, Esq.

Northamptonshire—William Willev, of Astrop, Esq.; John Reddall, of Darlington, Esq.; and William Drayson, of Floore, Esq.

Northumberland—William John Charlton, of Hesleyside, Esq.; John Davidson, of Rid-

ley-hall, Esq.; and William Lawson, of Longhurst, Esq.

Nottinghamshire—William Taylor, of Ratcliffe-on-Trent, Esq.; Robert Ramsden, of Carlton-in-Lindrick, Esq.; and James Lee, of West Retford, Esq.

Oxfordshire—Philip Thomas Herbert Wykham, of Tythrop, Esq.; John Lechmere, of Steeple Aston, Esq.; and Samuel Fortman Cox, of Sandford, Esq.

Rutlandshire—John Stokes, of Caldecot, Esq.; Matthew Laxton, of Greetham, Esq.; and Henry Heathcote, of North Luffingham, Esq.

Shropshire—Benjamin Flounders, of Culmington, Esq.; Thomas Henry Hope, of Netley-hall, Esq.; and Philip Morris, of the Hurst, Esq.

Somersetshire—Alexander Adair, of Heatherton-park, Esq.; Robert Phippen, of Badgworth-court, Esq.; and Thomas Henry Ernst, of Westcombe, Esq.

Staffordshire—Thomas Higgins Burn, of Loynton-hall, Esq.; William Moore, of Wychdon-lodge, Esq.; and George Thomas Whitgrave, of Moseley-court, Esq.

County of Southampton—The Hon. William Henry Ashe A'Court Holmes, of Westover; Andrew Robert Drummond, of Cadlands, Southampton, Esq.; and Geo. Henry Warde, of Northwood-park, Esq.

Suffolk—Thomas Hallifax, the elder, of Shimpling, Esq.; Arthur John Brook, of Horningsheath, Esq.; and Sir Hyde Parker, of Long Melford, Bart.

Surrey—Thomas Challoner Bis. Challoner, of Poxhales, Esq.; Thomas Alcock, of King's Wood Warren, Esq.; and Samuel Paynter, of Richmond, Esq.

Sussex—George Henry Malcombe Wagner, of Herstmonceux, Esq.; John Davies Gilbert, of Eastbourne, Esq.; and George Palmer, of Tonbridge Wells, Esq.

Warwickshire—John Ward Boughton Leigh, of Brownsover-hall, Esq.; Henry Cadwallader Adams, of Ansty, Esq.; and Sir George Phillips, of Weston, Bart.

Wiltshire—Sir Frederick Hutcheson Harvey Bathurst, of Clarendon-park, Bart.; John Christian Bode, of Lucknum, Esq.; and Francis Thomas Egerton, of Roche-court, Esq.

Worcestershire—Wilson Aylesbury Roberts, of Bewdley, Esq.; Robt. Berkeley, of Spitchley, Esq.; and William Congreve Russell, of King's Heath, Esq.

Yorkshire—Sir Robert Frankland, of Thirleby, Bart.; Mark Milbank, of Thorpe Perrow, Esq.; and William Rookes Compton Stansfield, of Esholt, Esq.

THE COLONIES.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Van Diemen's Land papers of 26th May give a report of the Lieutenant-Governor's speech to the Council, which represents the colony in all respects most prosperous, whether as regards its agricultural or commercial relations, or the general advancement of its internal stability. The increase in the imports in 1835, as compared with 1834, was 107,029*l.*, and of exports, 117,157*l.*; in vessels cleared outwards, 19; and vessels inwards, 26. Much of this advancement is attributable to the increased price of wool, the extension of the whale-fishing, and the establishment of banking-houses. The departure of the late Governor was hailed with singular satisfaction, and was celebrated by unseemly illuminations.

The Montreal papers furnish us with the reply of the House of Assembly to the speech of the Earl of Gosford, at the opening of the Session of the Assembly at Quebec, which is of a nature to leave little hope of an amicable arrangement with that body. • After recapitulating his Excellency's observations, the Assembly states—

“ We have not deemed it necessary to enter into detail upon the consideration of the various subjects adverted to by your Excellency, until such time as, according to promise, your Excellency shall have communicated to us the reasons which have caused the convocation of the provincial parliament. Your Excellency, in limiting the subject to which you have called our attention under the present circumstances, has, no doubt, been actuated not only by the motives expressed by your Excellency, but moreover by the consideration that, although this House has, during the great length of the last session, zealously laboured for the welfare of the province, and with that view adopted a great many measures which we deemed to be in accordance with the intentions of his Majesty's government, our labours have been rendered abortive in consequence of the systematic rejection by the Legislative Council of all the projects of law calculated to remedy the past, to protect the people for the future, to enlighten them and advance their moral welfare, to improve their social and physical condition, and to entrust them with those powers and influences on the constitution, the administration of laws, and the management of their local affairs, to which they are entitled, and which are guaranteed to them by the very principles of government. The circumstance of that body having continued unchanged must necessarily preclude the idea that his Majesty intended to harass the country by the repetition during the present session of scenes so discreditable to the vicious constitution which it is attempted to uphold.”

The reply concludes by stating a conviction that his Excellency is sincere in his wishes to promote the welfare of the country, and entreats him not to rest satisfied with partial reforms, but to ascend to the source of the evils under which the country suffers.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

A conspiracy has taken place at Strasburg, which had for its object the placing of Prince Louis-Napoleon Buonaparte, nephew of the Emperor, and son of the ex-King of Holland, on the throne of France. The conspiracy broke out on the morning of the 30th October, and from the small number of

officers who attempted to carry it into effect, it would appear that the leaders placed the greatest reliance upon the disaffection of the army. The inhabitants of Strasburg took no part whatever in this affair. According to the report made by the Prefect they felt deeply indignant, as did the great bulk of the troops. The ridiculous attempt will tend only to strengthen the government of Louis Philippe. The ringleaders, including Louis Buonaparte, were arrested.

Death of Charles X.—Charles the Tenth has breathed his last at Goritz, in Illyria. The ex-King was carried off by a fit of the cholera, after only a few hours' illness, on the 6th of November. His ex-Majesty had assisted on the 4th at the celebration of his own fête, and probably to this circumstance his illness is attributable. The ex-King was in his 80th year. The ancient custom of declaring *Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi!* was observed by the attendants on this occasion. As soon as the old King was dead, the Duke d'Angoulême renounced the rights which he pretends to have to the crown of France, and immediately proclaimed the Duke de Bordeaux King of France and Navarre. On the other hand, the little legitimist High Church party, which would never recognize the validity of the abdications of Rambouillet, and which has always treated as a usurpation the title of the royalty of Henry V.; this faction has, on its side, we are told, proclaimed the Duke d'Angoulême only King of France and Navarre, with the title of Louis XIX. The Duke de Bordeaux was 16 years of age on the 20th of last September.

HOLLAND.

The Governor-General of the Dutch possessions in the East has issued a decree, to the effect that after the 1st of June, 1836, there should be "imposed on all woollen and cotton goods manufactured in the Netherlands, provided with certificates of origin, and imported in Netherland ships into Netherland India, an import-duty of 12½ per cent.; and on all foreign woollen and cotton goods from countries to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, under whatever flag, provided they do not come from countries with which the kingdom of the Netherlands is not on terms of friendship, an import duty of twenty-five per cent., the use of the entrepôt for both sorts of goods remaining free as hitherto." This is important to houses exporting to India beyond the Ganges.

SPAIN.

The Queen Regent delivered a speech to the Cortes on the 24th of Oct. There are several remarkable points in this address, but we would call attention to two very prominent features in it—namely, the expression of confidence in her ministers which is put into the Queen Regent's mouth, and the apology which she offers for the acts of illegal oppression of which they have been guilty since their accession to power. It is probably the first time that a sovereign "born and bred" has apologised from the throne for acts of rapine and injustice committed by the servants of the Crown in the alleged defence of the national liberties. This is a new feature in the progress of revolution. The Queen Regent, also, in alluding to the manifestation of foreign states towards Spain, takes occasion to thank the British Government, in the person of Lord Palmerston, for the supply of 100,000 muskets, lately sent to Spain by him. The King of the French does not get quite so much applause as his English ally. An apology is likewise offered by her Majesty for the non-payment of the dividends on the foreign debt, and a similar apology is offered on behalf of the Ministry, for having issued the decree for the forced loan without the sanction of the Cortes. It remains to be seen how far that body will sanction so outrageous an assumption of their peculiar powers.

PORTUGAL.

As was to be expected, there has been an open struggle at Lisbon between the party of the Queen and the Constitutionalists of 1820. It is well known that the Queen had been compelled to accept the Constitution; and being supported by a considerable number of persons of rank and influence, she was persuaded to make an attempt for the restoration of the former order of things. On the 3d ult. her Majesty removed to Belem, and having sent for the Ministers, kept them under restraint all night. In the morning they were informed that the Queen had changed the Ministry. This roused the popular feeling to a pitch of frenzy, and several conflicts between the parties took place. At last the Queen was compelled to call on Lord Howard de Walden for personal protection; and, in consequence, 300 British marines were landed at Junquiera. The National Guard joined the Constitutionalists; and her Majesty, finding herself too feebly supported to hope for success, sent three flags of truce to the National Guard, with offers, which were successively and peremptorily rejected. Her Majesty made a fourth proposition, stating that she was willing to maintain the Constitution, subject to the modifications which the Cortes may deem fit to make, and that the former Ministers should be retained. This was *graciously* accepted, and tranquillity was restored for a time; we say for a time, because we feel assured that, though this breach has been patched up, it will ere long be re-opened. The mob now know their own strength, and will be inclined to give little credit to the Queen for sincerity. Coercion on the one side and suspicion on the other are not the elements of political harmony. Five or six lives were lost on the occasion; among them was that of Agostino José Freire, Minister of the Interior, who was massacred in his carriage by the *brave* National Guard.

AMERICA.

Accounts from New York state that the scarcity of money still continues there. Two and three per cent. per month is given for loans. It is also stated that several failures, some of considerable extent, have taken place; but private information says they were of a limited description. The request, in a memorial from the merchants to the Government, to permit the money in the deposit banks to be issued for the relief of the trading classes, had been rejected.

It is said that the President and the Mexican minister have had a serious dispute about the occupation of a part of the Mexican territories by the American army under General Gaines. The Mexican minister demanded that they should be immediately withdrawn, which the President, with one of his emphatic oaths, said should not be done, whereupon the minister demanded his passport. Some think that this rupture will lead to a war, but if Mexico cannot stand against Texas, it is not very likely that it will be foolish enough to offer battle to the United States.

TURKEY.

Constantinople letters state that important changes in the Turkish ministry were in contemplation by the Sultan. The plague was committing dreadful ravages in the Turkish capital. No fewer than 5250 deaths occurred within the week preceding the 19th ult.; but the Frank population had almost completely escaped the epidemy.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

LORD FORBES, M.P.

His Lordship was M.P. for the county of Longford, which he represented since 1806, with a very slight interruption, when Messrs. Halpin, Rorke, and White sat for the county, but were turned out on petition. He was also Colonel of the Militia. He was in his 52d year, having been born in May, 1785. He married, about five years ago, Frances, daughter of the late Dr. Territt, formerly Judge of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, by whom he has left two sons, the eldest of whom, George Arthur, now Viscount Forbes, is in his fourth year. He died at Noel-house, Kensington-gore, the residence of his aunt, the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings.

The late Lord Forbes, our readers will remember, was found insane by an inquisition a few months since, the determining cause of which unhappy visitation of Providence was an unfortunate accident that befel him about fifteen months ago, when the Noble Lord had an apoplectic attack, which ended in aberration of intellect. From the first attack to the moment of his death, he was assiduously attended night and day by his disconsolate widow, on whom the finger of God has been heavily laid within the last few weeks, her father also having died in that time.

Those who knew the deceased speak highly of his many excellent qualities. He was an early and intimate friend of the poet Moore, who addressed to him one of his American epistles, from which we take the following passage, to show the friendship subsisting between them, and the rare and high estimate formed of his character by one who knew him well, and whose praise is beyond all imputation of motive:—

“Thou, gently lull’d in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Pant’st to be all upon this mortal scene
That bard hath fancied, or that sage hath been !
Why should I wake thee ? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace
That dwell before thee like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and, with gradual art,
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.”

His Lordship was a Major-General in the army. He entered the service June 21st, 1794, as a Lieutenant in the 108th Foot, and was appointed one of the Aides-de-Camp to George III. in Feb., 1811.

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

Sir William Knighton originally entered the medical profession as an apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock ; and after a residence of a few months in London, returned to that town to settle as a general practitioner. This, however, not proving agreeable to his taste, or satisfactory to his ambition, he soon returned to London, and settled as an accoucheur. The College of Physicians having admonished him for practising as a physician without a degree, he went to Edinburgh, where he remained two seasons ; and, having obtained a degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, was admitted a licentiate. From this time he remained in London till 1810, when he accompanied the Marquis Wellesley to Spain, and returned with him when the mission was at an end. On this nobleman retiring from office, he asked his late Majesty to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. Soon after this, he became acquainted with Sir John M'Mahon, by whom he was speedily admitted to terms of intimacy ; and they continued on the most confidential footing until the death of the latter, who made Sir William

his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession, were some relating to certain private affairs of the late King. Instead of endeavouring to turn the circumstance to any profitable account, Knighton instantly carried the documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without any comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. From that hour may be dated his admission to royal favour: the Prince Regent, struck at once with the importance of the benefit and with the delicate manner in which it had been conferred, appointed Knighton to an important office in the Duchy of Cornwall; in 1813 raised him to the baronetage: and, at a later period, presented him with the grand cross of the Guelphic Order. His reputation was now at its zenith, and his business continued very extensive till the removal of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who had succeeded Sir John M'Mahon in the office of Private Secretary. On the elevation of this gentleman to the peerage, and his mission to Sweden, Sir W. Knighton, who had previously been a frequent visitor, now became an inmate at Carlton Palace, and was invested with the offices of Private Secretary and Privy Purse—appointments which he retained till the death of George IV. Before his connexion with the court Sir William Knighton practised chiefly, though not exclusively, as an accoucheur. He is said to have been extremely cautious of his reputation—always calling in additional advice whenever there was any manifest danger; and succeeded in amassing a very large fortune by his original profession. From the time of his accepting the appointments above mentioned, he, of course, wholly abandoned practice; but he still retained an intimacy with several members of the medical profession, some of whom were indebted to him for many acts of kindness and consideration. He had latterly suffered from embarrassment of breathing and oppression about the chest, which proved to be dependent upon enlargement of the heart, and ended in dropsical effusion into the right pleura and pericardium, which proved fatal on Tuesday, the 11th of October, in the 60th year of his age. Sir William Knighton was unquestionably a man of excellent talents, but he was still more conspicuous for his fine sagacity and knowledge of the world. His success in life was remarkable; but such was at one time his interest at Court, that it is quite certain he might have commanded almost anything which the highest influence in the empire could bestow: yet he never showed himself avaricious, or greedy of honours. He was scrupulously punctilious in all the observances and etiquettes of society; but, amid the polish which his manners and character received from the circumstances into which he was thrown, he still retained unimpaired the impress of his early friendships.—*Medical Gazette*.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Mr. Colman was born on the 21st of October, 1762, so that he had just completed his 74th year. His early education commenced at Fountain's academy, Marylebone: he afterwards went to Westminster School, and next he entered at Christchurch, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his vivacity and the quickness of his parts; but his father thought fit to send him to King's College, Old Aberdeen, to arrest by its strictness of discipline the very great gaiety and unrestrained sprightliness of his youth, and to remove him from those allurements that too often impede the habits of studious discipline, and retard the progress of the pupil's career. There are many stories of the pranks and vagaries of young Colman in his early days, but they were not tainted with anything vicious, or that could lower him in the estimation of his associates or friends. After finishing his studies, probably stimulated by the high character of his father as a dramatist and literary man, when he came to London he commenced dramatic author. His father, as everybody knows, was "George Colman the elder," as he used to be called, at one time the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and among other pieces, joint author with Garrick of the "*Clandestine Mar-*

riage." The works of "George Colman the younger" are well known, and it is remarkable that he received for one of his plays a larger sum than was ever before given for a dramatic performance. This was his "John Bull." His connexion with the Haymarket Theatre was occasioned by his marriage with Miss Morris; and he afterwards sold his interest in the concern to the present proprietor, subject to the payment of an annuity to Mrs. Colman, from whom he had long lived separate. Among the many popular pieces written by him are—"The Surrender of Calais," "The Mountaineers," "John Bull," "The Iron Chest," "The Poor Gentleman," "The Heir at Law," "The Law of Java," &c. When Mrs. Colman died, Mr. Colman married Mrs. Gibbs, the celebrated actress, who made her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, as Miss Logan, in 1783. He had two sons, not the offspring of the marriage with Miss Morris, one of whom was in the army, and died some years ago; his other son had a place in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, but has for some years been resident abroad. At one time Mr. Colman hoped that his son might succeed him in the office of Examiner of Plays; but Mr. Charles Kemble has been appointed his successor.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—Henry Trench, Esq., second son of William Trench, Esq., of Cangort Park, King's County, to the Hon. Georgiana Bloomfield, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B. and G.C.H.

James Edward Gordon, Esq., R.N., late M.P. for Dundalk, to Barbara, daughter of the late Samuel Smith, Esq., of Berkeley-square, and Woodhall Park, Herts.

M. Gerard Antoine de Barneveld de Meterin, to Margaret Erskine, widow of the late Sir John Gordon, Bart.

The Rev. John Armstrong, M.A., son of the late John Armstrong, Esq., of Alverne Hill, to Mary Ann, second daughter of John Scobell, Esq., of Nancealverne.

Archibald Sconce, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Nathan Atherton, Esq., of Calne, Wiltshire; also, at the same time, H. Atherton, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to Harriett, third daughter of the late Robert Sconce, Esq., of Stirling.

H. St. Vincent Rose, Esq., late Captain in the Royal Regiment of Lancers, to Frances, second daughter of the late Rev. Edward Roberts, of Lyne, Dorset.

At Marylebone, F. Huth, jun., Esq., to Frances Caroline, only daughter of Sir Chapman Marshall.

On the 27th of August, in the church of St. John, in the parish of Walton, Colonel Ready, Governor of the Isle of Man, to Sarah, second daughter of Sir John Tobin, of Oak-hill, near Liverpool.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Fremantle, R.N., second son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir T. F. Fremantle, G.C.B., to Isabella, relict of James Wedderburn, Esq., and daughter of the late David Lyon, Esq., of Portland place.

Died.—The Countess Howe.

Rear-Admiral John Maitland.

Charles Day, Esq., in his 53d year.

Henry Adams Mayers, Esq., of Redland, near Bristol, in his 54th year.

Lady Grant, relict of Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Moneymusk.

Thomas Cadell, Esq., of the Strand, in his 64th year.

On his passage to England, between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, William Hawkins, Esq., in the 78th year of his age, second son of James, late Lord Bishop of Raphoe, and eldest brother of Adm. Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, Bart., G.C.B.

Aged 75, the Rev. William Lax, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge.

At Brighton, aged 81, William Wigney, Esq., banker.

At Lewisham, Kent, aged 49, Mr. James Robins, bookseller, of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.

At his house, in Gower-street, Bedford-sq., John Bannister, Esq., aged 77.

At his house, in York-street, Portman-sq., Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Bligh St. George.

At Warham, Norfolk, Wenman Langton, D.D., aged 71.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND.

Whitehall.—The extensive repairs and embellishments which have, for a considerable time past, been carried on in the interior of this noble structure, pronounced by a celebrated French architect to be "the most finished of modern buildings on this side the Alps," are now rapidly drawing to a conclusion. The ceiling, (painted on canvass by Rubens, at the command of the unfortunate Charles I.,) which represents the apotheosis of James I., in nine compartments, and which originally cost 3000*l.*, has been very carefully cleaned and re-touched: each compartment is surrounded by a massive frame of gold work, which, together with the restored brilliancy of the paintings, gives to the roof a most gorgeous appearance. The entablatures of the Corinthian pilasters which beautify and support the walls are being gilded *en suite*. A substantial oaken floor is in progress of being laid down, upon which will be immediately raised a series of pews of the same lasting material. The pew for the King and Queen is also to be of oak, richly carved and gilded, the mountings of the finest Genoese velvet. There is a melancholy reminiscence attached to the site of the royal pew; for it will be placed in the window out of which King Charles I. stepped to the scaffold—viz., the window in the centre of the principal *facade*, opposite the Horse Guards. The building is still intended to be employed as a chapel for the troops, and the King and Queen, the Duke of Wellington, the Commander-in-Chief, &c., are expected to attend the first performance of divine worship within it. A splendid altar-piece will occupy that end of the building which fronts the organ-gallery: this, too, has likewise been altered and improved. The pipes of the organ have been laid down, and are to receive a superb new case. Arrangements have been made to warm the building by means of heated air, for which purpose several hundred feet of cylindrical tubes are to be used. To preserve the splendid staircase, the steps are defended by brick tiles; and at the bottom, a large new window (which is

very much needed in this part of the building) is already marked out.

Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction Railway.—A meeting of the proprietors of the above line of railway has been held, to consider the propriety of extending the proposed terminus at Kensington to Knightsbridge, and thus approximating nearer to London by two miles. Several proprietors expressed their conviction that the proposed line would prove highly beneficial, as it would have the effect of bringing, by the medium of the Great Western and Birmingham lines, the produce of the northern and western parts of the kingdom into some of the wealthiest parts of the metropolis. The resolution for introducing the Bill was then read, and adopted unanimously, and the meeting separated.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

At the port of Gloucester has been commenced the magnificent undertaking of forming a line of public wharfs, upwards of 1000 feet long, in continuation of the present basin (double its length), at which ships of the largest size, capable of entering the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal, will be enabled to lie alongside, and discharge their cargoes. At that point the canal is also to be widened thirty feet. A canal is likewise to be cut, the effect of which will be the removing of a considerable portion of the coal and barge trade to wharfs at some distance from the present basin, and the giving of greater facilities for the larger vessels.

LANCASHIRE.

Proposed College at Manchester.—A preliminary meeting has been held at Manchester, when a committee was appointed for the purpose of arranging for a public meeting of those persons who are favourable to the establishment of a collegiate institution in Manchester for the higher branches of education.

In Manchester, out of a population of 250,000 souls, it has been ascertained that no fewer than 40,151 received, in one year, medical aid gratuitously, in

the workhouse, infirmaries, and other medical institutions; the names of 21,349 of this number being entered as patients in the books of the Royal Infirmary.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

A new institution for the promotion of the fine arts has just been established at Newcastle, which is to be called "The North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," intended for the advancement of drawing, painting, sculpture, engraving, engineering, &c., and procuring an adequate place where the students may work under the same roof.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A railroad from London to Oxford is said to be in contemplation, by way of Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, Wycombe, and Thame. A meeting is intended to be held soon at Oxford, to take the scheme into contemplation.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Curious Discovery.—A highly curious and valuable antique has been discovered at Weston, near Bath, and is now in the possession of Messrs. Thomson and Warren, silversmiths, of Westgate-street. It is of pure silver, hexagonal, of a tapering form, and about fourteen inches in length. The top is coronet-shaped, and ornamented with acanthus leaves, and was attached, probably by solder, to the handle; it has, however, been loosened by Mr. Thomson, who, finding the point of a piece of wood projecting from the centre, attempted first to pull it out, and then to burn it away. The upper portion only of the wood was so destroyed, the remainder continuing in the hollow handle or shaft. It has been conjectured, from the form of the top, that this article was employed to hold a torch to light a funeral pile, and to be Roman. It bears no inscription; but the devices have been chased, and the workmanship is infinitely delicate and tasteful. There is an ornamented knob at the bottom. Its appearance altogether is that of a sceptre, or staff of office, and it is conjectured that to the projecting piece of wood was fastened a ball, such as usually surmounts a sceptre;

and, in this supposition, some are disposed to ascribe to it a Saxon origin.

SCOTLAND.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, by an overwhelming majority—having, indeed, a majority in all the Nations. Sir John Campbell, the Attorney-General of England, was the other candidate for that distinguished honour.

IRELAND.

Tranquillity of Ireland.—The Chairman of the Limerick Quarter Sessions, in his charge to the Grand Jury, stated some very gratifying facts with respect to the improved conduct of the peasantry in that district. The character of that county, heretofore noted for turbulence and violence, appears to have been entirely changed, through the vigorous enforcement of the law, which it has been the peculiar merit of this Government to effect by means of the inferior tribunals. By appointing local crown solicitors to bring the violators of the public peace to trial, and prevent the shameful compromises of justice which had been formerly arranged with the sanction, and frequently in the presence, of the magistrates, Lord Mulgrave's government has made the law a terror to the evil-minded, and a protection to the orderly and quiet. Prosecutors and witnesses have been compelled to come forward, and jurors to attend and do their duty at the Courts of Quarter Sessions, to which persons accused of riots and misdemeanors are made amenable; and thus the wholesome restraint of authority has been restored. The persuasion that the law is not to be trifled with or evaded, which has wrought such a wholesome reformation in the manners of the Munster peasantry, is indicated by another very remarkable fact—namely, that at these sessions, on the names of the different persons out on bail being called over, only one was absent. Going bail for a rioter has ceased to be what it was for many years—a matter of form. The forfeiture is uniformly and rigidly exacted; in consequence of which solvent men consider well for whom they become surety, and common disturbers find none to answer for them.

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